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CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH CLASSICS

The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher

In ten volumes

Vol. X

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FRANCIS BEAUMONT

Born 1584
Died 1616

JOHN FLETCHER

Born 1579
Died 1625

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BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

THIERRY AND THEODORET
THE WOMAN-HATER NICE VALOUR
THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE
THE MASQUE OF THE GENTLEMEN OF GRAYS-INNE AND THE INNER-TEMPLE
FOUR PLAYS OR MORAL REPRESENTATIONS IN ONE

THE TEXT EDITED BY

A. R. WALLER, M.A.

Cambridge:
at the University Press
1912

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PREFACE

IN 1905, the Syndics of the University Press asked me to complete, upon the lines laid down in the preface to volume I, the editing of the reprint of the Second Folio of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher which had been begun by Arnold Glover. The present volume sees the end of the task. In 1906, it was announced that a volume or, possibly, two volumes of notes would follow the text. These, together with a critical text of the scattered poems, must be left to other hands. I hoped, at one time, to undertake this additional burden myself, but that seems now to have become impossible.

A. R. WALLER

21 *May* 1912

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THE TRAGEDY
OF
Thierry and Theodoret.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Theodoret, Brunhalt, Bawd[b]er.

BRUNHALT.

TAxe me with these hot tainters?
Theodoret. You are too sudain;
I doe but gently tell you what becomes you
And what may bend your honor! how these courses
Of loose and lazie pleasures; not suspected
But done and known, your mind that grants no limit
And all your Actions follows, which loose people
That see but through a mist of circumstance
Dare term ambitious; all your wayes hide sores
Opening in the end to nothing but ulcers.
Your instruments like these may call the world
And with a fearfull clamor, to examine
Why, and to what we govern. From example
If not for vertues sake ye may be honest:
There have been great ones, good ones, and 'tis necessary
Because you are your self, and by your self
A self-peece from the touch of power and Justice,
You should command your self, you may imagine
Which cozens all the world, but chiefly women
The name of greatness glorifies your actions

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And strong power like a pent-house, promise[s]
To shade you from opinion; Take heed mother,
And let us all take heed these most abuse us
The sins we doe, people behold through opticks,
Which shews them ten times more than common vices,
And often multiplys them: Then what justice
Dare we inflict upon the weak offenders
When we are theeves our selves?

Brun. This is, *Martell*,
Studied and pen'd unto you, whose base person
I charge you by the love you owe a mother
And as you hope for blessings from her prayers,
Neither to give belief to, nor allowance,
Next I tell you Sir, you from whom obedience
Is so far fled, that you dare taxe a mother;
Nay further, brand her honor with your slanders,
And break into the treasures of her credit,
Your easiness is abused, your faith fraited
With lyes, malitious lyes, your merchant mischief,
He that never knew more trade then Tales, and tumbling
Suspitious into honest hearts; What you or he,
Or all the world dare lay upon my worth,
This for your poor opinions: I am shee,
And so will bear my self, whose truth and whiteness
Shall ever stand as far from these detections
As you from dutie, get you better servants
People of honest actions without ends,
And whip these knaves away, they eat your favours,
And turn 'em unto poysons: my known credit
Whom all the Courts o' this side *Nile* have envied,
And happy she could site me, brought in question
Now in my hours of age and reverence,
When rather superstition should be rendred
And by a Rush that one days warmth
Hath shot up to this swelling; Give me justice,
Which is his life.

Theod. This is an impudence, and he must tell you, that till now mother brought ye a sons obedience, and now breaks it Above the sufferance of a Son.

Bawd. Bless us!

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For I doe now begin to feel my self
Turning into a halter, and the ladder
Turning from me, one pulling at my legs too.
Theod. These truths are no mans tales, but all mens troubles,
They are, though your strange greatness would out-stare u'm:
Witness the daily Libels, almost Ballads
In every place, almost in every Province,
Are made upon your lust, Tavern discourses,
Crowds cram'd with whispers; Nay, the holy Temples,
Are not without your curses: Now you would blush,
But your black tainted blood dare not appear
For fear I should fright that too.
Brun. O ye gods!
Theod. Do not abuse their names: They see your actions
And your conceal'd sins, though you work like Moles,
Lies level to their justice.
Brun. Art thou a Son?
Theod. The more my shame is of so bad a mother,
And more your wretchedness you let me be so;
But woma[n], for a mothers name hath left me
Since you have left your honor; Mend these ruins,
And build again that broken fame, and fairly;
Your most intemperate fires have burnt, and quickly
Within these ten days take a Monasterie,
A most strickt house; a house where none may whisper,
Where no more light is known but what may make ye
Believe there is a day where no hope dwells,
Nor comfort but in tears.
Brun. O miserie!
Theod. And there to cold repentance, and starv'd penance
Tye your succeeding days; Or curse me heaven
If all your guilded knaves, brokers, and bedders,
Even he you built from nothing, strong *Protal[dy]e*,
Be not made ambling Geldings; All your maids,
If that name doe not shame 'em, fed with spunges
To suck away their ranckness; And your self
Onely to empty Pictures and dead Arras
Offer your old desires.
Brun. I will not curse you,
Nor lay a prophesie upon your pride,

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Though heaven might grant me both: unthankfull, no,
I nourish'd ye, 'twas I, poor I groan'd for you,
'Twas I felt what you suffer'd, I lamented
When sickness or sad hours held back your swe[e]tness;
'Twas I pay'd for your sleeps, I watchd your wakings:
My daily cares and fears, that rid, plaid, walk'd,
Discours'd, discover'd, fed and fashion'd you
To what you are, and I am thus rewarded.

Theod. But that I know these tears I could dote on 'em,
And kneell to catch 'em as they fall, then knit 'em
Into an Armlet, ever to be honor'd;
But woman they are dangerous drops, deceitfull,
Full of the weeper, anger and ill nature.

Brun. In my last hours despis'd.

Theod. That Text should tell
How ugly it becomes you to err thus;
Your flames are spent, nothing but smoke maintains ye;
And those your favour and your bounty suffers
Lye not with you, they do but lay lust on you
And then imbrace you as they caught a palsie;
Your power they may love, and like spanish Jennetts
Commit with such a gust.

Bawd. I would take whipping,
And pay a fine now. [*Exit Bawdber.*

Theod. But were ye once disgraced,
Or fallen in wealth, like leaves they would flie from you,
And become browse for every beast; You will'd me
To stock my self with better friends, and servants,
With what face dare you see me, or any mankind,
That keep a race of such unheard of relicks,
Bawds, Leachers, Letches, female fornications,
And children in their rudiments to vices,
Old men to shew examples: and lest Art
Should loose her self in act, to call back custome,
Leave these, and live like *Niobe*. I told you how
And when your eyes have dropt away remembrance
Of what you were. I 'm your Son! performe it.

Brun. Am I a woman, and no more power in me,
To tye this Tyger up, a soul to no end,
Have I got shame and lost my will? *Brunhalt*

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From this accursed hour, forget thou bor'st him,
Or any part of thy blood gave him living,
Let him be to thee an Antipathy,
A thing thy nature sweats at, and turns backward:
Throw all the mischiefs on him that thy self,
Or woman worse than thou art, have invented,
And kill him drunk, or doubtfull.

Enter Bawd[b]er, Protaldie, Lecure.

Bawd. Such a sweat,
I never was in yet, clipt of my minstrels,
My toyes to prick up wenches withall; Uphold me,
It runs like snow-balls through me.
Brun. Now my varlets,
My slaves, my running thoughts, my executions.
Baw. Lord how she looks!
Brun. Hell take ye all.
Baw. We shall be gelt.
Brun. Your Mistress,
Your old and honor'd Mistress, you tyr'd curtals
Suffers for your base sins; I must be cloyster'd,
Mew'd up to make me virtuous who can help this?
Now you stand still like Statues; Come *Protaldye*,
One kiss before I perish, kiss me strongly,
Another, and a third.
Lecure. I fear not gelding
As long [as] she holds this way.
Brun. The young courser
That unli[c]kt lumpe of mine, will win thy Mistriss;
Must I be chast *Protaldye?*
Pro. Thus and thus Lady.
Brun. It shall be so, let him seek fools for Vestalls,
Here is my Cloyster.
Lecure. But what safety Madam
Find you in staying here?
Brun. Thou hast hit my meaning,
I will to *Thierry* Son of my blessings,
And there complain me, tell my tale so subtilly,
That the cold stones shall sweat; And Statues mourn,
And thou shalt weep *Protaldye* in my witness,

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And there forswear.
Bawd. Yes, any thing but gelding,
I'm not yet in quiet Noble Lady,
Let it be done to night, for without doubt
To morrow we are capons.
Brun. Sleep shall not seize me,
Nor any food befriend me but thy kisses,
E're I forsake this desart, I live honest;
He may as well bid dead men walk, I humbled,
Or bent below my power; let night-dogs tear me,
And goblins ride me in my sleep to jelly,
Ere I forsake my sphear.
Lecure. This place you will.
Brun. What's that to you, or any,
Ye doss, you powder'd pigsbones, rubarbe glister:
Must you know my designs? a colledge on you,
The proverbe makes but fools.
Prota. But Noble Lady.
Brun. You a sawcie ass too, off I will not,
If you but anger me, till a sow-gelder
Have cut you all like colts, hold me and kiss me,
For I 'm too much troubled; Make up my treasure,
And get me horses private, come about it. [*Exeunt.*

[*Act.* 1. *Scæ.* 2.]

Enter Theodoret, Martell, &c.

Theod. Though I assure my self (*Martell*) your counsell
Had no end but allegeance and my honor:
Yet [I am] jealous, I have pass'd the bounds
Of a sons duty; For suppose her worse
Than you report, not by bare circumstance,
But evident proof confirm'd has given her out:
Yet since all weakness[es] in a kingdome, are
No more to be severely punished than
The faults of Kings are by the Thunderer
As oft as they offend, to be reveng'd:
If not for piety, yet for policie,
Since some are of necessitie to be spar'd,

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I might, and now I wish I had not look'd
With such strict eyes into her follies.
Mart. Sir, a duty well discharg'd is never follow'd
By sad repentance, nor did your Highness ever
Make payment of the debt you ow'd her, better
Than in your late reproofs not of her, but
Those crimes that made her worthy of reproof.
The most remarkeable point in which Kings differ
From private men, is that they not alone
Stand bound to be in themselves innocent,
But that all such as are allyed to them
In nearness, [or] dependance, by their care
Should be free from suspition of all crime;
And you have reap'd a double benefit
From this last great act: first in the restraint
Of her lost pleasures, you remove th' example
From others of the like licentiousness,
Then when 'tis known that your severitie
Extended to your mother, who dares hope for
The least indulgence or connivence in
The easiest slips that may prove dangerous
To you, or to the Kingdome?
Theod. I must grant
Your reason[s] good (*Martell*) if as she is
My mother, she had been my subject, or
That only here she could make challenge to
A place of Being; But I know her temper
And fear (if such a word become a King,)
That in discovering her, I have let lo[o]se
A Tygress, whose rage being shut up in darkness,
Was grievous only to her self; Which brought
Into the view of light, her cruelty,
Provok'd by her own shame, will turn on him
That foolishly presum'd to let her see
The loath'd shape of her own deformitie.
Mart. Beasts of that nature, when rebellious threats
Begin to appear only in their eyes,
Or any motion that may give suspition
Of the least violence should be chain'd up;
Their fangs and teeth, and all their means of hurt,

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Par'd off, and knockt out, and so made unable
To do ill; They would soon begin to loath it.
I'll apply nothing: but had your Grace done,
Or would doe yet, what your less forward zeal
In words did only threaten, far less danger
Would grow from acting it on her, than may
Perhaps have Being from her apprehension
Of what may once be practis'd: For believe it,
Who confident of his own power, presumes
To spend threats on an enemy, that hath means
To shun the worst they can effect, gives armor
To keep off his own strength; Nay more, disarms
Himself, and lyes unguarded 'gainst all harms,
Or doubt, or malice may produce.

Theod. 'Tis true.
And such a desperate cure I would have us'd,
If the intemperate patient had not been
So near me as a mother; but to her,
And from me gentle unguents only were
To be appli'd: and as physitians
When they are sick of fevers, eat themselves
Such viands as by their directions are
Forbid to others though alike diseas'd;
So she considering what she is, may challenge
Those cordialls to restore her, by her birth,
And priviledge, which at no suit must be
Granted to others.

Mart. May your pious care
Effect but what it aim'd at, I am silent.

Enter Devitry.

Theod. What laught you at Sir?

Vitry. I have some occasion,
I should not else; And the same cause perhaps
That makes me do so, may beget in you
A contrary effect.

Theod. Why, what's the matter?

Vitry. I see and joy to see that sometimes poor men,
(And most of [such] are good) stand more indebted
For [meanes] to breathe to such as are held vitious,

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Than those that wear, like Hypocrites on their foreheads,
Th'ambitious titles of just men and vertuous.
Mart. Speak to the purpose.
Vitry. Who would e'er have thought
The good old Queen, your Highness reverend mother,
Into whose house (which was an Academ,)
In which all principles of lust were practis'd:
No soldier might presume to set his foot;
At whose most blessed intercession
All offices in the state, were charitably
Confer'd on Panders, o'erworn chamber wrestlers,
And such physitians as knew how to kill
With safety under the pretence of saving,
And such like children of a monstrous peace,
That she I say should at the length provide
That men of war, and honest younger brothers,
That would not owe their feeding to their cod-peece,
Should be esteem'd of more than mothers, or drones,
Or idle vagabonds.
Theod. I am glad to hear it,
Prethee what course takes she to doe this?
Vitry. One that cannot fail, she and her virtuous train,
With her jewels, and all that was worthy the carrying,
The last night left the court, and, as 'tis more
Than said, for 'tis confirm'd by such as met her,
She's fled unto your brother.
Theod. How?
Vitry. Nay storm not,
For if that wicked tongue of hers hath not
Forgot [its] pace, and *Thierry* be a Prince
Of such a fiery temper, as report
Has given him out for; You shall have cause to use
Such poor men as my self; And thank us too
For comming to you, and without petitions;
Pray heaven reward the good old woman for't.
Mart. I foresaw this.
Theod. I hear a tempest comming,
That sings mine & my kingdomes ruin: haste,
And cause a troop of horse to fetch her back:
Yet stay, why should I use means to bring in

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A plague that of her self hath left me? Muster
Our Soldiers up, we'll stand upon our guard,
For we shall be attempted; Yet forbear
The inequality of our powers will yield me
Nothing but loss in their defeature: something
Must be done, and done suddainly, save your labor,
In this I'll use no counsell but mine own,
That course though dangerous is best. Command
Our daughter be in readiness, to attend us:
Martell, your company, and honest *Vitry*,
Thou wilt along with me.
Vitry. Yes any where,
To be worse than I 'm here, is past my fear. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Thierry, Brunhalt, Bawdber, Lecure, &c.

Thier. You are here in a sanctuary; and that viper
(Who since he hath forgot to be a Son,
I much disdain to think of as a brother)
Had better, in despight of all the gods,
To have raiz'd their Temples, and spurn'd down their Altars,
Than in his impious abuse of you,
To have call'd on my just anger.
Brun. Princely Son;
And in this, worthy of a near name
I have in the relation of my wrongs,
Been modest, and no word my tongue deliver'd
T'express my insupportable injuries,
But gave my heart a wound: Nor has my grief
Being from what I suffer; But that he,
Degenerate as he is, should be the actor
Of my extremes; And force me to divide
The [fires] of brotherly affection,
Which should make but one flame.
Thier. That part of his
As it deserves shall burn no more: [if or]
The tears of Orphans, Widows, or all such
As dare acknowledge him to be their Lord,

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Joyn'd to your wrongs, with his heart blood have power
To put it out: and you, and these your servants,
Who in our favours shal find cause to know
In that they left not you, how dear we hold them;
Shal[l] give *Theodoret* to understand,
His ignorance of the prizeless Jewel, which
He did possess in you, mother in you,
Of which I am more proud to be the donor,
Than if th' absolute rule of all the world
Were offer'd to this hand; Once more you are welcome,
Which with all ceremony due to greatness
I would make known, but that our just revenge
Admits not of delay; Your hand Lord Generall.

Enter Protaldie, with soldiers.

Brun. Your favor and his merit I may say
Have made him such, but I am jelous how
Your subjects will receive it.

Thier. How my subjects?
What doe you make of me? Oh heaven! My subjects!
How base should I esteem the name of Prince
If that poor dust were any thing before
The whirle-wind of my absolute command?
Let 'em be happy and rest so contented:
They pay the tribute of their hearts & knees,
To such a Prince that not alone has power,
To keep his own but to increase it; That
Although he hath a body may add to
The fam'd night labor of strong *Hercules:*
Yet is the master of a continence
That so can temper it, that I forbear
Their daughters, and their wives, whose hands though strong,
As yet have never drawn by unjust mean
Their proper wealth into my treasury,
But I grow glorious, and let them beware
That in their least repining at my pleasures,
They change not a mild Prince, (for if provok'd
I dare and will be so) into a Tyrant.

Brun. You see there's hope that we shall rule again,
And your fal'n fortunes rise.

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Bawd. I hope your Highness
Is pleas'd that I should still hold my place with you;
For I have been so long us'd to provide you
Fresh bits of flesh since mine grew stale, that surely
If cashir'd now, I shall prove a bad Cator
In the Fish-market of cold chastity.
Lecure. For me I am your own, nor since I first
Knew what it was to serve you, have remembred
I had a soul, but such [a] one whose essence
Depended wholy on your Highness pleasure,
And therefore Madam—
Brun. Rest assur'd you are
Such instruments we must not lose.
Lecure. Bawd. Our service. (of them?
Thier. You have view'd them then, what's your opinion
In this dull time of peace, we have prepar'd 'em
Apt for the war. Ha?
Prota. Sir, they have limbs
That promise strength sufficient, and rich armors
The Soldiers best lov'd wealth: More, it appears
They have been drill'd, nay very pretily drill'd:
For many of them can discharge their muskets
Without the danger of throwing off their heads,
Or being offensive to the standers by,
By sweating too much backwards; Nay I find
They know the right, and left hand file, and may
With some impulsion no doubt be brought
To pass the *A*, *B*, *C*, of war, and come
Unto the Horn-book.
Thier. Well, that care is yours;
And see that you effect it.
Prota. I am slow
To promise much; But if within ten days,
By precepts and examples, not drawn from
Worm-eaten presidents of the *Roman* wars
But from mine own, I make them not transcend
All that e'er yet bore armes, let it be said,
Protaldye brags, which would be unto me
As hatefull as to be esteem'd a coward:
For Sir, few Captaines know the way to win [him],

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And make the soldiers valiant. You shall [see me]
Lie with them in their trenches, talk, and drink,
And be together drunk; And, what seems stranger,
We'll sometimes wench together, which once practis'd
And with some other care and hidden acts,
They being all made mine, I'll breath[e] into them
Such fearless resolution and such fervor,
That though I brought them to beseige a fort,
Whose walls were steeple high, and cannon proof,
Not to be undermin'd, they should fly up,
Like swallows: and the parapet once won,
For proof of their obedience, if I will'd them
They should leap down again, and what is more,
By some directions they should have from me,
Not break their necks.

Thi. This is above belief.

Brun. Sir, on my knowledg[e] though he hath spoke much,
He's able to do more.

Lecure. She means on her.

Brun. And howsoever in his thankfulness,
For some few favors done him by my self,
He left *Austracia*, not *Theodoret*,
Though he was chiefly aim'd at, could have laid
With all his Dukedomes power, that shame upon him,
Which in his barborous malice to my honor,
He swore with threats to effect.

Thier. I cannot but
Believe you Madam, thou art one degree
Grown nearer to my heart, and I am proud
To have in thee so glorious a plant
Transported hither; In thy conduct, we
Go on assur'd of conquest; our remove
Shall be with the next Sun.

Enter Theod[o]ret, Memberge, Martell, Devitry.

Lecure. Amazement leave me, 'tis he.

Bawd. We are again undone.

Prot. Our guilt hath no assurance nor defence.

Bawd. If now your ever ready wit fail to protect us,
We shall be all discover'd.

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Brun. Be not so
In your amazement and your foolish fears,
I am prepared for't.
Theod. How? Not one poor welcome,
In answer of so long a journey made
Only to see your brother.
Thier. I have stood
Silent thus long, and am yet unresolv'd
Whether to entertaine thee on my sword,
As fits a parricide of a mothers honor;
Or whether being a Prince, I yet stand bound
(Though thou art here condemn'd) to give thee hearing
Before I execute. What foolish hope,
(Nay pray you forbear) or desperate madness rather,
(Unless thou com'st assur'd, I stand in debt
As far to all impiety as thy self)
Has made thee bring thy neck unto the axe?
Since looking only here, it cannot but
Draw fresh blood from thy sear'd up conscience,
To make thee sensible of that horror, which
They ever bear about them, that like *Nero*,
Like said I? Thou art worse: since thou darest strive
In her defame to murther thine alive.
Theod. That she that long since had the boldness to
Be a bad woman, (though I wish some other
Should so report her) could not want the cunning,
(Since they go hand in hand) to lay fair colo[u]rs
On her black crimes, I was resolv'd before,
Nor make I doubt, but that she hath impoyson'd
Your good opinion of me, and so far
Incens'd your rage against me, that too late
I come to plead my innocence.
Brun. To excuse thy impious scandalls rather.
Prot. Rather forc'd with fear to be compel'd to come.
Thierry. Forbear.
Theod. This moves not me, and yet had I not been
Transported on my own integrity,
I neither am so odious to my subjects,
Nor yet so barren of defence, but that
By force I could have justified my guilt,

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Had I been faulty, but since innocence
Is to it self an hundred thousand gards,
And that there is no Son, but though he owe
That name to an ill mother, but stands bound
Rather to take away with his own danger
From the number of her faults, than for his own
Security, to add unto them. This,
This hath made me to prevent th'expence
Of bloud on both sides, the injuries, the rapes,
(Pages, that ever wait upon the war:)
The account of all which, since you are the cause,
Believe it, would have been required from you;
Rather I say to offer up my daughter,
Who living onely could revenge my death,
With my heart blood a sacrifice to your anger
Than that you should draw on your head more curses
Than yet you have deserved.
Thier. I do begin
To feel an alteration in my nature,
And in his full sail'd confidence, a showre
Of gentle rain, that falling on the fire
Of my hot rage hath quenched it, ha! I would
Once more speak roughly to him, and I will,
Yet there is something whispers to me, that
I have said too much. How is my heart devided
Between the duty of a Son, and love
Due to a brother! yet I am swayed here,
And must aske of you, how 'tis possible
You can effect me that have learned to hate,
Where you should pay all love?
Theod. Which joyn'd with duty,
Upon my knees I should be proud to tender,
Had she not us'd her self so many swords
To cut those bonds that tide me to it.
Thier. Fie no more of that.
Theod. Ala[s] it is a theme,
I take no pleasure to discourse of; Would
It could assoon be buried to the world,
As it should die to me: nay more, I wish
(Next to my part of heaven) that she would spend

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The last part of her life so here, that all
Indifferent Judges might condemn me, for
A most malicious slanderer, nay texde it
Upon my forehead, if you hate me mother,
Put me to such a shame, pray you do, believe it
There is no glory that may fall upon me,
Can equall the delight I should receive
In that disgrace; provided the repeal
Of your long banish'd virtues, and good name,
Usher'd me to it.

Thier. See, she shews her self
An e[a]sie mother, which her tears confirme.

Theod. 'Tis a good sign, the comfortablest rain
I ever saw.

Thier. Embrace: Why this is well,
May never more but love in you, and duty
On your part rise between you.

Bawd. Do you hear Lord Generall,
Does not your new stamp'd honor on the suddain
Begin to grow sick?

Prota. Yes I find it fit,
That putting off my armor I should think of
Some honest hospitall to retire to.

Bawd. Sure although I am a bawd, yet being a Lord,
They cannot whip me for't, what's your opinion?

Lecure. The beadle will resolve you, for I cannot,
There is something that more near concerns my self,
That calls upon me.

Mart. Note but yonder scarabs,
That liv'd upon the dung of her base pleasures,
How from the fear that she may yet prove honest
Hang down their wicked heads.

Vitry. What is that to me?
Though they and all the pol[e]cats of the Court,
Were trust together, I perceive not how
It can advantage me a cardekue,
To help to keep me honest. [*A horn.*

Enter a Post.

Thier. How, from whence?

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Post. These letters will resolve your grace.
Thier. What speak they? [*Reads.*
How all things meet to make me this day happy?
See mother, brother, to your reconcilement
Another blessing almost equall to it,
Is coming towards me; My contracted wife
Ordella, daughter of wise *Datarick*,
The King of *Aragon* is on our confines;
Then to arrive at such a time, when you
Are happily here to honor with your presence
Our long defer'd, but much wish'd nuptiall,
Falls out above expression; Heaven be pleas'd
That I may use these blessings powr'd on me
With moderation.
Brun. Hell and furies ayd me,
That I may have power to avert the plagues
That press upon me.
Thier. Two dayes journy sayest thou,
We will set forth to meet her: in the mean time
See all things be prepar'd to entertain her;
Nay let me have your companies, there's a Forrest
In the midway shall yeild us hunting sport,
To ease our travel, I'll not have a brow
But shall wear mirth upon it, therefore clear them.
We'll wash away all sorrow in glad feasts;
And the war we mean to men, we'll make on beasts.
[*Exeunt omnes, præter Brun. Bawdber, Portaldy, Lecure.*
Brun. Oh that I had the Magick to transforme you
Into the shape of such, that your own hounds
Might tear you peece-meale; Are you so stupid?
No word of comfort? have I fed you mothers
From my excess of moysture, with such cost
And can you yeild no other retribution,
But to devour your maker, pandar, sponge,
Impoysoner, all grown barren?
Prota. You your self
That are our mover, and for whom alone
We live, have fail'd your self in giving way
To the reconcilement of your [sonnes].
Lecure. Which if

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You had prevented, or would teach us how
They might again be sever'd, we could easily
Remove all other hind'rances that stop
The passage of your pleasures.
Baud. And for me,
If I fail in my office to provide you
Fresh delicat[e]s, hang me.
Brun. Oh you are dull, and find not
The cause of my vexation; Their reconcilement
Is a mock castle built upon the sand
By children, which when I am pleas'd to o'rethrow,
I can with ease spurn down.
Lecure. If so, from whence
Grows your affliction?
Brun. My grief comes along
With the new Queen, in whose grace all my power
Must suffer shipwrack: for me now,
That hitherto have kept the first, to know
A second place, or yeeld the least precedence
To any other ['s] death; To have my sleeps
Less enquir'd after, or my rising up
Saluted with less reverence, or my gates
Empty of suitors, or the Kings great favours
To pass through any hand but mine, or he
Himself to be directed by another,
Would be to me: doe you understand me, yet
No meanes to prevent this.
Prota. Fame gives her out
To be a woman of [a] chastity
Not to be wrought upon; and therefore Madam
For me, though I have pleas'd you, to attempt her
Were to no purpose.
Brun. Tush, some other way.
Baud. Faith I know none else, all my bringing up
Aim'd at no other learning.
Lecure. Give me leave,
If my art fail me not, I have thought on
A speeding project.
Brun. What [ist]? but effect it,
And thou shalt be my *Æsculapius*,

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Thy image shall be set up in pure gold,
To which I'll fall down and worship it.
Lecure. The Lady is fair.
Brun. Exceeding fair.
Lecure. And young.
Brun. Some fifteen at the most.
Lecure. And loves the King with equall ardor.
Brun. More, she dotes on him.
Lecure. Well then, [what] think you if I make a drink
Which given unto him on the bridall night
Shall for five days so rob his faculties,
Of all ability to pay that duty,
Which new made wives expect, that she shall swear
She is not match'd to a man.
Prota. 'Twere rare.
Lecure. And then,
If she have any part of woman in her,
She'll or fly out, or at least give occasion
Of such a breach which nere can be made up,
Since he that to all else did never fail
Of as much as could be perform'd by man
Proves only Ice to her.
Brun. 'Tis excellent.
Bawd. The Physitian
Helps ever at a dead lift; a fine calling,
That can both raise, and take down, out upon thee.
Brun. For this one service [I am] ever thine,
Prepare it; I'll give it him my self, for you *Protaldye*,
By this kiss, and our promis'd sport at night,
Doe conjure you to bear up, not minding
The opposition of *Theodoret*,
Or any of his followers; What so ere
You are, yet appear valiant, and make good
The opinion that is had of you: For my self
In the new Queens remove, being made secure,
Fear not, I'll make the future building sure. [*Exeunt.*

[*Wind horns.*

Enter Theodoret, Thierry.

Theod. This Stag stood well, and cunningly.

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Thierry. My horse,
I 'm sure, has found it, for her sides are
Blooded from flank to shoulder, where's the troop?

Enter Martell.

Theodoret. Past homeward, weary and tir'd as we are,
Now *Martell*, have you remembred what we thought of?
Mart. Yes Sir, I have snigled him, and if there be
Any desert in his blood, beside the itch,
Or manly heat, but what decoctions
Leaches, and callises have cram'd into him,
Your Lordship shall know perfect.
Thier. What's that, may not I know too?
Theod. Yes Sir,
To that end we cast the project.
Thierry. What [ist]?
Mart. A desire Sir,
Upon the gilded flag your Graces favor
Has stuck up for a Generall, and to inform you,
For this hour he shall pass the test, what valour,
Staid judgement, soul, or safe discretion
Your mothers wandring eyes, and your obedience
Have flung upon us, to assure your knowledge,
He can be, dare be, shall be, must be nothing,
Load him with piles of honors; Set him off
With all the cunning foyls that may deceive us:
But a poor, cold, unspirited, unmanner'd,
Unhonest, unaffected, undone, fool,
And most unheard of coward, a meer lump
Made to loade beds withall, and like a night-mare,
Ride Ladies that forget to say their prayers,
One that dares only be diseas'd, and in debt,
Whose body mewes more plaisters every month,
Than women doe old faces.
Thier. No more, I know him,
I now repent my error, take your time
And try him home, ever thus far reserv'd,
You tie your anger up.
Mart. I lost it else Sir.

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Thier. Bring me his sword fair taken without violence,
For that will best declare him.
Theod. That's the thing.
Th[ie]r. And my best horse is thine.
Mart. Your Graces servant. [*Exit.*
Theod. [You'le] hunt no more Sir.
Thier. Not to day, the weather
Is grown too warm, besides the dogs are spent,
We'll take a cooler morning, let's to horse,
And hollow in the troop. [*Exeunt. Wind horns.*

Enter 2 Huntsmen.

1. I marry Twainer,
This woman gives indeed, these are the Angels
That are the keepers saints.
2. I like a woman
That handles the deers dowsets with discretion;
And payes us by proportion.
1. 'Tis no treason
To think this good old Lady has a stump yet
That may require a corrall.
2. And the bells too.

Enter Protaldye.

Shee has lost a friend of me else, but here's the clark,
No more for feare o'th' bell ropes.
Prota. How now Keepers,
Saw you the King?
1. Yes Sir, he's newly mounted,
And as we take 't ridden home.
Pro. Farew[e]ll then. [*Exit Keepers.*

Enter Martell.

My honour'd Lord, Fortune has made me happy
To meet with such a man of men to side me.
Protald. How Sir? I know ye not
Nor what your fortune means.
Mart. Few words shall serve, I am betrai'd Sir:
Innocent and honest; malice and violence,
Are both against me, basely and foully layd for;

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For my life Sir, danger is now about me,
Now in my throat Sir.
Protald. Where Sir?
Mart. Nay I fear not,
And let it now powr down in storms upon me,
I have met with a noble guard.
Prot. Your meaning Sir,
For I have present business.
Mart. O my Lord,
Your honor cannot leave a gentleman
At least a fair design of this brave nature,
To which your worth is wedded, your profession
Hatcht in, and made one peece in such a perill,
There are but six my Lord.
Prot. What six?
Mart. Six villains sworn, and in pay to kill me.
Protaldye. Six? (are present?
Mart. Alas Sir, what can six do, or sixscore, now you
Your name will blow 'em off: say they have shot too,
Who dare present a peece? your valour's proof Sir.
Prot. No, I'll assure you Sir, nor my discretion
Against a multitude; 'Tis true, I dare fight
Enough, and well enough, and long enough:
But wisedome Sir, and weight of what is on me,
In which I am no more mine own, nor yours Sir,
Nor as I take it any single danger,
But what concerns my place, tel[l]s me directly,
Beside my person, my fair reputation,
If I thrust into crowds, and seek occasions
Suffers opinion, six? Why *Hercules*
Avoyded two men, yet not to give example;
But only for your present dangers sake Sir,
Were there but four Sir, I car'd not if I kill'd them,
They will serve to whet my sword.
Mart. There are but four Sir,
I did mistake them; but four such as *Europe*,
Excepting your great valour.
Prot. Well consider'd,
I will not meddle with 'em, four in honor,
Are equall with fourscore, besides they 're people

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Only directed by their fury.
Mart. So much nobler shall be your way of justice.
Prot. That I find not.
Mart. You will not leave me thus?
Prot. I would not leave you, but look you Sir,
Men of my place and business, must not
Be question'd thus.
Mart. You cannot pass Sir,
Now they have seen me with you without danger.
They are here Sir, within hearing, take but two.
Prot. Let the law take 'em; take a tree Sir
I'll take my horse, that you may keep with safety,
If they have brought no hand-saws, within this hour
I'll send you rescue, and a toyl to take 'em.
Mart. You shall not goe so poorly, stay but one Sir.
Prot. I have been so hamper'd with these rescues,
So hew'd an[d] tortur'd, that the truth is Sir,
I have mainly vowd against 'em, yet for your sake,
If as you say there be but one, I'll stay,
And see fair play o' both sides.
Mart. There is no
More Sir, and as I doubt a base one too.
Prot. Fie on him, goe lug him out by th' ears.
Mart. Yes,
This is he Sir, the basest in the kingdome.
Prot. Do you know me?
Mart. Yes, for a generall fool,
A knave, a coward, and upstart stallion baw[d],
Beast, barking puppy, that dares not bite.
Prot. The best man best knows patience.
Mart. Yes,
This way Sir, now draw your sword, and right you,
Or render it to me, for one you shall doe.
Pro. If wearing it may do you any honor,
I shall be glad to grace you, there it is Sir.
Mart. Now get you home, and tell your Lady Mistris,
Shee has shot up a sweet mushrum; quit your place too,
And say you are counsel'd well, thou wilt be beaten else
By thine own lanceprisadoes; when they know thee,
That tuns of oyl of roses will not cure thee;

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Goe get you to your foyning work at Court,
And learn to sweat again, and eat dry mutton;
An armor like a frost will search your bones
And make you roar you rogue; Not a reply,
For if you doe, your ears goe off.
Prot. Still patience. [*Exeunt.*

[*Loud musick, A Banquet set out.*

Enter Thierry, Ordella, Brunhalt, Theodoret, Lecure, Bawd[b]er, &c.

Thier. It is your place, and though in all things else
You may and ever shall command me, yet
In this I'll be obeyed.
Ordella. Sir, the consent,
That made me yours, shall never teach me to
Repent I am so; yet be you but pleas'd
To give me leave to say so much; The honor
You offer me were better given to her,
To whom you owe the power of giving.
Thier. Mother,
You hear this and rejoyce in such a blessing
That payes to you so large a share of duty,
But fie no more, for as you hold a place
Nearer my heart than she, you must sit nearest
To all those graces, that are in the power
Of Majesty to bestow.
Brun. Which I'll provide,
Shall be short liv'd *Lecure.*
Lecure. I have it ready.
Brun. 'Tis well, wait on our cup.
Lecure. You honor me.
Thier. We are dull,
No object to provoke mirth.
Theod. *Martell*,
If you remember Sir, will grace your Feast,
With some thing that will yield matter of mirth,
Fit for no common view.
Thier. Touching *Protaldye.*
Theod. You have it.
Brun. What of him? I fear his baseness [*aside.*

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In spight of all the titles that my favours
Have cloth'd him, which will make discovery
Of what is yet conceal'd.

Enter Martell.

Theod. Look Sir, he has it,
Nay we shall have peace when so great a soldier
As the renoun'd *P*[*ro*]*taldye*, will give up
His sword rather then use it.
Brun. 'Twas thy plot,
Which I will turn on thine own head. [*aside.*
Thie. Pray you speak,
How won you him to part from't?
Mart. Won him Sir,
He would have yielded it upon his knees
Before he would have hazarded the exchange
Of a phil[l]ip of the forehead: had you will'd me
I durst have undertook he should have sent you
His Nose, provided that the loss of it
Might have sav'd the rest of his face: he is, Sir
The most unutterable coward that e'er nature
Blest with hard shoulders, which were only given him,
To the ruin of bastinados.
Thier. Possible?
Theod. Observe but how she frets.
Mart. Why believe it:
But that I know the shame of this disgrace,
Will make the beast to live with such, and never
Presume to come more among men; I'll hazard
My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
Should scourge him hither like a Parish Top,
And make him dance before you.
Brun. Slave thou liest,
Thou dar'st as well speak Treason in the hearing
Of those that have the power to punish it,
As the least syllable of this before him,
But 'tis thy hate to me.
Martel. Nay, pray you Madam,
I have no ears to hear you, though a foot
To let you understand what he is.

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Brun. Villany.
Theod. You are too violent.

Enter Protaldye.

The worst that can come
Is blanketing; for beating, and such virtues
I have been long acquainted with.
Mart. Oh strange!
Bawdb. Behold the man you talk of.
Brun. Give me leave,
Or free thy self, (think in what place you are)
From the foul imputation that is laid
Upon thy valour (be bold, I'll protect you)
Or here I vow (deny it or forswear it)
These honors which thou wear'st unworthily,
Which be but impudent enough, and keep them,
Shall be torn from thee with thy eyes.
Prot. I have it,
My v[a]lour! is there any here beneath,
The stile of King, dares question it?
Thier. This is rare.
Prot. Which of [my] actions, which have still been noble,
Has rend'rd me suspected?
Thier. Nay *Martel*[*l*]
You must not fall off.
Mart. Oh Sir, fear it not,
Doe you know this sword?
Prot. Yes.
Mart. Pray you on what terms
Did you part with it?
Prot. Part with it say you?
Mart. So.
Thier. Nay, study not an answer, confess freely.
Prot. Oh I remember't now at the Stags [fall],
As we to day were hunting, a poor fellow,
And now I view you better, I may say
Much of your pitch: this silly wretch I spoke of
With his petition falling at my feet,
(Which much against my Will he kist,) desir'd
That as a special means for his preferment,

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I would vouchsafe to let him use my sword,
To cut off the Stags head.
Brun. Will you hear that?
Bawdb. This Lye bears a similitude of Truth.
Prot. I ever courteous, (a great weakness in me)
Granted his humble suit.
Mart. Oh impudence!
Thier. This change is excellent.
Mart. A word with you,
Deny it not, I was that man disguis'd,
You know my temper, and as you respect
A daily cudgeling for one whole year,
Without a second pulling by the ears,
Or tweaks by th' nose, or the most precious balm
You us'd of patience, patience do you mark me,
Confess before these Kings with what base fear
Thou didst deliver it.
Prot. Oh, I sh[all] burst,
And if I have not instant liberty
To tear this fellow limb by limb, the wrong
Will break my heart, although *Herculean*,
And somewhat bigger; there's my gage, pray you he[re],
Let me redeem my credit.
Thier. Ha, ha, forbear.
Mart. Pray you let me take it up, and if I do not,
Against all odds of Armor and of Weapons,
With this make him confess it on his knees
Cut off my head.
Prot. No, that's my office.
Bawdb. Fie, you take the Hangmans place.
Ordel. Nay, good my Lord
Let me attone this difference, do not suffer
Our bridal night to be the Centaurs Feast.
[You are] a Knight, and bound by oath to grant
All just suits unto Ladies; for my sake
Forget your suppos'd wrong.
Prot. Well let him thank you,
For your sake he shall live, perhaps a day,
And may be, on submission longer.
Theod. Nay *Martel*[*l*] you must be patient.

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Mart. I am yours,
And this slave shall be once more mine.
Thier. Sit all;
One health, and so to bed, for I too long
Deferr my choicest delicates.
Brun. Which if poison
Have any power, thou shalt like *Tantalus*
Behold and never taste, be careful.
Lecu. Fear not.
Brun. Though it be rare in our Sex, yet for once
I will begin a health.
Thier. Let it come freely.
Brun. *Lecure*, the cup; here to the son we hope
This night shall be an Embrion.
Thier. You have nam'd
A blessing that I most desir'd, I pledge you;
Give me a larger cup, that is too little
Unto so great a god.
Brun. Nay, then you wrong me,
Follow as I began.
Thier. Well as you please.
Brun. Is't done?
Lecu. Unto your wish I warrant you,
For this night I durst trust him with my Mother.
Thier. So 'tis gone round, lights.
Brun. Pray you use my service.
Ordel. 'Tis that which I shall ever owe you, Madam,
And must have none from you, pray [you] pardon me.
Thier. Good rest to all.
Theod. And to [you] pleasant labour. *Mart*[*ell*]
Your company, Madam, good night.
[*Exeunt all but* Brunhalt, Protal, Lecure, Bawdber.
Brun. Nay, you have cause to blush, but I will hide it,
And what's more, I forgive you; is't not pity
That thou that art the first to enter combate
With any Woman, and what is more, o'ercome her,
In which she is best pleas'd, should be so [fearefull]
To meet a man.
Prot. Why would you have me lose
That bloud that is dedicated to your service

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In any other quarrel?
Brun. No, reserve it,
As I will study to preserve thy credit:
You sirrah, be't your care to find out one
That is poor, though valiant, that at any rate
Will, to redeem my servants reputation,
Receive a publique baffling.
Bawdb. Would your Highness
Were pleas'd to inform me better of your purpose.
Brun. Why one, Sir, that would thus be box'd
Or kick'd, do you apprehend me now?
Bawdb. I feel you Madam,
The man that shall receive this from my Lord,
Shall have a thousand crowns.
Pro. He shall.
Bawdb. Besides
His day of bastinadoing past o'er,
He shall not lose your grace, nor your good favour?
Brun. That shall make way to it.
Bawdb. It must be a man
Of credit in the Court, that is to be
The foil unto your v[a]lour.
Prot. True, it should.
Bawdb. And if he have place there, 'tis not the worse.
Brun. 'Tis much the better.
Bawdb. If he be a Lord,
'Twill be the greater grace.
Brun. Thou art in the right.
Bawdb. Why then behold that valiant man and Lord,
That for your sake will take a cudgeling:
For be assur'd, when it is spread abroad
That you have dealt with me, they'll give you out
For one of the Nine Worthies.
Brun. Out you pandar,
Why, to beat thee is only exercise
For such as do affect it, lose not time
In vain replies, but do it: come my solace
Let us to bed, and our desires once quench'd
We'll there determine of *Theodorets* death
For he's the Engine us'd to ruin us;

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Yet one wor[d] more, *Lecure*, art thou assur'd
The potion will work?
Lecure. My life upon it.
Brun. Come my *Protaldye*, then glut me with
Those best delights of man, that are deny'd
To her that does expect them, being a Bride.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Thierry, *and* Ordella, *as from bed.*

Thier. SUre I have drunk the bloud of Elephants:
The tears of Mandrake, and the Marble dew,
Mixt in my draught, have quencht my natural heat,
And left no spark of fire, but in mine eyes,
With which I may behold my miseries:
Ye wretched flames which play upon my sight,
Turn inward, make me all one piece, though earth.
My tears shall over-whelm you else too.
Or. What moves my Lord to this strange sadness?
If any late discerned want in me,
Give cause to your repentance, care and duty
Shall find a painful way to recompence.
Thier. Are you yet frozen veins, feel you a breath,
Whose temperate heat would make the North Star reel,
Her Icy pillars thaw'd, and do you not melt?
Draw nearer, yet nearer,
That from thy barren kiss thou maist confess
I have not heat enough to make a blush.
Ordel. Speak nearer to my understanding, like a Husband.
Thier. How should he speak the language of a Husband,
Who wants the tongue and organs of his voice?
Ordel. It is a phrase will part with the same ease
From you, with that you now deliver.
Thier. Bind not his ears up with so dull a charm
Who hath no other sense left open, why should thy words
Find more restraint than thy free speaking actions,
Thy close embraces, and thy midnight sighs
The silent Orators to slow desire?
Ordel. Strive not to win content from ignorance

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Which must be lost in knowledge: heaven can witness
My farthest hope of good, reacht at your pleasure,
Which seeing alone, may in your look be read:
Add not a doubtful comment to a text
That in it self is direct and easie.

Thier. Oh thou hast drunk the juyce of hemlock too,
Or did upbraided nature make this pair
To shew she had not quite forgot her first
Justly prais'd Workmanship, the first chast couple
Before the want of joy, taught guilty sight
A way through shame and sorrow to delight:
Say, may we mix, as in their innocence
When Turtles kist, to confirm happiness,
Not to beget it.

Ordel. I know no bar.

Thier. Should I believe thee, yet thy pulse beats, woman,
And says the name of Wife did promise thee
The blest reward of duty to thy mother,
Who gave so often witness of her joy,
When she did boast thy likeness to her Husband. (self,

Ordel. 'Tis true, that to bring forth a second to your
Was only worthy of my Virgin loss;
And should I prize you less, unpattern'd Sir?
Then being exemplify'd, is't not more honor
To be possessor of unequall'd virtue,
Than what is paralell'd? give me belief,
The name of mother knows no way of good,
More than the end in me: who weds for Lust
Is oft a widow: when I married you,
I lost the name of Maid to gain a Title
Above the wish of change, which that part can
Only maintain, is still the same in man,
His virtue and his calm society,
Which no gray hairs can threaten to dissolve
Nor wrinkles bury.

Thier. Confine thy self to silence, lest thou take
That part of reason from me, is only left
To give perswasion to me, I 'm a man:
Or say thou hast never seen the Rivers haste
With gladsome speed, to meet th' amorous sea.

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Ordel. We are but to praise the coolness of their streams.
Thier. Nor view'd the Kids, taught by their lustful [s]ires,
Pursue each other through the wanton lawns,
And lik'd the sport.
Ordel. As it made way unto their envied rest
With weary knots, binding their harmless eyes.
Thier. Nor do you know the reason why the Dove,
One of the pair, your hands wont hourly feed,
So often clipt and kist her happy mate.
Ordel. Unless it were to welcome his wish'd sight,
Whose absence only gave her mourning voice.
Thier. And you could, Dove-like to a single object,
Bind your loose spirits to one, nay, such a one
Whom only eyes and ears must flatter good,
Your surer sence made useless, my self, nay
As in my all of good, already known.
Ordel. Let proof plead for me; let me be mew'd up
Where never eye may reach me, but your own;
And when I shall repent, but in my looks, if sigh.
Thier. Or shed a tear that's warm.
Ordel. But in your sadness.
Thier. Or when you hear the birds call for their mates,
Ask if it be *St. Valentine*, their coupling day.
Ordel. If any thing may make a thought suspected
Of knowing any happiness but you,
Divorce me, by the Title of Most Falshood. (a friend?
Thier. Oh, who would know a wife, that might have such
Posterity henceforth, lose the name of blessing
And leave the earth inhabited to people heaven.

Enter Theodoret, Brunhalt, Martel, Protaldye.

Mart. All happiness to *Thierry* and *Ordella*.
Thier. 'Tis a desire but borrowed from me, my happiness
Shall be the period of all good mens wishes,
Which friends, nay dying Fathers shall bequeath,
And in my one give all: is there a duty
Belongs to any power of mine, or love
To any virtue I have right to? here, place it here,
Ordella's name shall only bear command,
Rule, Title, Sovereignty.

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Brun. What passion sways my Son?
Thier. Oh Mother, she has doubled every good
The travel of your bloud made possible
To my glad being.
Prot. He should have done
Little to her, he is so light hearted.
Thier. Brother, friends, if honor unto shame
If wealth to want inlarge the present sense,
My joyes are unbounded, instead of question
Let it be envy, not bring a present
To the high offering of our mirth, Banquets, and Masques;
Keep waking our delights, mocking nights malice,
Whose dark brow would fright pleasure from us,
Our Court be but one st[a]ge of Revels, and each [e]ye
The Scene where our content moves.
Theod. There shall want
Nothing to express our shares in your delight, Sir.
Mart. Till now I ne'er repented the estate
Of Widower. (presence
Thier. Musick, why art thou so slow voic'd? it staies thy
My *Ordella*, this chamber is a sphere
Too narrow for thy all-moving virtue.
Make way, free way I say;
Who must alone, her Sexes want supply,
Had need to have a room both large and high.
Mart. This passion's above utterance.
Theod. Nay, credulity. [*Exit all but* Thierry, Brunhalt.
Brun. Why Son what mean you, are you a man?
Thier. No Mother I am no man, were I a man,
How could I be thus happy?
Brun. How can a wife be author of this joy then?
Thier. That being no man, I am married to no woman;
The best of men in full ability,
Can only hope to satisfie a wife,
And for that hope ridiculous, I in my want
And such defective poverty, that to her bed
From my first Cradle brought no strength but thought,
Have met a temperance beyond hers that rockt me,
Necessity being her bar; where this
Is so much sensless of my depriv'd fire;

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She knows it not a loss by her desire.
Brun. It is beyond my admiration.
Thier. Beyond your sexes faith,
The unripe Virgins of our age, to hear't
Will dream themselves to women, and convert
Th' example to a miracle.
Brun. Alas, 'tis your defect moves my amazement,
But what [i]ll can be separate from ambition?
Cruel *Theodoret.*
Thier. What, of my brother?
Brun. That to his name your barrenness adds rule;
Who loving the effect, would not be strange
In favouring the cause; look on the profit,
And gain will quickly point the mischief out.
Thier. The name of Father, to what I possess
Is shame and care.
Brun. Were we begot to single happiness
I grant you; but from such a wife, such virtue
To get an heir, what hermet would not find
Deserving argument to break his vow
Even in his age of chastity?
Thier. You teach a deaf man language.
Brun. The cause found out, the malady may cease,
Have you heard of one *Forts*?
Thier. A learned Astronomer, great Magician,
Who lives hard by retir'd.
Brun. Repair to him, with the just hour and place
Of your nativity; fools are amaz'd at fate,
Griefs but conceal'd are never desperate.
Thier. You have timely waken'd me, nor shall I sleep
Without the satisfaction of his Art. [*Exit* Thierry.

Enter Lecure.

Brun. Wisdom prepares you to't, *Lecure*, met happily.
Lecure. The ground answers your purpose, the conve[iance]
Being secure and easie, falling just
Behind the state set for *Theodoret.*
Brun. 'Tis well, your trust invites you to a second charge,
You know *Leforte's* Cell.
Lecure. Who constellated your fair birth.

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Brun. Enough, I see thou know'st him, where's *Bawdber*?
Lec. I left him careful of the project cast,
To raise *Protaldie*'s credit.
Brun. A sore that must be plaister'd, in whose wound
Others shall find their graves, think themselves sound,
Your ear, and quickest apprehension. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bawdber *and a servant.*

Bawdb. This man of war will advance.
Lecu. His hour's upon the stroke.
Bawdb. Wind him back, as you favour my ears,
I [lo]ve no noise in my head, my brains have hitherto
Been imploy'd in silent businesses.

Enter Devitry.

Lecu. The Gentleman is within your reach Sir. [*Exit.*
Bawdb. Give ground, whilst I drill my wits to the en-
Devitry, I take it. (counter,
Devi. All's that left of him.
Bawdb. Is there another parcel of you, if it be at pawn I will gladly redeem it, to make you wholly mine.
Vitry. You seek too hard a pennyworth.
Bawdb. You too ill to keep such distance; your parts have been long known
To me, howsoever you please to forget acquaintance.
Vit. I must confess I have been subject to lewd company.
Bawdb. Thanks for your good remembrance,
You have been a soldier *Devitry*, and born[e] Arms.
Vit. A couple of unprofitable ones, that have only serv'd to get me a stomach to my dinner.
Bawdb. Much good may it do you, Sir.
Vitry. You sh[ould] have heard me say I had din'd first, I have built on an unwholsome ground, rais'd up a house, before I knew a Tenant, matcht to meet weariness, sought to find want and hunger.
Bawdb. It is time you put up your sword, and run away for meat, Sir, nay, if I had not withdrawn e'r now, I might have kept thee; fast with you: but since the way to thrive is never late, what is the nearest course to profit think you?
Vitry. It may be your worship will say bawdry.

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Bawdb. True sense, bawdry.

Vitry. Why, is the[re] five kinds of them, I never knew but one.

Bawdb. I'll shew you a new way of prostitution, fall back, further yet, further, there is fifty crowns, do but as much to *Protaldye* the Queens favorite, they are doubled.

Vitry. But thus much.

Bawdb. Give him but an affront as he comes to the presence, and in his drawing make way, like a true bawd to his valour, the s[um]'s thy own; if you take a scratch in the arm or so, every drop of bloud weighs down a ducket.

Vitry. After that rate, I and my friends would begger the kingdom. Sir, you have made me blush to see my want, whose cure is such a cheap and easie purchase, this is Male-bawdry belike.

Enter Protaldy, *a Lady, and Revellers.*

Bawdb. See, you shall not be long earning your wages, your work's before your eyes.

Vitry. Leave it to my handling, I'll fall upon't instantly.

Bawdb. What opinion will the managing of this affair
Bring to my wisdom? my invention tickles
With apprehension on't:

Pro. These are the joyes of marriage, Lady,
Whose sights are able to dissolve Virginity.
Speak freely, do you not envy the Brides felicity?

Lady. How should I, being partner of't?

Pro. What you enjoy is but the Banquets view,
The taste stands from your pallat; if he impart
By day so much of his content, think what night gave?

Vitry. Will you have a relish of wit, Lady?

Bawdb. This is the man.

Lady. If it be not dear, Sir.

Vitry. If you affect cheapness, how can you prize this sullied ware so much? mine is fresh, my own, not retail'd.

Pro. You are saucy, sirrah.

Vitry. The fitter to be in the dish with such dry Stock-fish as you are, how, strike?

Bawdb. Remember the condition as you look for payment.

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Vitry. That box was left out of the bargain.
Pro. Help, help, help.
Bawdb. Plague of the Scriveners running hand,
What a blow is this to my reputation!

Enter Thierry, Theodoret, Brunhalt, Ordella, Memberge, Martell.

Thier. What villain dares this outrage?
Devitry. Hear me, Sir, this creature hir'd me with fifty crowns in hand, to let *Protaldye* have the better of me at single Rapier on a made quarrel; he mistaking the weapon, laies me over the chops with his club fist, for which I was bold to teach him the Art of memory.
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Theo. Your General, Mother, will display himself.
'Spight of our Peace I see.
Thier. Forbear these civil jars, fie *Protaldy*,
So open in your projects, avoid our presence, sirrah.
Devi. Willingly; if you have any more wages to earn,
You see I can take pains.
Theo. There's somewhat for thy labour,
More than was promis'd, ha, ha, ha.
Bawdb. Where could I wish my self now? in the *Isle of Dogs*.
So I might scape scratching, for I see by her Cats eyes
I shall be claw'd fearfully.
Thier. We'll hear no more on't, [*Soft Musick.*
Musick drown all sadness;
Command the Revellers in, at what a rate I do purchase
My Mothers absence, to give my spleen full liberty.
Brun. Speak not a thoughts delay, it names thy ruin.
Pro. I had thought my life had born[e] more value with you.
Brun. Thy loss carries mine with't, let that secure thee.
The vault is ready, and the door conveys to't
Falls just behind his chair, the blow once given,
Thou art unseen.
Pro. I cannot feel more than I fear, I'm sure. [*Withdraws.*
Brun. Be gone, and let them laugh their own destruction.
Thier. You will add unto her rage.

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Theod. 'Foot, I shall burst, unless I vent my self, ha, ha, ha.
Brun. Me Sir, you never could
Have found a time to invite more willingness
In my dispose to pleasure.
Memb. Would you would please to make some other choise.
Revel. 'Tis a disgrace would dwell upon me, Lady,
Should you refuse.
Memb. Your reason conquers; my Grandmothers looks
Have turn'd all air to earth in me, they sit
Upon my heart like night-charms, black and heavy.
[*They Dance.*
Thier. You are too much libertine.
Theod. The fortune of the fool perswades my laughter
More than his cowardize; was ever Rat
Ta'en by the tail thus? ha, ha, ha.
Thier. Forbear I say.
Prot. No eye looks this way, I will wink and strike,
Lest I betray my self. [*Behind the State stabs* Theodoret.
Theo. Ha, did you not see one near me?
Thier. How near you, why do you look so pale, brother?
Treason, treason.
Memb. Oh my presage! Father.
Ordella. Brother.
Mart. Prince, Noble Prince.
Thier. Make the gates sure, search into every angle
And corner of the Court, oh my shame! Mother,
Your Son is slain, *Theodoret*, noble *Theodoret*,
Here in my arms, too weak a Sanctuary
'Gainst treachery and murder, say, is the Traitor taken?
1 *Guard.* No man hath past the chamber on my life Sir.
Thier. Set present fire unto the place, that all unseen
May perish in this mischief, who moves slow to't,
Shall add unto the flame.
Brun. What mean you? give me your private hearing.
Thier. Perswasion is a partner in the crime,
I will renounce my claim unto a mother,
If you make offer on't.
Brun. E'er a Torch can take flame, I will produce
The author of the fact.
Thier. Withdraw but for your Lights.

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Memb. Oh my too true suspition.

[*Exeunt* Martel, Memberg.

Thier. Speak, where's the Engine to this horrid act?

Brun. Here you do behold her; upon whom make good
Your causeless rage; the deed was done by my incitement,
Not yet repented.

Thier. Wh[i]ther did nature start, when you conceiv'd?
A birth so unlike woman? say, what part
Did not consent to make a son of him,
Reserv'd it self within you to his ruine.

Brun. Ha, ha, a son of mine! doe not dissever
Thy fathers dust, shaking his quiet urn,
To which [thy] breath would send so foul an issue.
My Son, thy Brother?

Thier. Was not *Theodoret* my brother, or is thy tongue
Confederate with thy heart, to speak and do
Only things monstrous?

Brun. Hear me and thou shalt make thine own belief,
Thy, still with sorrow mention'd, father liv'd
Three careful years, in hope of wished heirs,
When I conceiv'd, being from his jealous fear
Injoyn'd to quiet home, one fatal day:
Transported with my pleasure to the chase,
I forc'd command, and in pursuit of game
Fell from my horse, lost both my child and hopes.
Despair which only in his love saw life
Worthy of being, from a Gard'ners Arms
Snatcht this unlucky brat, and call'd it mine,
When the next year repaid my loss with thee:
But in thy wrongs preserv'd my misery,
Which that I might diminish, though not end,
My sighs, and wet eies from thy Fathers Will,
Bequeath this largest part of his Dominions
Of *France* unto thee, and only left
Austracia unto that changling, whose life affords
Too much of ill 'gainst me to prove my words,
And call him stranger.

Thier. Come, doe not weep, I must, nay do believe you.
And in my fathers satisfaction count it
Merit, not wrong, or loss:

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Brun. You doe but flatter, there's anger yet flames
In your eyes.
Thier. See, I will quench it, and confess that you
Have suffer'd double travel for me.
Brun. You will not fire the house then?
Thier. Rather reward the author who gave cause
Of knowing such a secret, my oath and duty
Shall be assurance on't.
Brun. *Protaldye*, rise good faithful servant, heaven knows
How hardly he was drawn to this attempt.

Enter Protaldye.

Thier. *Protaldye*? he had a Gard'ners fa[t]e I'll swear:
[F]ell by thy hand, Sir, we doe owe unto you for this service.
Brun. Why lookest thou so dejected?

Enter Martel.

Prot. I want a little shift, Lady, nothing else.
Mart. The fires are ready, please it your grace withdraw,
Whilst we perform your pleasure.
Thier. Reserve them for the body; since he had the fate
To live and die a Prince, he shall not lose
The Title in his Funeral. [*Exit.*
Mart. His fate to live a Prince,
Thou old impiety, made up by lust and mischief,
Take up the body. [*Exeunt with the body of* Theod.

Enter Lecure *and a Servant.*

Lecu. Dost think *Leforte's* sure enough?
Serv. As bonds can make him, I have turn'd his eyes to the East; and left him gaping after the Morning star, his head is a meer Astrolobe, his eyes stand for the Poles, the gag in his mouth being the Coachman, his five teeth have the nearest resemblance to *Charles Wain.*
Lecure. Thou hast cast a figure which shall raise thee, direct my hair a little: and in my likeness to him, read a fortune suiting thy largest hopes.
Ser. You are so far 'bove likeness, you are the same,
If you love mirth, perswade him from himself.
'Tis but an Astronomer out of the way,

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And lying, will bear the better place for't.
Lecure. I have profitabler use in hand, haste to the Queen
And tell her how you left me chang'd. [*Exit Servant.*
Who would not serve this virtuous active Queen?
She that loves mischief 'bove the man that does it,
And him above her pleasure, yet knows no heaven else.

Enter Thierry.

Thier. How well this loan[es] suits the Art I seek,
Discovering secret, and succeeding Fate,
Knowledge that puts all lower happiness on,
With a remiss and careless hand,
Fair peace unto your meditations, father.
Lecure. The same to you, you bring, Sir.
Thier. Drawn by your much fam'd skill, I come to know
Whether the man who owes [t]his character,
Shall e'er have issue.
Lecure. A resolution falling with most ease,
Of any doubt you could have nam'd, he is a Prince
Whose fortune you enquire.
Thie. He is nobly born.
Lecure. He had a Dukedom lately fall'n unto him,
By one, call'd Brother, who has left a Daughter.
Thier. The question is, of Heirs, not Lands.
Lecure. Heirs, yes, he shall have Heirs.
Thier. Begotten of his body, why look'st thou pale?
Thou canst not suffer in his want.
Lecure. Nor thou, I neither can nor will
Give farther knowledge to thee.
Thier. Thou must, I am the man my self,
Thy Sovereign, who must owe unto thy wisdom
In the concealing of my barren shame. (yours,
Lecure. Your Grace doth wrong your Stars; if this be
You may have children.
Thier. Speak it again.
Lecure. You may have fruitful issue.
Thier. By whom? when? how?
Lecure. It was the fatal means first struck my bloud
With the cold hand of wonder, when I read it
Printed upon your birth.

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Thier. Can there be any way unsmooth, has end
So fair and good?
Lecure. We that behold the sad aspects of Heaven,
Leading sence blinded, men feel grief enough
To know, though not to speak their miseries.
Thier. Sorrow must lose a name, where mine finds life;
If not in thee, at least ease pain with speed,
Which must know no cure else.
Lecure. Then thus,
The first of Females which your eye shall meet
Before the Sun next rise, coming from out
The Temple of *Diana*, being slain, you live
Father of many sons.
Thier. Call'st thou this sadness, can I beget a Son?
Deserving less than to give recompence
Unto so poor a loss? what e'er thou art,
Rest peaceable blest creature, born to be
Mother of Princes, whose grave shall be more fruitful
Than others marriage beds: methinks his Art
Should give her form and happy figure to me,
I long to see my happiness, he is gone,
As I remember, he nam'd my brothers Daughter,
Were it my Mother, 'twere a gainful death
Could give *Ordella*'s virtue living breath. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Thierry *and* Martel.

Mart. YOur Grace is early stirring.
Thier. How can he sleep,
Whose happiness is laid up in an hour
He knows comes stealing towar[d] him, Oh *Martel*!
Is't possible the longing Bride, whose wishes
Out-runs her fears, can on that day she is married
Consume in slumbers, or his Arms rust in ease,
That hears the charge, and sees the honor'd purchase
Ready to [gild] his valour? Mine is more
A power above these passions; this day *France*,
France that in want of issue withers with us;

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And like an aged River, runs his head
Into forgotten ways, again I ransome,
And his fair course turn right: this day *Thierry*,
The Son of *France*, whose manly powers like prisoners
Have been tied up, and fetter'd, by one death
Give life to thousand ages; this day beauty
The envy of the world, Pleasure the glory,
Content above the world, desire beyond it
Are made mine own, and useful.
Mart. Happy Woman
That dies to do these things.
Thier. But ten times happier
That lives to do the greater; oh *Martel*,
The gods have heard me now, and those that scorn'd me,
Mothers of many children, and blest fathers
That see their issues like the Stars un-number'd,
Their comfort more than them, shall in my praises
Now teach their Infants songs; and tell their ages
From such a Son of mine, or such a Queen,
That chaste *Ordella* brings me blessed marriage
The chain that links two Holy Loves together
And in the marriage, more than blest *Ordella*,
That comes so near the Sacrament it self,
The Priests doubt whether purer.
Mart. Sir, y'are lost.
Thier. I prethee let me be so.
Mart. The day wears,
And those that have been offering early prayers,
Are now retiring homeward.
Thier. Stand and mark then.
Mart. Is it the first must suffer.
Thier. The first Woman.
Mart. What hand shall do it, Sir?
Thier. This hand *Martell*,
For who less dare presume to give the gods
An incense of this offering?
Mart. Would I were she,
For such a way to die, and such a blessing
Can never crown my parting.

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Enter two men passing over.

Thier. What are those?
Mart. Men, men, Sir, men.
Thier. The plagues of men light on 'em,
They cross my hopes like Hares, who's that?

Enter a Priest.

Mart. A Priest, Sir.
Thier. Would he were gelt.
Mart. May not these rascals serve, Sir,
Well hang'd and quarter'd?
Thier. No.
Mart. Here comes a woman.

Enter Ordella *veil'd.*

Thier. Stand and behold her then.
Mart. I think a fair one.
Thier. Move not whilst I prepare her: may her peace
Like his whose innocence the gods are pleas'd with,
And offering at their Altars, gives his soul
Far purer than those fires; pull heaven upon her,
You holy powers, no humane spot dwell in her,
No love of any thing, but you and goodness,
Tie her to earth, fear be a stranger to her,
And all weak blouds affections, but thy hope
Let her bequeath to Women: hear me heaven,
Give her a spirit masculine, and noble,
Fit for your selves to ask, and me to offer.
Oh let her meet my blow, doat on her death;
And as a wanton Vine bows to the pruner,
That by his cutting off, more may increase,
So let her fall to raise me fruit; hail woman.
The happiest, and the best (if the dull Will
Do not abuse thy fortune) *France* e'er found yet.
Ordel. Sh' is more than dull, Sir, less, and worse than Woman,
That may inherit such an infinite
As you propound, a greatness so near goodness;
And brings a Will to rob her.

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Thier. Tell me this then,
Was there e'er woman yet, or may be found,
That for fair Fame, unspotted memory,
For virtues sake, and only for it self sake
Has, or dare make a story?
Ordel. Many dead Sir,
Living I thin[ke] as many.
Thier. Say, the kingdom
May from a womans Will receive a blessing,
The King and kingdom, not a private safety.
A general blessing, Lady.
Ordel. A general curse
Light on her heart, denies it.
Thier. Full of honor;
And such examples as the former ages
Were but dim shadows of, and empty figures.
Ordel. You strangely stir me, Sir, and were my weakness
In any other flesh but modest womans,
You should not ask more questions, may I do it?
Thier. You may, and which is more, you must.
Ordel. I joy in't,
Above a moderate gladness, Sir, you promise
It shall be honest.
Thier. As ever time discover'd.
Ordel. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
I have a mind will hazard it.
Thier. But hark ye,
What may that woman merit, makes this blessing!
Ordel. Only her duty, Sir.
Thier. 'Tis terrible.
Ordel. 'Tis so much the more noble.
Thier. 'Tis full of fearful shadows.
Ordel. So is sleep, Sir.
Or any thing that's meerly ours, and mortal,
We were begotten gods else; but those fears
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Flie, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.
Thier. Suppose it death.
Ordel. I do.
Thier. And endless parting

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With all we can call ours, with all our sweetness,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay reason:
For in the silent grave, no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of Lovers,
No careful Fathers counsel, nothing's h[e]ard,
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endless darkness, and dare you woman
Desire this place?
Ord[e]l. 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest,
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And Kings from heighth of all their painted glories
Fall like spent exhalations, to this centre:
And those are fools that fear it, or imagine
A few unhandsome pleasures, or lifes profits
Can recompence this place; and mad that staies it,
Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humors,
Bring them dispers'd to th' earth.
Thier. Then you can suffer?
Ordel. As willingly as say it.
Thier. *Martell*, a wonder,
Here's a woman that dares die, yet tell me,
Are you a Wife?
Ordel. I am Sir.
Thier. And have children?
She sighs and weeps.
Ordel. Oh none Sir.
Thier. Dare you venture
For a poor barren praise you ne'er shall hear,
To part with these sweet hopes?
Ordel. With all but Heaven,
And yet die full of children; he that reads me
When I am ashes, is my Son in wishes,
And those chaste dames that keep my memory,
Singing my yearly requiems, are my Daughters.
Thier. Then there is nothing wanting but my knowledg[e].
And what I must doe, Lady?
Ordel. You are the King, Sir,
And what you do I'll suffer, and that blessing
That you desire, the gods showr on the Kingdom.
Thier. Thus much before I strike then, for I must kill you,

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The gods have will'd it so, they're made the blessing
Must make *France* young again, and me a man,
Keep up your strength still nobly.
Ordel. Fear me not.
Thier. And meet death like a measure.
Ordel. I am stedfast.
Thier. Thou shalt be sainted woman, and thy Tomb
Cut out in Chrystal, pure and good as thou art;
And on it shall be graven every age,
Succeeding Peers of *France* that rise by thy fall,
Tell thou liest there like old and fruitful nature.
Darest thou behold thy happiness?
Ordel. I dare Sir.
Thier. Ha? [*Pul*[*l*]*s off her veil, lets fall his sword.*
Mar. Oh Sir, you must not doe it.
Thier. No, I dare not.
There is an Angel keeps that Paradice,
A fiery Angel friend; oh virtue, virtue,
Ever and endless virtue.
Ordel. Strike, Sir, strike;
And if in my poor death fair *France* may merit,
Give me a thousand blows, be killing me
A thousand days.
Thier. First let the earth be barren,
And man no more remembred, rise *Ordella*,
The nearest to thy maker, and the purest
That ever dull flesh shewed us,—oh my heart-strings. [*Exit.*
Mart. I see you full of wonder, therefore noblest,
And truest amongst Women, I will tell you
The end of this strange accident.
Ordel. Amazement
Has so much wove upon my heart, that truly
I feel my self unfit to hear, oh Sir,
My Lord has slighted me.
Mart. Oh no sweet Lady.
Ordel. Robb'd me of such a glory by his pity,
And most unprovident respect.
Mart. Dear Lady,
It was not meant to you.
Ordel. Else where the day is,

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And hours distinguish time, time runs to ages,
And ages end the world, I had been spoken.
[*Mart.*] I'll tell you what it was, if but your patience
Will give me hearing.
Ordel. If I have transgrest,
Forgive me, Sir.
Mart. Your noble Lord was counsel'd,
Grieving the barrenness between you both,
And all the Kingdom with him, to seek out
A man that knew the secrets of the gods,
He went, found such [a] one, and had this answer,
That if he wou'd have issue, on this morning,
For this hour was prefixt him, he should kill
The first he met, being Female, from the Temple;
And then he should have children, the mistake
Is now too perfect, Lady.
Ordel. Still 'tis I, Sir,
For may this work be done by common women?
Durst any but my self that knew the blessing,
And felt the benefit, assume this [dying]
In any other, 't'ad been lost, and nothing,
A curse and not a blessing; I was figur'd;
And shall a little fondness barr my purchase?
Mart. Where should he then seek children?
Ordel. Where they are
In wombs ordain'd for issues, in those beauties
That bless a marriage-bed, and makes it proceed
With kisses that conceive, and fruitful pleasures;
Mine like a grave, buries those loyal hopes,
And to a grave it covets.
Mart. You are too good,
Too excellent, too honest; rob not us
And those that shall hereafter seek example,
Of such inestimable worthies in woman.
Your Lord of such obedience, all of honor
In coveting a cruelty is not yours,
A Will short of your Wisdom; make not error
A Tomb-stone of your virtues, whose fair life
Deserves a constellation: your Lord dare not;
He cannot, ought not, must not run this hazard,

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He makes a separation, nature shakes at,
The gods deny, and everlasting justice
Shrinks back, and sheaths her sword at.
Ordel. All's but talk, Sir,
I find to what I am reserv'd, and needful,
And though my Lord's compassion makes me poor,
And leaves me in my best use, yet a strength
Above mine own, or his dull fondness finds me;
The gods have given it to me. [*Draws a knife.*
Mart. Self-destruction!
Now all good Angels bless thee, oh sweet Lady,
You are abus'd, this is a way to shame you,
And with you all that knows you, all that loves you,
To ruin all you build, would you be famous?
Is that your end?
Ordel. I would be what I should be.
Mart. Live and confirm the gods then, live and be loaden
With more than Olive[s]bear, or fruitful Autumn;
This way you kill your merit, kill your cause,
And him you would raise life to, where, or how
Got you these bloudy thoughts? what Devil durst
Look on that Angel face, and tempt? doe you know
What is't to die thus, how you strike the Stars,
And all good things above, do you feel
What follows a self-bloud, whether you venture,
And to what punishment? excellent Lady,
Be not thus cozen'd, do not fool your self,
The Priest was never his own sacrifice,
But he that thought his hell here.
Ordel. I am counsell'd.
Mart. And I am glad on't, lie, I know you dare not.
Ordel. I never have done yet.
Mart. Pray take my comfort,
Was this a soul to lose? two more such women
Would save their sex; see, she repents and prayes,
Oh hear her, hear her, if there be a faith
Able to reach your mercies, she hath sent it.
Ordel. Now good *Martel* confirm me.
Mart. I will Lady,
And every hour advise you, for I doubt

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Whether this plot be heavens, or hells; your mother
And I will find it, if it be in mankind
To search the center of it: in the mean time
I'll give you out for dead, and by your self,
And shew the instrument, so shall I find
A joy that will betray her.
Ordel. Do what's fittest;
And I will follow you.
Mart. Then ever live
Both able to engross all love, and give. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Brunhalt, Protaldye.

Brun. I'm in labour
To be deliver'd of that burthenous project
I have so long gone with; ha, here's the Midwife,
Or life, or death.

Enter Lecure.

Lecu. If in the supposition
Of her death in whose life you die, you ask me,
I think you are safe.
Brun. Is she dead?
Lecu. I have us'd
All means to make her so, I saw him waiting
At the Temple door, and us'd such Art within,
That only she of all her Sex was first
Giv'n up unto his fury.
Brun. Which if love
Or fear made him forbear to execute
The vengeance he determin'd, his fond pity
Shall draw it on himself, for were there left
Not any man but he, to serve my pleasures,
Or from me to receive commands, which are
The joyes for which I love life, he should be
Remov'd, and I alone left to be Queen
O'er any part of goodness that's left in me.
Lecu. If you are so resolv'd, I have provided
A means to s[h]ip him hence: look upon this,
But touch it sparingly, for this once us'd,
Say but to dry a tear, will keep the eye-lid

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From closing, until death perform that office.
Brun. Give't me, I may have use [of 't], and on you
I'll make the first experiment: if one sigh
Or heavy look beget the least suspition,
Childish compassion can thaw the Ice
Of your so long congeal'd and flinty hardness.
Slight, go on constant, or I shall.
Prot. Best Lady,
We have no faculties which are not yours.
Lecu. Nor will be any thing without you.
B[r]un. Be so, and we will stand or fall together, for
Since we have gone so far, that death must stay
The journey, which we wish should never end;
And innocent, or guilty, we must die,
When we do so, let's know the reason why.

Enter Thierry *and* Courtiers.

Lecu. The King.
Thier. We'll be alone.
Prot. I would I had
A Convoy too, to bring me safe off.
For rage although it be allai'd with sorrow,
Appears so dreadful in him, that I shake
To look upon't.
Brun. Coward I will meet it,
And know from whence 't has birth: Son, kingly *Thierry.*
Thier. Is cheating grown so common among men?
And thrives so well here, that the gods endeavour
To practise it above?
Brun. Your Mother.
Thier. Ha! or are they only careful to revenge,
Not to reward? or when, for your offences
We study satisfaction, must the cure
Be worse than the disease?
Brun. Will you not hear me?
Thier. To lose th' ability to perform those duties
For which I entertain'd the name of Husband,
Ask'd more than common sorrow; but t'impose
For the redress of that defect, a torture
In marking her to death, for whom alone

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I felt that weakness as a want, requires
More than the making the head bald: or falling
Thus flat upon the earth, or cursing that way,
Or praying this, oh such a Scene of grief,
And so set down, (the world the stage to act on)
May challenge a Tragedian better practis'd
Than I am to express it; for my cause
Of passion is so strong, and my performance
So weak, that though the part be good, I fear
Th'ill acting of it, will defraud it of
The poor reward it may deserve, mens pity.
Brun. I have given you way thus long, a King, and what
Is more, my Son, and yet a slave to that
Which only triumphs over cowards sorrow,
For shame look up.
Thier. Is't you, look down on me:
And if that you are capable to receive it,
Let that return to you, that have brought forth
One mark'd out only for it: what are these?
Come they upon your privilege to tread on
The Tomb of my afflictions?
Prot. No, not we Sir.
Thier. How dare you then omit the ceremony
Due to the funeral of all my hopes,
Or come unto the marriage of my sorrows,
But in such colours as may sort with them?
Prot. Alas; we will wear any thing.
Brun. This is madness
Take but my counsel.
Thier. Yours? dare you again
Though arm'd with th' authority of a mother,
Attempt the danger that will fall on you
If such another syllable awake it?
Goe, and with yours be safe, I have such cause
Of grief, nay more, to love it, that I will not
Have such as these be sharers in it.
Lecu. Madam.
Prot. Another time were better.
Brun. Do not sti[r],
For I must be resolv'd, and will, be statues.

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Enter Martel.

Thier. I, thou art welcome, and upon my soul
Thou art an honest man, do you see, he has tears
To lend to him whom prodigal expence
Of sorrow, has made bankrupt of such treasure,
Nay, thou dost well.
Mart. I would it might excuse
The ill I bring along.
Thier. Thou mak'st me smile
I[n] the heighth of my calamities, as if
There could be the addition of an Atome,
To the gyant-body of my miseries.
But try, for I will hear thee, all sit down, 'tis death
To any that shall dare to interrupt him
In look, gesture, or word.
Mart. And such attention
As is due to the last, and the best story
That ever was deliver'd, will become you,
The griev'd *Ordella*, (for all other titles
But take away from that) having from me
Prompted by your last parting groan, enquir'd,
What drew it from you, and the cause soon learn'd:
For she whom barbarism could deny nothing,
With such prevailing earnestness desir'd it,
'Twas not in me, though it had been my death,
To hide it from her, she I say, in whom
All was, that *Athens*, *Rome*, or warlike *Sparta*,
Have registred for good in their best Women:
But nothing of their ill, knowing her self
Mark'd out, (I know not by what power, but sure
A cruel one) to dye, to give you children;
Having first with a setled countenance
Look'd up to Heaven, and then upon her self,
(It being the next best object) and then smil'd,
As if her joy in death to do you service,
Would break forth, in despight of the much sorrow
She shew'd she had to leave you: and then taking
Me by the hand, this hand which I must ever
Love better than I have done, since she touch'd it,

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Go said she, to my Lord, (and to goe to him
Is such a happiness I must not hope for)
And tell him that he too much priz'd a trifle
Made only worthy in his love, and her
Thankful acceptance, for her sake to rob
The Orphan Kingdom of such guardians, as
Must of necessity descend [from] him;
And therefore in some part of recompence
Of his much love, and to shew to the world
That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate,
That did deny to let her be the mother
Of such most certain blessings: yet for proof,
She did not envy her, that happy her,
That is appointed to them, her [q]uick end
Should make way for her, which no sooner spoke,
But in a moment this too ready engine
Made such a battery in the choisest Castle
That ever nature made to defend life,
That strait it shook, and sunk.

Thier. Stay, dares any
Presume to shed a tear before me? or
Ascribe that worth unto themselves to merit:
To do so for her? I have done, now on.

Mart. Fall'n thus, once more she smil'd, as if that death
For her had studied a new way to sever
The soul and body, without sense of pain;
And then tell him (quoth she) what you have seen,
And with what willingness 'twas done: for which
My last request unto him is, that he
Would instantly make choice of one (most happy
In being so chosen) to supply my place,
By whom if heaven bless him with a daughter,
In my remembrance let it bear my name
Which said she dy'd.

Thier. I hear this, and yet live;
Heart! art thou thunder proof, will nothing break thee?
She's dead, and what her entertainment may be
In th'other world without me is uncertain,
And dare I stay here unresolv'd?

Mart. Oh Sir!

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Brun. Dear son.
Prot. Great King.
Thier. Unhand me, am I fall'n
So low, that I have lost the power to be
Disposer of my own life?
Mart. Be but pleas'd
To borrow so much time of sorrow, as
To call to mind her last request, for whom
(I must confess a loss beyond expression)
You turn your hand upon your self, 'twas hers
And dying hers, that you should live and happy
In seeing little models of your self,
By matching with another, and will you
Leave any thing that she desir'd ungranted?
And suffer such a life that was [l]aid down
For your sake only to be fruitless?
Thier. Oh thou dost throw charms upon me, against which
I cannot stop my ears, bear witness heaven
That not desire of life, nor love of pleasure[s]
Nor any future comforts, but to give
Peace to her blessed spirit in satisfying
Her last demand, makes me defer our meeting,
Which in my choice, and suddain choice shall be
To all apparent.
Brun. How? doe I remove one mischief
To draw upon my head a greater?
Thier. Go, thou only good man, to whom for her self
Goodness is dear, and prepare to interr it
In her that was; oh my heart! my *Ordella*,
A monument worthy to be the casket
Of such a jewel.
Mart. Your command that makes way
Unto my absence is a welcome one,
For but your self there's nothing here *Martel*,
Can take delight to look on; yet some comfort
Goes back with me to her, who though she want it
Deserves all blessings. [*Exit.*
Brun. So soon to forget
The loss of such a wife, believe it will
Be censur'd in the world.

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Thier. Pray you no more,
There is no arg[u]ment you can use to cross it,
But does increase in me such a suspition
I would not cherish—who's that?

Enter Memberge.

Memb. One, no guard
Can put back from access, whose tongue no threats
Nor praises can silence, a bold suitor, and
For that which if you are your self, a King,
You were made so to grant it, Justice, Justice.
Thier. With what assurance dare you hope for that
Which is deny'd to me? or how can I
Stand bound to be just, unto such as are
Beneath me, that find none from those that are
Above me?
Memb. There is justice, 'twere unfit
That any thing but vengeance should fall on him,
That by his giving way to more than murther,
(For my dear fathers death was parricide)
Makes it his own.
Brun. I charge you hear her not.
Memb. Hell cannot stop just prayers from ent'ring heaven,
I must and will be heard Sir; but remember
That he that by her plot fell, was your brother,
And the place where, your Palace, against all
Th' inviolable rites of hospitality,
Your word, a Kings word, given up for his safety,
His innocence, his protection, and the gods
Bound to revenge the impious breach of such
So great and sacred bonds; and can you wonder,
(That in not punishing such a horrid murther
You did it) that heavens favour is gone from you?
Which never will return, until his bloud
Be wash'd away in hers.
Brun. Drag hence the wretch.
Thier. Forbear, with what variety
Of torments do I meet! oh thou hast open'd
A Book, in which writ down in bloudy Letters,

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My conscience finds that I am worthy of
More than I undergoe, but I'll begin
For my *Ordella*'s sake, and for thine own
To make less heavens great anger: thou hast lost
A father, I to thee am so; the hope
Of a good Husband, in me have one; nor
Be fearful I am still no man, already
That weakness is gone from me.
Brun. That it might [*Aside.*
Have ever grown inseparably upon thee,
What will you do? Is such a thing as this
Worthy the lov'd *Ordella*'s place, the daughter
Of a poor Gardener?
Memb. Your Son.
Thier. The power
To take away that lowness is in me.
Brun. Stay yet, for rather than [that] thou shalt add
Incest unto thy other sins, I will
With hazard of my own life, utter all,
Theodoret was thy Brother.
Thier. You deny'd it
Upon your oath, nor will I now believe you,
Your Protean turnings cannot change my purpose.
Memb. And for me, be assur'd the means to be
Reveng'd on thee, vile hag, admits no thought,
But what tends to it.
Brun. Is it come to that?
Then have at the last refuge: art thou grown
Insensible in [i]ll, that thou goest on
Without the least compunction? there, take that
To witness, that thou hadst a mother, which
Foresaw thy cause of grief, and sad repentance,
That so soon after blest *Ordella*'s death
Without a tear thou canst imbrace another,
Forgetful man.
Thier. Mine eyes when she is nam'd
Cannot forget their tribute, and your gift
Is not unuseful now
Lecu. He's past all cure, that only touch is death.
Thier. This night I'll keep it,

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To morrow I will send it you, and full of my affliction.
[*Exit* Thierry.

Brun. Is the poison mortal?
Lecu. Above the help of Physick.
Brun. To my wish,
Now for our own security, you *Protaldye*
Shall this night post towards *Austracia*,
With Letters to *Theodorets* bastard son,
In which we will make known what for his rising
We have done to *Thierry*: no denial,
Nor no excuse in such acts must be thought of,
Which all dislike, and all again commend
When they are brought unto a happy end. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Devitry *and four Soldiers.*

Devi. NO War, no Money, no Master; banish'd the Court, not trusted in the City, whipt out of the Countrey, in what a triangle runs our misery: let me hear which of you has the best voice to beg in, for other hopes or fortunes I see you have not; be not nice, nature provided you with tones for the purpose, the peoples charity was your heritage, and I would see which of you deserves his birth-right.

Omnes. We understand you not Captain.

Devit. You see this cardicue, the last, and the only quintessence of 50 Crowns, distill'd in the limbeck of your gardage, of which happy piece thou shalt be treasurer: now he that can soonest perswade him to part with't, enjoyes it, possesses it, and with it, me and my future countenance.

1. If they want Art to perswade it, I'll keep it my self.

Devit. So you be not a partial judge in your own cause,

Omnes. A match. (you shall.

2. I'll begin to you, brave Sir; be proud to make him happy by your liberality, whose tongue vouchsafes now to petition, was never heard before less than to command. I am a Soldier by profession, a Gentleman by birth, and an Officer by place, whose poverty blushes to be the cause, that so high a virtue should descend to the pity of your charity.

1. In any case keep your high stile, it is not charity to

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shame any man, much less a virtue of your eminence, wherefore preserve your worth, and I'll preserve my money.

3. You perswade? you are shallow, give way to merit: ah by the bread of [God] man, thou hast a bonny countenance and a blith, promising mickle good to a sicker womb, that has trode a long and a sore ground to meet with friends, that will owe much to thy reverence, when they shall hear of thy courtesie to their wandring countreyman.

1. You that will use your friends so hardly to bring them in debt, Sir, will deserve worse of a stranger, wherefore pead on, pead on, I say.

4. It is the Welch must do't, I see, comrade man of urship, *St. Tavy* be her Patron, the gods of the mountains keep her cow and her cupboard; may she never want the green of the Leek, [nor] the fat of the Onion, if she part with her bounties to him, that is a great deal away from her cozines, and has two big suits in law to recover her heritage.

1. Pardon me Sir, I will have nothing to do with your suits, it comes within the statute of maintenance: home to your cozines, and so[w]e garlick and hempseed, the one will stop your hunger; the other end your suits, *gammawash comrade, gammawash.*

4. 'Foot he'll hoord all for himself.

Vitry. Yes, let him; now comes my turn, I'll see if he can answer me: save you Sir, they say, you have that I want, Money.

1. And that you are like to want, for ought I perceive yet.

Vitry. Stand, deliver.

1. 'Foot what mean you, you will not rob the Exchequer?

Vit. Do you prate?

1. Hold, hold, here Captain.

2. Why I could have done this before you.

3. And I.

4. And I.

Vit. You have done this, brave man be proud to make him happy, by the bread of God man, thou hast a bonny countenance, comrade man of urship, *St. Tavy* be her patron, out upon you, you uncurried colts, walking cans that have no souls in you, but a little Rosin to keep your ribs sweet, and hold in liquor.

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Omnes. Why, what would you have us to do Captain?

Devit. Beg, beg, and keep Constables waking, wear out stocks and whipcord, maunder for butter-milk, dye of the Jaundice, yet have the cure about you, Lice, large Lice, begot of your own dust, and the heat of the Brick-kills, may you starve, and fear of the gallows, which is a gentle consumption to't, only preferr it, or may you fall upon your fear, and be hanged for selling those purses to keep you from famine, whose monies my valour empties, and be cast without other evidence; here is my Fort, my Castle of defence, who comes by shall pay me toll, the first purse is your mitimus slaves.

2. The purse, 'foot we'll share in the money Captain, if any come within a furlong of our fingers.

4. Did you doubt but we could steal as well as your self, did not I speak Welsh?

3. We are thieves from our cradles, and will dye so.

Vit. Then you will not beg again.

Omnes. Yes, as you did, stand, and deliver.

2. Hark, here comes handsel, 'tis a Trade quickly set up, and as soon cast down.

Vitry. Have goodness in your minds varlets, and to't like men; he that has more money than we, cannot be our friend, and I hope there is no law for spoiling the enemy.

3. You need not instruct us farther, your example pleads enough.

Devitry. Disperse your selves, and as their company is, fall on.

2. Come, there are a band of 'em, I'll charge single.

[*Exit Soldier*[*s*].

Enter Protaldye.

Prot. 'Tis wonderful dark, I have lost my man, and dare not call for him, lest I should have more followers than I would pay wages to; what throws am I in, in this travel! these be honourable adventures; had I that honest bloud in my veins again Queen, that your feats and these frights have drain'd from me, honor should pull hard, e'r it drew me into these brakes.

Devitry. Who goes there?

Prot. Hey ho, here's a pang of preferment.

Devi. 'Heart, who goes there?

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Prot. He that has no heart to your acquaintance, what shall I do with my Jewels and my Letter, my codpiece that's too loose, good, my boots, who is't that spoke to me? here's a friend.

Devit. We shall find that presently, stand, as you love your safety, stand.

Prot. That unlucky word of standing, has brought me to all this, hold, or I shall never stand you.

Devit. I should know that voice, deliver.

Enter Soldiers.

Prot. All that I have is at your service Gentlemen, and much good may it do you.

Devit. Zones down with him, do you prate?

Prot. Keep your first word as you are Gentlemen, and let me stand, alas, what do you mean?

2. To tye you to us Sir, bind you in the knot of friendship.

Prot. Alas Sir, all the physick in *Europe* cannot bind me.

Devit. You should have jewels about you, stones, precious stones.

1. Captain away, there's company within hearing, if you stay longer, we are surpriz'd.

Devit. Let the Devil come, I'll pillage this Fregat a little better yet.

2. 'Foot we are lost, they are upon us.

Devit. Ha, upon us, make the least noise, 'tis thy parting gaspe.

3. Which way shall we make Sir?

Devit. Every man his own; do you hear, only bind me, bind me before you goe, and when the company's past, make to this place again, this karvel should have better lading in him, you are slow, why do you not tye harder?

1. You are sure enough I warrant you Sir.

Devit. Darkness befriend you, away. [*Exit Soldiers.*

Prot. What tyrants have I met with, they leave me alone in the dark, yet would not have me cry. I shall grow wondrous melancho[l]y if I stay long here without company; I was wont to get a nap with saying my prayers, I'll see if they will work upon me now; but then, if I should talk in my sleep, and they hear me, they would make a Recorder of my windpipe, slit my

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throat: heaven be prais'd, I hear some noise, it may be new purchase, and then I shall have fellows.

Devit. They are gone past hearing, now to taske *Devitry*, help, help, as you are men help; some charitable hand, relieve a poor distressed miserable wretch, thieves, wicked thieves have robb'd me; bound me.

Prot. 'Foot, would they had gagg'd you too, your noise will betray us, and fetch them again.

Devit. What blessed tongue spake to me, where, where where are you Sir?

Prot. A plague of your bawling throat, we are well enough if you have the grace to be thankful for't, do but snore to me, and 'tis as much as I desire, to pass away time with, till morning, then talk as loud as you please Sir, I am bound not to stir, therefore lie still and snore I say.

Devit. Then you have met with thieves too I see.

Prot. And desire to meet with no more of them.

Devit. Alas, what can we suffer more? they are far enough by this time; have they not all, all that we have Sir?

Prot. No by my faith have they not Sir; I gave them one trick to boot for their learning, my Boots Sir, my Boots, I have sav'd my stock, and my jewels in them, and therefore desire to hear no more of them.

Devit. Now blessing on your wit, Sir, what a dull slave was I, dreamt not of your conveyance, help to unbind me Sir, and I'll undoe you, my life for yours, no worse thief than my self meets you again this night.

Prot. Reach me thy hands.

Devit. Here Sir, here, I could beat my brains out, that could not think of boots, boots Sir, wide topt boots, I shall love them the better whilst I live; but are you sure your Jewels are here Sir?

Prot. Sure sayst thou? ha, ha, ha.

Devit. So ho, illo ho. [*Within Soldiers.*
Here Captain, here.

Prot. 'Foot what do you mean Sir?

Enter Soldiers.

Devit. A trick to boot, say you; here you dull slaves,

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purchase, purchase the soul of the Rock, Diamonds, sparkling Diamonds.

Prot. I'm betraid, lost, past recovery, lost, as you are men.

Devit. Nay rook, since you will be prating, we'll share your carrion with you, have you any other conveyance now Sir?

1. 'Foot here are Letters, Epistles, familiar Epistles, we'll see what treasure is in them, they are seal'd sure.

Prot. Gentlemen, as you are Gentlemen spare my Letters, and take all willingly, all: I'll give you a release, a general release, and meet you here to morrow with as much more.

Devit. Nay, since you have your tricks, and your conveyances, we will not leave a wrinkle of you unsearcht.

Prot. Hark, there comes company, you will be betraid, as you love your safeties, beat out my brains, I shall betray you else.

Devit. Treason, unheard of Treason, monstrous, monstrous villanies.

Prot. I confess my self a Traitor, shew your selves good subjects, and hang me up for't.

1. If it be treason, the discovery will get our pardon, Captain.

Devit. Would we were all lost, hang'd, quarter'd, to save this one, one innocent Prince; *Thierry*'s poison'd, by his mother poison'd, the Mistriss to this stallion, who by that poison ne'er shall sleep again.

2. 'Foot let us mince him by piece-meal[e], till he eat himself up.

3. Let us dig out his heart with needles, and half broil him like a Mussel.

Prot. Such another and I prevent you, my bloud's setled already.

Devit. Here's that shall remove it, toad, viper, drag him unto *Martel*, unnatural par[r]icide, cruel, bloudy woman.

Omnes. On you dogfish, leech, caterpillar.

Devit. A longer sight of him will make my rage turn pity, and with his suddain end, prevent revenge and torture, wicked, wicked *Brunhalt*. [*Exit.*

Enter Bawdber *and three Courtiers.*

1. Not sleep at all, no means.
2. No Art can do it.

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Bawdb. I will assure you, he can sleep no more
Than a hooded Hawk[e], a centinel to him,
Or one of the City Constables are tops.
3. How came he so?
Bawdb. They are too wise that dare know,
Something's amiss, heaven help all.
1. What cure has he? (glisters,
Bawdb. Armies of those we call Physitians, some with
Some with Lettice-caps, some posset-drinks, some Pills,
Twenty consulting here about a drench,
[As many here to blood him;
Then comes a Don of *Spaine*, and he prescribes
More cooling opium then would kill a turke,
Or quench a whore ith dogdayes; after him
A wise Italian, and he cries, tie unto him
A woman of fourescore, whose bones are marble,
Whose bloud snow water, not so much heate about her
As may conceive a prayer: after him
An English Doctor, with a bunch of pot hearbes;
And he cries out Endiffe and suckery,
With a few mallow rootes and butter milke,
And talkes of oyle made of a churchmans charity,
Yet still he wakes.
1. But your good honor
Has a praye[r] in store if all should faile.
Bawdb. I could have prayed, and handsomely,
But age and an ill memory.
3. Has spoyl'd your primmer.
Bawdb. Yet if there be a man of faith i'the Court,
And can pray for a pension.

Enter Thierry, on a bed, with Doctors and attendants.

2. Here's the King Sir,
And those that will pray without pay.
Bawdb. Then pray for me too.
1. *Doct.* How does your grace now feele your selfe?
Thier. What's that?
1. *Doct.* Nothing at all Sir, but your fancy.
Thier. Tell me,
Can ever these eyes more shut up in slumbers,

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Assure my soule there is sleepe? is there night
And rest for humane labors? do not you
And all the world as I do, out stare time,
And live like funerall lampes never extinguisht?
Is there a grave, and do not flatter me,
Nor feare to tell me truth; and in that grave
Is there a hope I shall sleepe, can I die,
Are not my miseries immortall? o
The happinesse of him that drinkes his water
After his weary day, and sleepes for ever,
Why do you crucifie me thus with faces,
And gaping strangely upon one another,
When shall I rest?

2. *Doct.* O Sir, be patient.

Thier. Am I not patient? have I not endur'd
More then a maingy dog among your dosses?
Am I not now your patient? yee can make
Unholesome fooles sleepe for a garded foote-cloth;
Whores for a hot sin offering; yet I must crave
That feede ye, and protect ye, and proclame ye,
Because my powre is far above your searching,
Are my diseases so? can ye cure none
But those of equall ignorance, dare ye kill me?

1. *Doct.* We do beseech your grace be more reclam'd,
This talke doth but distemper you.

Thier. Well, I will die
In spight of all your potions; one of you sleepe,
Lie downe and sleepe here, that I may behold
What blessed rest it is my eyes are robde of:
See, he can sleepe, sleepe any where, sleepe now,
When he that wakes for him can never slumber,
I'st not a dainty ease?

2. *Doct.* Your grace shall feele it.

Thier. O never I, never, the eyes of heaven
See but their certaine motions, and then sleepe,
The rages of the *Ocean* have their slumbers,
And quiet silver calmes; each violence
Crownes in his end a peace, but my fixt fires
Shall never, never set, who's that?

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Enter Martell, Brunhalt, Devitry, souldiers.

Mart. No woman,
Mother of mischiefe, no, the day shall die first,
And all good things live in a worse then thou art,
Ere thou shalt sleepe, doest thou see him?
Brun. Yes, and curse him,
And all that love him foole, and all live by him.
Mart. Why art thou such a monster?
Brun. Why art thou
So tame a knave to aske me?
Mart. Hope of hell,
By this faire holy light, and all his wrongs
Which are above thy yeares, almost thy vices,
Thou shalt not rest, not feele more what is pitty,
Know nothing necessary, meete no society,
But what shall curse and crucifie thee, feele in thy selfe
Nothing but what thou art, bane, and bad conscience,
Till this man rest; but for whose reverence
Because thou art his mother, I would say
Whore, this shall be, do ye nod? ile waken ye
With my swords point.
Brun. I wish no more of heaven,
Nor hope no more, but a sufficient anger
To torture thee.
Mart. See, she that makes you see Sir,
And to your misery still see, your mother,
The mother of your woes Sir, of your waking,
The mother of your peoples cries, and curses,
Your murdering mother, your malicious mother:
Thier. Phisitians, halfe my state to sleepe an houre now;
Is it so mother?
Brun. Yes it is so sonne;
And were it yet againe to do, it should be.
Mart. She nods againe, swing her.
Thier. But mother,
For yet I love that reverence, and to death
Dare not forget you have bin so; was this,
This endlesse misery, this curelesse malice,
This snatching from me all my youth together,

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All that you made me for, and happy mothers
Crownde with eternall time are proud to finish,
Done by your will?

Brun. It was, and by that will.

Thier. O mother, do not lose your name, forget not
The touch of nature in you, tendernes
'Tis all the soule of woman, all the sweetnesse;
Forget not I beseech you what are children,
Nor how you [have] gron'd for um, to what love
They are borne inheritors, with what care kept,
And as they rise to ripenesse still remember
How they impe out your age; and when time calls you,
That as an Autum flower you fall, forget not
How round about your hearse they hang like penons.

Brun. Holy foole,
Whose patience to prevent my wrongs has kill'd thee,
Preach not to me of punishments, or feares,
Or what I ought to be, but what I am,
A woman in her liberall will defe[at]ed,
In all her greatnesse crost, in pleasure blasted,
My angers have bin laught at, my ends slighted,
And all those glories that had crownd my fortunes,
Suffer'd by blasted vertue to be scatter'd,
I am the fruitefull mother of these angers,
And what such have done, reade, and know thy ruine.

Thier. Heaven forgive you.

Mart. She tells you true, for milions of her mischiefes
Are now apparent, *Protaldye*, we have taken
An equall agent with her, to whose care
After the damnde defeate on you, she trusted]

Enter Messenger.

The bringing in of *Leonor* the bastard
Son to your murther'd brother, her Physitian
By this time is attacht to that damn'd devil.

Mess. 'Tis like he will be so, for e'er we came
Fearing an equal justice for his mischiefs,
He drencht himself.

Brun. He did like one of mine then.

Thier. Must I still see these miseries, no night

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To hide me from their horrors, that *Protaldy*
See justice fall upon.
Brun. Now I could sleep too.

Enter Ordella.

Mart. I'll give you yet more Poppy, bring the Lady
And heaven in her embraces; gives him quiet,
Madam, unveil yourself.
Ordel. I do forgive you,
And though you sought my bloud, yet I'll pray for you.
Brun. Art thou alive?
Mart. Now could you sleep?
Brun. For ever.
Mart. Go carry her without wink of sleep, or quiet,
Where her strong knave *Protaldye*'s broke o'th' wheel,
And let his cries and roars be musick to her,
I mean to waken her.
Thier. Do her no wrong.
Mart. Nor right, as you love justice.
Brun. I will think,
And if there be new curses in old nature,
I have a soul dare send them.
Mart. Keep her waking. [*Exit* Brunhalt.
Thier. What's that appears so sweetly? there's that face.
Mart. Be moderate, Lady.
Thier. That Angels face.
Mart. Goe nearer.
Thier. *Martel*, I cannot last long, see the soul,
I see it perfectly of my *Ordella*,
The heavenly figure of her sweetness there,
Forgive me gods, it comes, Divinest substance,
Kneel, kneel, kneel every one, Saint of thy Sex,
If it be for my cruelty thou comest,
Do ye see her hoe?
Mart. Yes Sir, and you shall know her.
Thier. Down, down again, to be reveng'd for bloud,
Sweet Spirit I am ready, she smiles on me,
O blessed sign of Peace.
Mart. Goe nearer Lady.
Ordel. I c[o]me to make you happy.

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Thier. Hear you that, Sir?
She comes to crown my soul: away, get sacrifice
Whilst I with holy Honors.
Mart. She's alive, Sir.
Thier. In everlasting life, I know it friend,
Oh happy, happy soul.
Ordel. Alas, I live Sir,
A mortal woman still.
Thier. Can spirits weep too?
Mart. She's no spirit Sir, pray kiss her, Lady,
Be very gentle to him.
Thier. Stay, she is warm,
And by my life the same lips tell me brightness,
Are you the same *Ordella* still?
Mart. The same, Sir,
Whom heavens and my good Angel staid from ruin.
Thier. Kiss me again.
Ordel. The same still, still your servant.
Thier. 'Tis she, I know her now *Martel*; sit down sweet.
Oh blest and happiest woman, a dead slumber
Begins to creep upon me, oh my jewel!

Enter Messenger and Memberge.

Ordel. Oh sleep my Lord.
Thier. My joyes are too much for me.
Mess. *Brunhalt* impatient of her constraint to see *Protaldye* tortur'd, has choak'd her self.
Mart. No more, her sins go with her.
Thier. Love, I must die, I faint, close up my glasses.
1 *Doct.* The Queen faints too, and deadly.
Thier. One dying kiss.
Ordel. My last Sir, and my dearest, and now
Close my eyes too.
Thier. Thou perfect woman.
Martel, the Kingdom's yours, take *Memberge* to you,
And keep my line alive; nay, weep not, Lady,
Take me, I go.
Ordel. Take me too, farewel honour. [*Die both.*
2 *Doct.* They are gone for ever.

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Mart. The peace of happy souls go after them,
Bear them to their last beds, whilst I study
A Tomb to speak their loves; whilst old time laste[t]h
I am your King in sorrows.
Omnes. We your subjects.
Mart. *Devitry*, for your service, be near us,
Whip out these instruments of this mad mother
From Court, and all good people; and because
She was born Noble, let that Title find her
A private grave, but neither tongue nor honor:
And now lead on, they that shall read this story,
Shall find that Virtue lives in Good, not Glory.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

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The Woman-Hater.

PROLOGUE.

Gentlemen, Inductions are out of date, and a Prologue in Verse, is as stale as a black Velvet Cloak, and a Bay Garland: therefore you shall have it plain Prose, thus: If there be any amongst you, that come to hear lascivious Scenes, let them depart: for I do pronounce this, to the utter discomfort of all twopenny Gallery men, you shall have no bawdery in it: or if there be any lurking amongst you in corners, with Table-books, who have some hope to find fit matter to feed his —— malice on, let them claspe them up, and slink away, or stay and be converted. For he that made this Play, means to please Auditors so, as he may be an Auditor himself hereafter, and not purchase them with the dear [*losse*] *of his* [*e*]*ares: I dare not call it* Comedy *or* Tragedy; *'tis perfectly neither: A Play it is, which was meant to make you laugh, how it* [*will*] *please you, is not written in my Part: for though you should like it to day, perhaps your selves know not how you should digest it to morrow: Some things in it you may meet with, which are out of the common road: a Duke there is, and the Scæne lies in* Italy, *as those two things lightly we never miss. But you shall not find in it the ordinary and over-worn Trade of jesting at Lords and Courtiers, and Citizens, without taxation of any particular or new vice by them found out, but at the persons of them; such, he, that made this, thinks vile, and for his own part vows; That he did never think, but that a* [*Lord*] *born might be a wise man, and a Courtier an honest man.*

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Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke of Millain, Arrigo, Lucio, *and two Courtiers.*

TIs now the sweetest time for sleep, the night is scarce spent; *Arrigo*, what's a clock?

Arri. Past four.

Duke. Is it so much, and yet the morn not up?
See yonder where the shamefac'd Maiden comes
Into our sight, how gently doth she slide,
Hiding her chaste cheeks, like a modest Bride,
With a red veil of blushes; as [is] she,
Even such all modest virtuous Women be.
Why thinks your Lordship I am up so soon?

Lucio. About some weighty State plot.

Duke. And what thinks your knighthood of it?

Arr. I do think to cure some strange corruptions in the Common-wealth.

Duke. Y'are well conceited of your selves to think
I chuse you out to bear me company
In such affairs and business of state:
For am not I a pattern for all Princes,
That break my soft sleep for my subjects good?
Am I not careful? very provident?

Luc. Your Grace is careful.

Arri. Very provident.

Duke. Nay, knew you how my serious working plots,
Concern the whole Estates of all my subjects,
I, and their lives; then *Lucio* thou wouldst swear,
I were a loving Prince.

Luc. I think your Grace intends to walk the publick streets disguis'd, to see the streets disorders.

Duke. It is not so.

Arri. You secretly will cross some other states, that do conspire against you.

Duke. Weightier far:
You are my friends, and you shall have the cause;
I break my sleeps thus soon to see a wench.

Luc. Y'are wond'rous careful for your subjects good.

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Arri. You are a very loving Prince indeed.

Duke. This care I take for them, when their dull eyes,
Are clos'd with heavy slumbers.

Arri. Then you rise to see your wenches?

Luc. What *Milan* beauty hath the power, to charme her Sovereign eyes, and break his sleeps?

Duke. Sister to Count *Valore*, she's a Maid
Would make a Prince forget his throne, and sta[t]e,
And lowly kneel to her: the general fate
Of all mortality, is hers to give;
As she disposeth, so we die and live.

Luc. My Lord, the day grows clear, the Court will rise.

Duk. We stay too long, is the *Umbranoes* head as we commanded, sent to the sad *Gondarino*, our General?

Arr. 'Tis sent.

Duke. But stay, where shines that light?

Arri. 'Tis in the chamber of *Lazarello.*

Duke. *Lazarillo*? what is he?

Arri. A Courtier my Lord, and one that I wonder your Grace knows not: for he hath followed your Court, and your last predecessors, from place to place, any time this seven year[e], as faithfully as your Spits and your Dripping-pans have done, and almost as greasily.

Duke. Oh we know him, as we have heard, he keeps a Kalender of all the [famous] dishes of meat, that have been in the Court, ever since our great Grandfathers time; and when he can thrust in at no Table, he makes his meat of that.

Lucio. The very same my Lord.

Duk[*e*]. A Courtier call'st thou him?
Believe me *Lucio*, there be many such
About our Court, respected, as they think,
Even by our self; with thee I will be plain:
We Princes do use, to preferre many for nothing, and to take particular and free knowledg[e], almost in the nature of acquaintance of many; whom we do use only for our pleasures, and [d]o give largely to numbers; more out of policy to be thought liberal, and by that means to make the people strive to deserve our Love; than to reward any particular desert of theirs, to whom we give: and do suffer our selves to hear flatterers, more for recreation

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Than for love of it, though we seldom hate it:
And yet we know all these, and when we please,
Can touch the wheel, and turn their names about.

Luc. I wonder they that know their states so well, should fancy such base slaves.

Duke. Thou wond'rest *Lucio*,
Dost not thou think, if thou wert Duke of *Milan*,
Thou should'st be flattered?

Luc. I know my Lord, I would not.

Duke. Why so, I thought till I was Duke, I thought I should have left me no more flatterers, than there are now Plain-dealers; and yet for all this my resolution, I am most palpably flattered: the poor man may loath covetousness and flattery, but fortune will alter the mind when the wind turns: there may be well a little conflict, but it will drive the billows before it.

Arrigo it grows late, for see, fair *Thetis* hath undone the barrs
To *Phebus* team; and his unrival'd light,
Hath cha[s]'d the mornings modest blush away:
Now must we to our love, bright *Paphian* Queen;
Thou *Cytherean* goddess, that delights
In stirring glances, and art still thy self,
More toying than thy team of Sparrows be;
Thou laughing *Errecina*, oh inspire
Her heart with love, or lessen my desire. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lazarillo *and his boy.*

Laz. Go run, search, pry in every nook and angle of the Kitchins, Larders, and Pasteries, know what meat's boil'd, bak'd, rost, stew'd, fri'd, or sous'd, at this dinner to be serv'd directly, or indirectly, to every several Table in the Court, be gone.

Boy. I run, but not so fast as your mouth will do upon the stroke of Eleven. [*Exit Boy.*

Laz. What an excellent thing did God bestow upon man, when he [did give] him a good stomach! what unbounded graces there are pour'd upon them that have the continual

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command of the very best of these blessings! 'tis an excellent thing to be a Prince; he is serv'd with such admirable variety of Fare; such innumerable choice of Delicates; his Tables are full fraught with most nourishing food, and his Cubbards heavy laden with rich Wines; his Court is still filled with most [pleasing varieties]: In the Summer, his Palace is full of Green Geese; and in Winter it [swarmeth] Woodcocks,

Oh thou goddess of Plenty
Fill me this day with some rare delicates
And I will every year most constantly,
As this day celebrate a sumptuous Feast,
If thou wilt send me victuals in thine honor;
And to it shall be bidden for thy sake,
Even all the valiant stomachs in the Court:
All short-cloak'd Knights, and all cross-garter'd Gentlemen;
All pump and pantofle, foot-cloth riders;
With all the swarming generation
Of long stocks, short pain'd hose, and huge stuff'd doublets:
All these shall eat, and which is more than yet
Hath e'er been seen, they shall be satisfied.
I wonder my Ambassador returns not!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here I am Master.

Laza. And welcome:

Never did that sweet Virgin in her smock,
Fair-cheek'd *Andromeda*, when to the rock
Her Ivorie limbs were chain'd, and straight before
A huge Sea-monster, tumbling to the shore,
To have devour'd her, with more longing sight
Expect the coming of some hardy Knight,
That might have quell'd his pride, and set her free,
Than I with longing sight have look'd for thee.

Boy. Your *Perseus* is come Master, that will destroy him,
The very comfort of whose presence shuts
The monster hunger from your yelping guts.

Laza. Brief boy, brief, discourse the service of each several Table compendiously.

Boy. Here's a Bill of all Sir.

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Laza. Give it me, a Bill of all the several services this day appointed for every Table in the Court,
I, this is it on which my hopes relye,
Within this paper all my joyes are clos'd:
Boy, open it, and read it with reverence.

Boy. For the Captain of the Guards Table, three chines of Beef, and two jo[l]ls of Sturgeon.

Laza. A portly service, but gross, gross, proceed to the Dukes own Table, dear boy, to the Dukes own Table.

Boy. For the Dukes own Table, the head of an *Umbrana*.

Laza. Is't possible? can Heaven be so propitious to the Duke?

Boy. Yes, I'll assure you Sir, 'tis possible, Heaven is so propitious to him.

Laza. Why then he is the richest Prince alive:
He were the wealthiest Monarch in all *Europe*,
Had he no other Territories, Dominions, Provinces, Seats,
No[r] Palaces, but only that *Umbrana*'s head.

Boy. 'Tis very fresh and sweet, Sir, the fish was taken but this night, and the head, as a rare novelty, appointed by special commandement for the Dukes own Table, this dinner.

Laza. If poor unworthy I may come to eat
Of this most sacred dish, I here do vow
(If that blind Huswife, Fortune will bestow
But means on me) to keep a sumptuous house,
A board groaning under the heavy burden of the beasts that cheweth the cudd, and the Fowl that cutteth the Air: I shall not like the Table of a countrey Justice, besprinkled over with all manner of cheap Sallads, sliced Beef, Giblets, and Petitoes, to fill up room, nor should there stand any great, cumbersom, un-cut-up pies, at the nether end fill'd with moss and stones, partly to make a shew with and partly to keep the lower Mess from eating, nor shall my meat come in sneaking, like the City service, one dish a quarter of an hour after another, and gone, as if they had appointed to meet there, and had mistook the hour, nor should it, like the new Court service, come in in haste, as if it fain would be gone again, all courses at once, like a hunting breakfast, but I would have my several courses, and my dishes well fill'd, my first course should be brought in after the antient manner,

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by a score of old bleer-ey'd Serving-men, in long blew coats, (marry they shall buy Silk, Facing, and Buttons themselves) but that's by the way.

Boy. Master the time calls on, will you be walking? [*Exit Boy.*

Laza. Follow boy, follow, my guts were half an hour since in the privy Kitchin. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Count, and his Sister Oriana.

Oria. Faith brother, I must needs go yonder.

Count. And faith Sister what will you do yonder?

Oria. I know the Lady *Honoria* will be glad to see me.

Count. Glad to see you? faith the Lady *Honoria* cares for you as she doth for all other young Ladies, she's glad to see you, and will shew you the Privy Garden, and tell you how many Gowns the Duchess had; Marry if you have ever an old Uncle, that would be a Lord, or ever a kinsman that hath done a murther, or committed a robbery, and will give good store of Money to procure his pardon, then the Lady *Honoria* will be glad to see you.

Oria. I, but they say one shall see fine sights at the Court.

Count. I'll tell you what you shall see, you shall see many faces of mans making, for you shall find very few as God left them: and you shall see many legs too; amongst the rest you shall behold one pair, the feet of which, were in times past, sockless, but are now through the change of time (that alters all things) very strangely become the legs of a Knight and a Courtier; another pair you shall see, that were heir apparent legs to a Glover, these legs hope shortly to be honourable; when they pass by they will bow, and the mouth to these legs, will seem to offer you some Courtship; it [will] swear, but [it] will lye, hear it not.

Oria. Why, and are not these fine sights?

Count. Sister, in seriousness you yet are young
And fair, a fair young Maid, and apt.

Oria. Apt?

Count. Exceeding apt[, apt] to be drawn to.

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Oria. To what?

Count. To that you should not be, 'tis no dispraise,
She is not bad that hath desire to ill,
But she that hath no power to rule that Will:
For there you shall be wooed in other kinds
Than yet your years have known, the chiefest men
Will seem to throw themselves
As vassals at your [service], kiss your hand,
Prepare [you] Banquets, Masques, Shews, all inticements
That Wit and Lust together can devise,
To draw a Lady from the state of Grace
To an old Lady widdows Gallery;
And they will praise your virtues, beware that,
The only way to turn a Woman whore,
Is to commend her chastity: you'll goe?

Oria. I would go, if it were but only to shew you, that I could be there, and be mov'd with none of these tricks.

Count. Your servants are ready?

Oria. An hour since.

Count. Well, if you come off clear from this hot service, Your praise shall be the greater. Farewel Sister.

Oria. Farewel Brother.

Count. Once more, if you stay in the presence till candle-light, keep on the foreside o'th' Curtain; and do you hear, take heed of the old Bawd, in the cloth of Tissue sleeves, and the knit Mittines. Farewel Sister. [*Exit* Oria. Now am I idle, I would I had been a Scholar, that I might a studied now: the punishment of meaner men is, they have too much to do; our only misery is, that without company we know not what to do; I must take some of the common courses of our Nobility; which is thus: if I can find no company that likes me, pluck off my Hatband, throw an old Cloak over my face, and as if I would not be known, walk hastily through the streets, till I be discovered; then there goes Count such a one, says one; there goes Count such a one, says another: Look how fast he goes, says a third; there's some great matters in hand questionless, says a fourth; when all my business is to hav[e] them say so: this hath been used; or if I can find any company, I'll after dinner to the Stage, to see a Play; where, when I

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first enter, you shall have a murmure in the house, every one that does not know cries, What Nobleman is that? all the Gallants on the Stage rise, vail to me, kiss their hand, offer me their places: then I pick out some one, whom I please to grace among the rest, take his seat, use it, throw my cloak over my face, and laugh at him: the poor Gentleman imagines himself most highly grac'd, thinks all the Auditors esteem him one of my bosom friends; and in right special regard with me. But here comes a Gentleman, that I hope will make me better sport, than either street and stage fooleries.

Enter Lazarello *and Boy.*

This man loves to eat good meat, always provided, he do not pay for it himself, he goes by the name of the *Hungry Courtier*, marry, because I think that name will not sufficiently distinguish him, for no doubt he hath more fellows there, his name is *Lazarello*, he is none of these [same] ordinary eaters, that will devour three breakfasts, and as many dinners, without any prejudice to their Beavers, Drinkings, or Suppers; but he hath a more courtly kind of hunger, and doth hunt more after novelty, than plenty, I'll overhear him.

Laza. Oh thou most itching kindly appetite,
Which every creature in his stomach feels;
Oh leave, leave yet at last thus to torment me.
Three several Sallads have I sacrific'd,
Bedew'd with precious oil and vinegar
Already to appease thy greedy wrath. Boy.

Boy. Sir.

Laza. Will the Count speak with me?

Boy. One of his Gentlemen is gone to inform him of your coming, Sir.

Laza. There is no way left for me to compass th[is] Fish-head, but by being presently made known to the Duke.

Boy. That will be hard Sir.

Laza. When I have tasted of this sacred dish,
Then shall my bones rest in my Fathers tomb
In peace; then shall I dye most willingly,
And as a dish be serv'd to satisfie,
Deaths hunger, and I will be buried thus:

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My Bier shall be a charger born by four,
The Coffin where I lye, a powd'ring-tub,
Bestrew'd with Lettice, and cool Sallad herbs,
My Winding-sheet of Tansies, the black Guard
Shall be my solemn Mourners, and instead
Of ceremonies, wholsom burial Prayers:
A printed dirge in rhyme, shall bury me.
Instead of tears, let them pour Capon sauce upon my hearse,
And salt instead of dust, Manchets for stones, for other glorious (shields
Give me a Voider; and above my Hearse
For a Trûtch sword, my naked knife stuck up.

[*The Count discovers himself.*

Boy. Master, the Count's here.

Laza. Where? my Lord I do beseech you.

Count. Y'are very welcome Sir, I pray you stand up, you shall dine with me.

Laza. I do beseech your Lordship by the love I still have born to your honourable house.

Count. Sir, what need all this? you shall dine with me, I pray rise.

Laza. Perhaps your Lordship takes me for one of these same fellows, that do as it were respect victuals.

Count. Oh Sir by no means.

Laza. Your Lordship has often promised, that whensoever I should affect greatness, your own hand should help to raise me.

Count. And so much still assure your self of.

Laza. And though I must confess, I have ever shun'd popularity, by the example of others, yet I do now feel my self a little ambitious, your Lordship is great, and though young, yet a Privy Counsellor.

Count. I pray you Sir leap into the matter, what would You have me do for you?

Laza. I would intreat your Lordship to make me known to the Duke.

Count. When Sir?

Laza. Suddainly my Lord, I would have you present me unto him this morning.

Count. It shall be done, but for what virtues, would you have him take notice of you?

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Laza. Your Lordship shall know that presently.

Count. 'Tis pity of this fellow, he is of good wit, and sufficient understanding, when he is not troubled with this greedy worm.

Laza. 'Faith, you may intreat him to take notice of me for any thing; for being an excellent Farrier, for playing well at Span-counter, or sticking knives in walls, for being impudent, or for nothing; why may not I be a Favorite on the suddain? I see nothing against it.

Count. Not so Sir, I know you have not the face to be a Favourite on the suddain.

Laz. Why then you shall present me as a Gentleman well qualified, or one extraordinary seen in divers strange mysteries.

Count. In what Sir? as how?

Laz. Marry as thus—

Enter [*I*]*ntelligencer.*

Count. Yonder's my old Spirit, that hath haunted me daily, ever since I was a privy Counsellor, I must be rid of him, I pray you stay there, I am a little busie, I will speak with you presently.

Laza. You shall bring me in, and after a little other talk taking me by the hand, you shall utter these words to the Duke: May it please your grace, to take note of a Gentleman, well read, deeply learned, and throughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all Sallads and Pot-herbs whatsoever.

Count. 'Twill be rare, if you will walk before, Sir, I will overtake you instantly.

Laza. Your Lordships ever.

Count. This fellow is a kind of an informer, one that lives in Alehouses and Taverns, and because he perceives some worthy men in this Land, with much labour and great expence, to have discovered things dangerously hanging over the State; he thinks to discover as much out of the talk of drunkards in Tap-houses: he brings me informations, pick'd out of broken words, in mens common talk, which, with his malicious mis-application, he hopes will seem dangerous, he doth besides, bring me the names of all the young Gentlemen

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in the City, that use Ordinaries, or Taverns, talking (to my thinking) only as the freedom of their youth teach them, without any further ends; for dangerous and seditious spirits; he is besides, an arrant whoremaster, as any is in *Milan*, of a Lay-man; I will not meddle with the Clergy: he is parcel Lawyer, and in my conscience much of their religion, I must put upon him some piece of service; come hither Sir, what have you to do with me?

Int. Little my Lord, I only come to know how your Lordship would employ me.

Count. Observed you that Gentleman, that parted from me but now?

Int. I saw him now my Lord.

Count. I was sending for you, I have talked with this man, and I do find him dangerous.

Int. Is your Lordship in good earnest?

Count. Hark you Sir, there may perhaps be some within ear-[shot]. [*He whispers with him.*

Enter Lazarello *and his Boy.*

Laz. Sirrah, will you venture your life, the Duke hath sent the Fish-head to my Lord?

Boy. Sir if he have not, kill me, do what you will with me.

Laz. How uncertain is the state of all mortal things! I have these crosses from my Cradle, from my very Cradle, insomuch that I do begin to grow desperate: Fortune I do despise thee, do thy worst; yet when I do better gather my self together, I do find it is rather the part of a wise man, to prevent the storms of Fortune by stirring, than to suffer them by standing still, to pour themselves upon his naked body. I will about it.

Count. Who's within there?

Enter a Servingman.

Let this Gentleman out at the back door, forget not my instructions, if you find any thing dangerous; trouble not your self to find out me, but carry your informations to the Lord *Lucio*, he is a man grave, and well experienced in these businesses.

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[*Int.* Your Lordships Servant.]

[*Exit Intelligencer and Servingman.*

Laz. Will it please your [worship walke]?

Count. Sir I was coming, I will overtake you.

Laz. I will attend you over against the Lord *Gonderinoes* house.

Count. You shall not attend there long.

Laz. Thither must I to see my Loves face, the chaste Virgin head
Of a dear Fish, yet pure and undeflowred,
Not known of man no rough bred countrey hand,
Hath once toucht thee, no Pandars withered paw,
Nor an un-napkin'd Lawyers greasie fist,
Hath once slubbered thee: no Ladies supple hand,
Wash'd o'er with Urine, hath yet seiz'd on thee
With her two nimble talents: no Court hand,
Whom his own natural filth, or change of air,
Hath bedeck'd with scabs, hath marr'd thy whiter grace:
Oh let it be thought lawful then for me,
To crop the flower of thy Virginity. [*Exit* Lazarello.

Count. This day I am for fools, I am all theirs,
Though like to our young wanton cocker'd heirs,
Who do affect those men above the rest,
In whose base company they still are best:
I do not with much labour strive to be
The wisest ever in the company:
But for a fool, our wisdom oft amends,
As enemies do teach us more than friends. [*Exit Count.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Gondarino and his servants.

Serv. MY Lord:

Gond. Ha!

Serv. Here's one hath brought you a present.

Gond. From whom? from a woman? if it be from a woman, bid him carrie it back, and tell her she's a whore; what is it?

Serv. A Fish head my Lord.

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Gond. What Fish head?

Serv. I did not aske that my Lord.

Gond. Whence comes it?

Ser. From the Court.

Gond. O 'tis a Cods-head. (the Duke.

Serv. No my Lord, 'tis some strange head, it comes from

Gond. Let it be carried to my Mercer, I doe owe him money for silks, stop his mouth with that. [*Exit Serv.* Was there ever any man that hated his wife after death but I? and for her sake all women, women that were created only for the preservation of little dogs.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord the Count's sister being overtaken in the streets, with a great hail-storm, is light at your gate, and desires [room] till the storm be overpast.

Gond. Is she a woman?

Serv. I my Lord I think so.

Gond. I have none for her then: bid her get her gone, tell her she is not welcome.

Serv. My Lord, she is now comming up.

Gond. She shall not come up, tell her any thing; tell her I have but one great room in my house, and I am now in it at the close stool.

Serv. She's here my Lord.

Gond. O impudence of women: I can keep dogs out of my house, or I can defend my house against theeves, but I cannot keep out women.

Enter Oriana, *a waiting woman, and a Page.*

Now Madam, what hath your Ladyship to say to me?

Oria. My Lord, I was bold to crave the help of your house against the storm.

Gond. Your Ladyships boldness in coming will be impudence in staying; for you are most unwelcome.

Oriana. Oh my Lord!

Gond. Doe you laugh? by the hate I bear to you, 'tis true.

Orian. Y'are merry my Lord.

Gond. Let me laugh to death if I be, or can be whilst thou art here, or livest; or any of thy sex.

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Oriana. I commend your Lordship.

Gond. Doe you commend me? why doe you commend me? I give you no such cause: thou art a filthy impudent whore; a woman, a very woman.

Oria. Ha, ha, ha.

Gond. Begot when thy father was drunk.

Orian. Your Lordship hath a good wit.

Gond. How? what have I a good wit?

Orian. Come my Lord, I have heard before of your Lordships merry vain in jesting against our Sex, which I being desirous to hear, made me rather choose your Lordships house, than any other, but I know I am welcome.

Gond. Let me not live if you be: me thinks it doth not become you, to come to my house being a stranger to you, I have no woman in my house, to entertain you, nor to shew you your chamber; why should you come to me? I have no Galleries, nor banqueting houses, nor bawdy pictures to shew your Ladyship.

Orian. Believe me this your Lordships plain[n]ess makes me think my self more welcome, than if you had sworn by all the pretty Court oaths that are, I had been welcomer than your soul to your body.

Gond. Now she's in, talking treason will get her out, I durst sooner undertake to talk an Intelligencer out of the room, and speak more than he durst hear, than talk a woman out of my company.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord the Duke being in the streets, and the storm continuing, is entred your gate, and now coming up.

Gond. The Duke! now I know your Errand Madam; you have plots and private meetings in hand: why doe you choose my house? are you asham'd to goe to't in the old coupling place, though it be less suspicious here; for no Christian will suspect a woman to be in my house? yet you may do it cleanlyer there, for there is a care had of those businesses; and wheresoever you remove, your great maintainer and you shall have your lodgings directly opposite, it is but putting on your night-gown, and your s[l]ippers; Madam, you understand me?

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Orian. Before I would not understand him, but now he speaks riddles to me indeed.

Enter the Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.

Duke. 'Twas a strange hail-storm.
Lucio. 'Twas exceeding strange.
Gond. Good morrow to your grace.
Duke. Good morrow *Gonderino.*
Gond. Justice great Prince.
Duke. Why should you beg for justice, I never did you wrong; What's the offendor?
Gond. A woman.
Duke. I know your ancient quarrell against that Sex; but what hainous crime hath she committed?
Gond. She hath gone abroad.
Duke. What? it cannot be.
Gond. She hath done it.
Duke. How? I never heard of any woman that did so before.
Gond. If she have not laid by that modesty
That should attend a Virgin, and, quite void
Of shame, hath left the house where she was born,
As they should never doe; let me endure
The pains that she should suffer.
Duke. Hath she so? Which is the woman?
Gond. This, this.
Duke. How! *Arrigo*? *Lucio*?
Gond. I then it is a plot, no Prince alive
Shall force me make my house a Brothell house;
Not for the sins, but for the womans sake,
I will not have her in my doors so long:
Will they make my house as bawdy as their own are?
Duke. Is it not *Oriana*?
Lucio. 'Tis.
Duke. Sister to Count *Valero*?
Arri. The very same.
Duke. She that I love?
Lucio. She that you love.
Duke. I do suspect.
Lucio. So doe I.
Duke. This fellow to be but a counterfeit,

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One that doth seem to loath all woman-kind,
To hate himself, because he hath some part
Of woman in him; seems not to endure
To see, or to be seen of any woman,
Only, because he knows it is their nature
To wish to tast that which is most forbidden:
And with this shew he may the better compass
(And with far less suspition) his base ends.

Lucio. Upon my life 'tis so.

Duke. And I doe know,
Before his slain wife gave him that offence,
He was the greatest servant to that Sex
That ever was: what doth this Lady here
With him alone? why should he rail at her to me?

Lucio. Because your grace might not suspect.

Duke. 'Twas so: I doe love her strangely:
I would fain know the truth: counsell me.

[*They three whisper.*

Enter Count, Lazarello, and his boy.

Count. It falls out better than we could expect Sir, that we should find the Duke and my Lord *Gondarino* together; both which you desire to be acquainted with.

Laz. 'Twas very happy: Boy, goe down into the kitchen, and see if you can spy that same; I am now in some hope: I have me thinks a kind of fever upon me. [*Exit Boy.* A certain gloominess within me, doubting as it were, betwixt two passions: there is no young maid upon her wedding night, when her husband sets first foot in the bed, blushes, and looks pale again, oftner than I doe now. There is no Poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings, towards the latter end of [his] new play, when he's in that case, that he stands peeping betwixt [the] Curtains, so fearfully that a Bottle of Ale cannot be opened, but he thinks some body hisses, than I am at this instant.

Count. Are they in consultation? If they be, either my young Duke hath gotten some Bastard, and is persuading my Knight yonder to father the child, and marry the wench, or else some Cock-pit is to be built.

Laz. My Lord! what Nobleman's that?

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Count. His name is *Lucio*, 'tis he that was made a Lord at the request of some of his friends for his wives sake: he affects to be a great States-man, and thinks it consists in night-caps and jewells, and tooth-picks.

Laz. And what's that other?

Count. A Knight Sir, that pleaseth the Duke to favour, and to raise to some extraordinary fortunes, he can make as good men as himself, every day in the week, and doth—

Laz. For what was he raised?

Count. Truely Sir, I am not able to say directly, for what; But for wearing of red breeches as I take it; he's a brave man, he will spend three Knighthoods at a Supper without Trumpets.

Laza. My Lord I'll talk with him, for I have a friend, that would gladly receive the humor.

Count. If he have the itch of Knighthood upon him, let him repair to that Physitian, he'll cure him: but I will give you a note; is your friend fat or lean?

Laz. Something fat.

Count. 'Twill be the worse for him.

Laza. I hope that's not material.

Count. Very much, for there is an impost set upon Knighthoods, & your friend shall pay a Noble in the pound.

Duke. I doe not like examinations,
We shall find out the truth more easily,
Some other way less noted, and that course,
Should not be us'd, till we be sure to prove
Some thing directly, for when they perceive
Themselves suspected, they will then provide
More warily to answer.

Luc. Doth she know your Grace doth love her?

Duke. She hath never heard it.

Luc. Then thus my Lord. { *They whisper*

Laz. What's he that walks { *again*

alone so sadly with his hands behind him?

Count. The Lord of the house, he that you desire to be acquainted with, he doth hate women for the same cause that I love them.

Laz. What's that?

Count. For that which Apes want: you perceive me Sir?

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Laz. And is he sad? Can he be sad that hath so rich a gem under his roof, as that which I doe follow. What young Lady's that?

Count. Which? Have I mine eye-sight perfect, 'tis my sister: did I say the Duke had a Bastard? What should she make here with him and his Councell? She hath no papers in her hand to petition to them, she hath never a husband in prison, whose release she might sue for: That's a fine trick for a wench; to get her husband clapt up, that she may more freely, and with less suspition, visit the private studies of men in authority. Now I doe discover their consultation, yon fellow is a Pander without all salvation: But let me not condemn her too rashly without weighing the matter; she's a young Lady, she went forth early this morning with a waiting woman, and a Page, or so: This is no garden house; in my conscience she went forth with no dishonest intent: for she did not pretend going to any Sermon in the further end of the City: Neither went she to see any odd old Gentlewoman, that mourns for the death of her husband, or the loss of her friend, and must have young Ladys come to comfort her: those are the damnable Bawds: 'Twas no set meeting certainly; for there was no wafer-woman with her these three days on my knowledge: I'll talk with her; Good morrow my Lord.

Gond. Y'are welcome Sir: here's her brother come now to doe a kind office for his sister; is it not strange?

Count. I am glad to meet you here sister.

Orian. I thank you good brother: and if you doubt of the cause of my coming I can satisfie you.

Count. No faith, I dare trust thee, I doe suspect thou art honest; for it is so rare a thing to be honest amongst you, that some one man in an age, may perhaps suspect some two women to be honest, but never believe it verily.

Luci. Let your return be suddain.

Arri. U[n]suspected by them.

Duke. It shall; so shall I best perceive their Love, if there be any; Farewell.

Count. Let me entreat your grace to stay a little,
To know a gentleman, to whom your self
Is much beholding; he hath made the sport

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For your whole Court these eight years, on my knowledge.

Duke. His name?

Count. *Lazarello.*

Duke. I heard of him this morning, which is he?

Count. *Lazarello*, pluck up thy spirits, thy [Fortuns are] now raising, the Duke calls for thee, and thou shalt be acquainted with him. (upon business.

Laz. He's going away, and I must of necessity stay here

Count. 'Tis all one, thou shalt know him first.

Laz. Stay a little, if he should offer to take me away with him, and by that means I should loose that I seek for; but if he should I will not goe with him. (opportunity?

Count. *Lazarello*, the Duke stayes, wilt thou lose this

Laz. How must I speak to him?

Count. 'Twas well thought of: you must not talk to him as you doe to an ordinary man, honest plain sence, but you must wind about him: for example, if he should aske you what a clock it is, you must not say; If it please your grace 'tis nine; but thus; thrice three a clock, so please my Sovereign: or thus;

Look how many Muses there doth dwell
Upon the sweet banks of the learned Well;
And just so many stroaks the clock hath struck,
And so forth; And you must now and then enter into a

Laz. I hope I shall doe it. (description.

Count. Come: May it please your grace to take note of a Gentleman, wel seen, deeply read, and throughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all sallets and potherbs whatsoever.

Duke. I shall desire to know him more inwardly.

Laz. I kiss the Oxe-hide of your graces foot.

Count. Very well: will your grace question him a little?

Duke. How old are you?

Laz. Full eight and twenty several Almanacks
Have been compiled, all for several years
Since first I drew this breath, four prentiships
Have I most truely served in this world:
And eight and twenty times hath *Phœbus* Car
Run out his yearly course since.

Duke. I understand you Sir.

Luci. How like an ignorant Poet he talks.

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Duke. You are eight and twenty year[e] old? what time of the day doe you hold it to be?

Laz. About the time that mortals whet their knives
On thresholds, on their shooe sol[e]s, and on stairs,
New bread is grating, and the testy Cook
Hath much to doe now, now the Tables all.

Duk. 'Tis almost dinner time?

Laz. Your grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

Count. Your grace shall find him in your further conference Grave, wise, courtly, and scholar like, understandingly read In the necessities of the life of man.
He knows that man is mortal by his birth;
He knows that man must dye, and therefore live;
He knows that [man] must live, and therefore eat,
And if it shall please your grace, to accompany your self with him, I doubt not, but that he will, at the least, make good my commendations.

Duk. Attend us *Lazarello*, we doe want
Men of such Action, as we have received you
Reported from your honorable friend.

Laza. Good my Lord stand betwixt me and my overthrow, you know I 'm ti'd here, and may not depart, my gracious Lord, so waightie are the businesses of mine own, which at this time do call upon me, that I will rather chuse to die, than to neglect them.

Count. Nay you shall [well] perceive, besides the virtues that I have alreadie inform'd you of, he hath a stomach which will stoop to no Prince alive.

Duk. Sir at your best leisure, I shall thirst to see you.

Laza. And I shall hunger for it.

Duk. Till then farewell all.

Gon. Count. Long life attend your Grace.

Duk. I doe not tast this sport, *Arrigo*, *Lucio.*

Arrigo. Luci. We doe attend.

[*Exeunt Duke, Arrigo, Lucio.*

Gond. His grace is gone, and hath left his *Hellen* with me, I 'm no pander for him, neither can I be won with the hope of gain, or the itching desire of tasting my Lords lecherie to him, to keep her at (my house) or bring her in disguise, to his bed Chamber.

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The twyns of Adders, and of Scorpions
About my naked brest, will seem to me
More tickling than those claspes, which men adore;
The lustfull, dull, ill spirited embraces
Of women; The much praysed *Amazones*,
Knowing their own infirmities so well,
Made of themselves a people, and what men
They take amongst them, they condemne to die,
Perceiving that their folly made them fit
To live no longer that would willingly
Come in the worthless presence of a woman. (his sister.
I will attend, and see what my young Lord will doe with

Enter Lazarilloes Boy.

Boy. My Lord; The fish head is gone again.

Count. W[h]ither?

Boy. I know whither my Lord.

Count. Keep it from *Lazarillo*: Sister shall I confer with you in private, to know the cause of the Dukes coming hither, I know he makes you acquainted with his business of State.

Oria. I'll satisfie you brother, for I see you are jealous of me.

Gond. Now there shall be some course taken for her conveiance.

Laza. *Lazarillo*, thou art happy, thy carriage hath begot love, and that love hath brought forth fruits; thou art here in the company of a man honorable, that will help thee to tast of the bounties of the Sea, and when thou hast so done thou shalt retire thy self unto the court, and there tast of the delicates of the earth, and be great in the eyes of thy Soveraign: now no more shalt thou need to scramble for thy meat, nor remove thy stomach with the Court; But thy credit shall command thy hearts desire, and all novelties shall be sent as presents unto thee.

Count. Good Sister, when you see your own time, wil[l] you return home.

Oria. Yes brother, and not before.

Laza. I will grow popular in this State, and overthrow the fortunes of a number, that live by extortion.

Count. *Lazarello*, bestirr thy self nimbly and sodainly, and hear me with patience [to hear].

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Laza. Let me not fall from my self; Speak I 'm bound.

Count. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear the fish head is gone, and we know not whither.

Laza. I will not curse, nor swear, nor rage, nor rail,
Nor with contemptuous tongue, accuse my Fate;
Though I might justly doe it, nor will I
Wish my self uncreated for this evil:
Shall I entreat your Lordship to be seen
A little longer in the company
Of a man cross'd by Fortune?

Count. I hate to leave my friend in his extremities.

Laza. 'Tis noble in you, then I take your hand,
And doe protest, I doe not follow this
For any malice or for private ends,
But with a love, as gentle and as chast,
As that a brother to his sister bears:
And if I see this fish head yet unknown;
The last words that my dying father spake,
Before his eye strings brake, shall not of me
So often be remembred, as our meeting:
Fortune attend me, as my ends are just,
Full of pure love, and free from servile lust.

Count. Farwell my Lord, I was entreated to invite your Lordship to a Lady's upsiting.

Gond. O my ears, why Madam, will not you follow your brother? you are waited for by great men, heel bring you to him.

Oria. I 'm very well my Lord, you doe mistake me, if you think I affect greater company than your self.

Gond. What madness possesseth thee, that thou canst imagine me a fit man to entertain [Ladies]; I tell thee, I doe use to tear their hair, to kick them, and [to] twindge their noses, if they be not carefull in avoiding me.

Oria. Your Lordship may discant upon your own behavior as please you, but I protest, so sweet and courtly it appeares in my eye, that I mean not to leave you yet.

[*Go*]*nd.* I shall grow rough.

Oria. A rough carriage is best in a man,
I'll dine with you my Lord.

Gond. Why I will starve thee, thou shalt have nothing.

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Oria. I have heard of your Lordships nothing, I'll put that to the venture.

Gond. Well thou shalt have meat, I'll send it to thee.

Oria. I'll keep no state my Lord, neither doe I mourn, I'll dine with you.

Gond. Is such a thin[g] as this allowed to live?
What power hath let the[e] loose upon the earth
To plague us for our Sins? Out of my doors.

Oria. I would your Lordship did but see how well
This fury doth become you, it doth shew
So neer the life, as it were natural.

Gond. O thou damn'd woman, I will flie the vengeance
That hangs above thee, follow if thou dar'st. [*Exit Gondarino.*

Oria. I must not leave this fellow, I will torment him to (madness,
To teach his passions against kind to move,
The more he hates, the more I'll seem to love.
[*Exeunt Oriana and Maid.*

Enter Pandar and Mercer a citizen.

Pand. Sir, what may be done by art shall be done,
I wear no[t] this black cloak for nothing.

Mer. Perform this, help me to this great heir by learning, and you shall want no black cloaks; taffaties, silkgrogra[m]s, sattins and velvets are mine, they shall be yours; perform what you have promis'd, and you shall make me a lover of Sciences, I will study the learned languages, and keep my shop-book in Latine.

Pand. Trouble me not now, I will not fail you within this hour at your shop.

Mer. Let Art have her course. [*Exit Mercer.*

Enter Curtezan.

Pand. 'Tis well spoken, *Madona.*

Mad. Hast thou brought me any customers.

Pan. No.

Ma. What the devil do'st thou in black?

Pa. As all solemn professors of setled courses, doe cover my knavery with it: will you marry a citizen; Reasonably rich, and unreasonably foolish, silks in his shop, mony in his purse, and no wit in his head?

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Ma. Out upon him, I could have [bin] otherwise than so, there was a Knight swore he would have had me, if I would have lent him but forty shillings to have redeem'd his cloak, to goe to Church in.

Pan. Then your wastcote wayter shall have him, call her in!

Ma. *Francessina*!

Fr. Anon!

Ma. Get you to the Church, and shrive your self,
For you shall be richly marryed anon.

Pan. And get you after her, I will work upon my citizen whilst he is warm, I must not suffer him to consult with his neighbours, the openest fools are hardly cousened, if they once grow jealous. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Gondarino flying the Lady.

Gond. SAve me ye better powers, let me not fall
Between the lo[o]se embracements of a woman:
Heaven, if my Sins be ripe grown to a head,
And must attend your vengeance: I beg not to divert my fate,
Or to reprive a while thy punishment
Only I crave, and hear me equall heavens,
Let not your furious rod, that must afflict me
Be that imperfect peece of nature,
That art makes up, woman, unsatiate woman.
Had we not knowing souls, at first infus'd
To teach a difference, 'twixt extremes and goods?
Were we not made our selves, free, unconfin'd
Commanders of our own affections?
And can it be, that this most perfect creature,
This image of his maker, well squar'd man,
Should leave the handfast, that he had of grace,
To fall into a womans easie armes.

Enter Oriana.

Orian. Now *Venus*, be my speed, inspire me with all the severall subtil temptations, that thou hast already given, or hast in store heareafter to bestow upon our Sex: grant that I may apply that Physick that is most apt to work upon him: whether he will soonest be mov'd with wantonness, singing,

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dancing; or being passionate, with scorn; or with sad and serious looks, cunningly mingled with sighs, with smiling, lisping, kissing the hand, and making short curt'sies, Or with whatsoever other nimble power, he may be caught, doe thou infuse into me, and when I have him, I will sacrifice him up to thee.

Gond. It comes again; New apparitions,
And tempting spirits: Stand and reveal thy self,
Tell why thou followest me! I fear thee
As I fear the place thou cam'st from: Hell.

Orian. My Lord, I 'm a woman, and such a one—

Gond. That I hate truely, thou hadst better bin a devill,

Orian. Why my unpatient Lord? (wom[e]n.

Gond. Devils were once good, there they excell'd you

Orian. Can ye be so uneasie, can ye freeze, and
Such a summers heat so ready
To dissolve? nay gentle Lord, turn not away in scorn,
Nor hold me less fair than I am: look on these cheeks,
They have yet enough of nature, true complexion,
If to be red and white, a forehead high,
An easie melting lip, a speaking eye,
And such a tongue, whose language takes the ear
Of strict religion, and men most austere:
If these may hope to please, look here.

Gond. This woman with entreaty wo'd show all,
Lady there lies your way, I pray ye farewell.

Orian. Y'are yet too harsh, too dissonant,
There's no true musick in your words, my Lord.

Gond. What shall I give thee to be gone?
Here's ta, and tha wants lodging, take my house, 'tis big enough, 'tis thine own, 'twill hold five leacherous Lords, and their lackies without discovery: there's stoves and bathing tubs.

Orian. Dear Lord: y'are too wild.

Gond. Shalt have a Doctor too, thou shat, 'bout six and twentie, 'tis a pleasing age; Or I can help thee to a handsome Usher: or if thou lack'st a page, I'll give thee one, preethee keep house, and leave me.

Oria. I doe confess I 'm too easie, too much woman,
Not coy enough to take affection,
Yet I can frown and nip a passion,

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Even in the bud: I can say
Men please their present heats; Then please to leave us.
I can hold off, and, by my Chymick power,
Draw Sonnets from the melting lovers brain;
Ayme's, and *Elegies:* yet to you my Lord
My Love, my better self, I put these off,
Doing that office, not befits our sex,
Entreat a man to love;
Are ye not yet relenting? ha'ye blood and Spirit
In those veins? ye are no image, though ye be as hard
As marble: sure ye have no liver, if ye had,
'Twould send a lively and desiring heat
To every member; Is not this miserable?
A thing so truely form'd, shapt out by Symetry,
Has all the organs that belong to man,
And working too, yet to shew all these
Like dead motions moving upon wyers?
Then good my Lord, leave off what you have been,
And freely be what you were first intended for, a man.

Gond. Thou art a precious peece of slie damnation,
I will be deaf, I will lock up my ears,
Tempt me not, I will not love; If I doe.

Oria. Then I'll hate you. (Sun,

Gond. Let me be 'nointed with hony, and turn'd into the
To be stung to death with horse-flies,
Hear'st thou, thou breeder, here I'll sit,
And, in despight of thee, I will say nothing.

Oria. Let me with your fair patience, sit beside you.

Gond. Madam, Lady, tempter, tongue, woman, ayr.
Look to me, I shall kick; I say again,
Look to me I shall kick.

Oria. I cannot think your better knowledg[e] can use a woman so uncivilly.

Gond. I cannot think, I shall become a coxcombe,
To ha'my hair curl'd, by an idle finger,
My cheeks turn Tabers, and be plaid upon,
Mine eyes lookt babies in, and my nose blowd to my hand,
I say again I shall kick, sure I shall.

Oria. 'Tis but your outside that you shew, I know your
Never was guilty of so great a weakness, (mind

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Or could the to[n]gues of all men joyn'd together.
Possess me with a thought of your dislike
My weakness were above a womans, to fall off
From my affection, for one crack of thunder,
O wo'd you could love, my Lord.

Gond. I wo'd thou wouldst sit still, and say nothing: what mad-man let thee lo[o]se to do more mischief than a dousen whirlwinds, keep thy hands in thy muff, and warm the idle worms in thy fingers ends: will ye be doing still? will no entreating serve ye? no lawfull warning? I must remove and leave your Ladyship; Nay never hope to stay me, for I will run, from that Smooth, Smiling, Witching, Cousening, Tempting, Damning face of thine, as far as I can find any land, where I will put my self into a daily course of Curses for thee, and all thy Familie.

Oria. Nay good my Lord sit still, I'll promise peace
And fold mine Armes up, let but mine eye discourse;
Or let my voyce, set to some pleasing cord, sound out
The sullen strains of my neglected love.

Gond. Sing till thou crack thy treble-string in peeces,
And when thou hast done, put up thy pipes and walk,
Doe any thing, sit still and tempt me not.

Oria. I had rather sing at doors for bread, than sing to this fellow, but for hate: if this should be told in the Court, that I begin to woe Lords, what a troop of the untrust nobilitie should I have at my lodging to morrow morning.

SONG.

Come sleep, and with th[y] sweet deceiving,
Lock me in delight a while,
Let some pleasing Dreams beguile
All my fancies; That from thence,
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.
Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little Joy,
We that suffer long anoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancie wrought
O let my joyes, have some abiding.

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Gond. Have you done your wassayl? 'tis a handsome drowsie dittie I'll assure ye, now I had as leave hear a Cat cry, when her tail is cut off, as hear these lamentations, these lowsie love-layes, these bewailements: you think you have caught me Lady, you think I melt now, like a dish of May butter, and run, all into brine, and passion, yes, yes, I 'm taken, look how I cross my arms, look pale, and dwyndle, and wo'd cry, but for spoyling my face; we must part, nay we'll avoyd all Ceremony, no kissing Lady, I desire to know your Ladiship no more; death of my soul the Duke!

Oria. God keep your Lordship.

Gond. From thee and all thy sex.

Oria. I'll be the Clark, and crie, *Amen*,
Your Lordships ever assured enemie *Oriana*.

[*Exit. Oriana, Manet Gondarino.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Secunda.

Enter Duke, Arrigo, Lucio.

Gond. ALL the days good, attend your Lordship.

Duk. We thank you *Gondarino*, is it possible?
Can belief lay hold on such a miracle,
To see thee, one that hath cloyst'red up all passion,
Turn'd wilfull votary, and forsworn converse with women, in company and fair discourse, with the best beauty of *Millain*?

Gon. 'Tis true, and if your Grace that hath the sway
Of the whole State, will suffer this lude sex,
These women, to pursue us to our homes,
Not to be prayd, no[r] to be rail'd away,
But they will woe, and dance, and sing,
And, in a manner, looser than they are
By nature (which should seem impossible)
To throw their armes, on our unwilling necks.

Duk. No more, I can see through your vissore, dissemble
Doe not I know thou hast us'd all Art, (it no more.
To work upon the poor simplicitie
Of this yong Maid, that yet hath known none ill?
Thinkest that damnation will fright those that wooe
From oaths, and lies? But yet I think her chast,

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And will from thee, before thou shalt apply
Stronger temptations, bear her hence with me.

Gond. My Lord, I speak not this to gain new grace,
But howsoever you esteeme my words,
My love and dutie will not suffer me
To see you favour such a prostitute,
And I stand by dumb; Without Rack, Torture,
Or Strappado, I[le] unrip my self:
I doe confess I was in company with that pleasing peece of frailtie, that we call woman; I doe confess after a long and tedious seige, I yielded.

Duke. Forward.

Gond. Faith my Lord to come quickly to the point, the woman you saw with me is a whore; An arrant whore.

Duke. Was she not Count *Valores* Sister?

Gond. Yes, that Count *Valores* Sister is naught.

Duk. Thou dar'st not say so.

Gond. Not if it be distasting to your Lordship, but give me freedome, and I dare maintain, she ha's imbrac'd this body, and grown to it as close, as the hot youthfull vine to the elme.

Duk. Twice have I seen her with thee, twice my thoughts were prompted by mine eye, to hold thy strictness false and imposterous: Is this your mewing up, your strict retirement, your bitterness and gaul against that sex? Have I not heard thee say, thou wouldst sooner meet the *Basilisks* dead doing eye, than meet a woman for an object? Look it be true you tell me, or by our countries Saint your head goes off: if thou prove a whore, no womans face shall ever move me more. [*Exeunt. Manet Gondarino.*

Gond. So, so, 'tis as 't should be, are women grown so mankind? Must they be wooing, I have a plot shall blow her up, she flyes, she mounts; I'll teach her Ladyship to dare my fury, I will be known, and fear'd, and more truely hated of women than an Eunuch.

Enter Oriana.

She's here again, good gaul be patient, for I must dissemble.

Orian. Now my cold, frosty Lord, my woman-Hater, you that have sworn an everlasting hate to all our sex: by my

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troth good Lord, and as I 'm yet a maid, my thought 'twas excellent sport to hear your honor swear out an Alphabet, chafe nobly like a Generall, kick like a resty Jade, and make ill faces: Did your good Honor think I was in love? where did I first begin to take that heat? From those two radiant eyes, that piercing sight? oh they were lovely, if the balls stood right; and there's a leg made out of a dainty staff, Where, the Gods be thanked, there is calf enough.

Gond. Pardon him Lady, that is now a convert[ite]. Your beauty, like a Saint hath wrought this wonder.

Oriana. Alass, ha's it been prick'd at the heart? is the stomach come down? will it rail no more at women, and call 'em Divells, she Cats, and Goblins?

Gond. He that shall marry thee, had better spend the poor remainder of his days in a dung-barge, for two pence a week, and find him self.
Down again Spleen, I prethee down again, shall I find favour Lady? shall at length my true unfeigned penitence get pardon for my harsh unseasoned follies? I'm no more an Atheist, no I doe acknowledge, that dread powerfull Deity, and his all quic'kning heats burn in my breast: oh be not as I was, hard unrelenting; but as I [am], be partner of my fires.

Oria. Sure we [shall] have store of Larks, the Skies will not hold up long, I should have look'd as soon for Frost in the dog days, or another Inundation, as hop'd this strange conversion above miracle: let me look upon your Lordship; is your name *Gondarino?* are you *Millains* Generall, that great Bug-bear bloody-bones, at whose name all women, from the Lady to the Landress, shake like a cold fit?

Gond. Good patience help me, this Fever will inrage my blood again: Madam I 'm that man; I 'm even he that once did owe unreconcil'd hate to you, and all that bear the name of woman: I 'm the man that wrong'd your Honor to the Duke: [I am hee] that said you were unchast, and prostitute, yet I 'm he that dare deny all this.

Orian. Your big Nobility is very merry.

Gond. Lady 'tis true that I have wrong'd you thus,
And my contritio[n] is as true as that,
Yet have I found a means to make all good again,
I doe beseech your beautie, not for my self,

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My merits are yet in conception,
But for your honors safety and my zeal
Retire a while, while I unsay my self unto the Duke,
And cast out that [evill] Spirit I have possest him with,
I have a house conveniently private.

Ori. Lord, thou hast wrong'd my innocence, but thy confession hath gain'd thee faith.

Gond. By the true honest service, that I owe th[o]se eyes
My meaning is as spotless as my faith. ([strangely,]

Oria. The Duke doubt mine honor? a may judge
'Twill not be long, before I'll be enlarg'd again.

Gond. A day or two.

Orian. Mine own servants shall attend me.

Gond. Your Ladyships command is good.

Orian. Look you be true. [*Exit Oriana.*

Gond. Else let me lose the hopes my soul aspires to: I will be a scourge to all females in my life, and after my death, the name of *Gondarino* shall be terrible to the mighty women of the earth; They shall shake at my name, and at the sound of it, their knees shall knock together; And they shall run into Nunneries, for they and I are beyond all hope irreconcilable: for if I could endure an ear with a hole in't, or a pleated lock, or a bare headed Coachman, that sits like a sign where great Lad[ie]s are to be sold within; agreement betwixt us, were not to be dispaired of; if I could be but brought to endure to see women, I would have them come all once a week, and kiss me, [where] Witches doe the devill, in token of homage: I must not live here; I will to the Court, and there pursue my plot; when it hath took, women shall stand in awe, but of my look. [*Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Tertia.

Enter two Intelligencers, discovering treason in the Courtiers words.

1. *Intel.* THere take your standing, be close and vigilant, here will I set my self, and let him look to his language, a shall know the Duke has more ears in Court than two.

2. *Int.* I'll quote him to a tittle, let him speak wisely, and plainly, and as hidden as a can, or I shall crush him, a shall not

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scape charracters, though a speak Babel, I shall crush him: we have a Fortune by this service hanging over us, that within this year or two, I hope we shall be called to be examiners, wear politick gowns garded with copper lace, making great faces full of fear and office, our labors may deserve this.

1. *Int.* I hope it shall: why has not many men been raised from this worming trade, first to gain good access to great men, then to have commissions out for search, and lastly, to be worthily nam'd at a great Arraignment: yes, and why not we? They that endeavor well deserve their Fee.
Close, close, a comes: mark well, and all goes well.

Enter Count, Lazarello, and his Boy.

Laz. Farewell my hopes, my Anchor now is broken,
Farewell my *quondam* joys, of which no token
Is now remaining, such is the sad mischance,
Where Lady Fortune leads the slipp'ry dance.
Yet at the length, let me this favour have,
Give me my wishes, or a wished grave.

Count. The gods defend so brave and valiant maw,
Should slip into the never satiate jaw
Of black Despair; no, thou shalt live and know
Thy full desires, hunger thy ancient foe,
Shall be subdued; those guts that daily tumble
Through ayr and appetite, shall cease to rumble:
And thou shalt now at length obtain thy dish,
That noble part, the sweet head of a fish.

Laz. Then am I greater than the Duke.

2. *Int.* There, there's a notable peece of treason, greater than the Duke, mark that.

Count. But how, or where, or when this shall be compas'd, is yet out of my reach.

Laz. I am so truely miserable, that might
I be now knockt oth' head, with all my heart
I would forgive a dog-killer. (com[f]ort.

Count. Yet doe I see through this confusedness some little

Laz. The plot my Lord, as er'e you came of a woman, discover.

1. *Int.* Plots, dangerous plots, I will deserve by this most liberally.

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Count. 'Tis from my head again.

Laz. O that it would stand me, that I might fight, or have some venture for it, that I might be turn'd loose, to try my fortune amongst the whole frie in a Colledge, or an Inn of Court; or scramble with the prisoners in the dungeon; nay were it set down in the [owter] court,
And all the Guard about it in a ring,
With their knives drawn, which were a dismall sight,
And after twenty leisurely were told,
I to be let loose only in my shirt,
To trie the valour, how much of the spoyl,
I would recover from the enemies mouths:
[I would accept the challenge.

Count. Let it go: hast not thou beene held
To have some wit in the Court, and to make fine jests]
Upon country people in progress time, and
Wilt thou lose this opinion, for the cold head of a Fish?
I say, let it goe: I'll help thee to as good a dish of meat.

Laz. God let me not live, if I doe not wonder,
Men should talk so propanely:
But it is not in the power of loose words,
Of any vain or misbeleeving man,
To make me dare to wrong thy purity.
Shew me but any Lady in the Court,
That hath so full an eye, so sweet a breath,
So soft and white a flesh: this doth not lie
In almond gloves, nor ever hath bin washt
In artificiall baths: no traveller
That hath brought doctor home with him, hath dar'd
With all his waters, powders, Fucusses,
To make thy lovely corps sophisticate.

Count. I have it, 'tis now infus'd, be comforted.

Laz. Can there be that little hope yet left in nature? shall I once more erect up Trophies? Shall I enjoy the sight of my dear Saint, and bless my pallate with the best of creatures, ah good my Lord, by whom I breathe again, shall I receive this Being?

Count. Sir I have found by certain calculation, and setled revolution of the stars, the Fish is sent by the Lord *Gondarino* to his Mercer, now 'tis a growing hope to know where 'tis.

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Laz. O 'tis far above the good of women, the *Pathick* cannot yield more pleasing titilation.

Count. But how to compass it, search, cast about, and bang your brai[n]s, *Lazarello*, thou art too dull and heavy to deserve a blessing.

Laz. My Lord, I will not be idle; now *Lazarello*, think, think, think.

Count. Yonder's my informer
And his fellow with table books, they nod at me
Upon my life, they have poor *Lazarello*, that beats
His brains about no such waighty matter, in for
Treason before this—

Laz. My Lord, what doe you think, if I should shave my self,
Put on midwives apparell, come in with a hand-kercher,
And beg a piece for a great bellied woman, or a sick child?

Count. Good, very good.

Laz. Or corrupt the waiting prentise to betray the reversion.

1. *Inte.* There's another point in's plot, [corrupt] with money; to betray: sure 'tis some Fort a means: mark, have a care.

Laz. And 'twere the bare vinegar 'tis eaten with, it would in some sort satisfie nature: but might I once attain the dish it self, though I cut out my means through sword[s] and fire, through poison, through any thing that may make good my hopes.

2. *Int.* Thanks to the gods, and our officiousness, the plots discover'd, fire, steel, and poison, burn the Palace, kill the Duke and poison his privie Councell.

Count. To the mercers, let me see: how, if before we can attain the means, to make up our acquaintance, the fish be eaten?

Laz. If it be eaten, here he stands, that is the most dejected, most unfortunate, miserable, accursed, forsaken slave this Province yields: I will not sure outlive it, no I will dye bravely, and like a Roman; and after death, amidst the Elizian shades, I'll meet my love again.

1. *In.* I will dye bravely, like a Roman: have a care, mark that, when he hath done all, he will kill himself.

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Count. Will nothing ease your appetite but this?

Laz. No could the Sea throw up his vastness,
And offer free his best inhabitants: 'twere not so much as a bare temptation to me.

Count. If you could be drawn to affect Beef, Venison, or Fowl, 'twould be far the better.

Laza. I doe beseech your Lordships patience,
I doe confess that in this heat of blood,
I have contemn'd all dull and grosser meats,
But I protest I doe honor a Chine of Beef,
I doe reverence a loyn of Veal,
But good my Lord, give me leave a little to adore this:
But my good Lord, would your Lordship, under color of taking up some silks, goe to the Mercers, I would in all humilitie attend your honor, where we may be invited, if Fortune stand propitious.

Count. Sir you shall work me as you please.

Laza. Let it be suddenly, I doe beseech your Lordship, 'tis now upon the point of dinner time.

Count. I am all yours. [*Exeunt Lazarello and Count.*

1. *In.* Come let us confer,
Imprimis he saith, like a blasphemous villain, he 's greater than the Duke, this peppers him, and there were nothing else.

2. *In.* Then he was naming plots; did you not hear?

1. *In.* Yes but he fell from that unto discovery, to corrupt by money, and so attain.

2. *In.* I, I, he meant some Fort, or Cyttadell the Duke hath, his very face betraid his meaning, O he is [a] very subtile and a dangerous knave, but if he deal a Gods name, we shall worm him.

1. *In.* But now comes the Stroak, the fatall blow, Fire, Sword and Poyson, O Canibal, thou bloody Canibal.

2. *In.* What had become of this poor state, had [not we] been?

1. *In.* Faith it had lyen buried in his own ashes; had not a greater hand been in't.

2. *In.* But note the rascalls resolution, after th'acts done, because he wo'd avoid all fear of torture, and cousen the Law, he wo'd kill himself; was there ever the like danger brought to light in this age? sure we shall merit much, we shall be able to keep two men a peece, and a two handsword be-

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tween us, we will live in favour of the State, betray our ten or twelve treasons a week, and the people shall fear us: come, to the Lord *Lucio*, the Sun shall not goe down till he be hang'd. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Quarta.

Enter Mercer.

Mer. LOok to my shop, and if there come ever a Scholar in black, let him speak with me; we that are shop-keepers in good trade, are so pester'd, that we can scarce pick out an hour for our mornings meditation: and howsoever we are all accounted dull, and common jesting stocks for your gallants; There are some of us doe not deserve it: for, for my own part, I doe begin to be given to my book, I love a scholar with my heart, for questionless there are merveilous things to be done by Art: why Sir, some of them will tell you what is become of horses, and silver spoons, and will make wenches dance naked to their beds: I am yet unmarried, and because some of our neighbours are said to be Cuckolds, I will never [marrie] without the consent of some of these scholars, that know what will come of it.

Enter Pander.

Pan. Are you busie Sir?

Mer. Never to you Sir, nor to any of your coat. Sir is there any thing to be done by Art, concerning the great heir we talk'd on?

Pan. Will she, nill she: she shall come running into my house at the farther corner, in Sa. Marks street, betwixt three and four.

Mer. Betwixt three and four? she's brave in cloaths, is she not?

Pan. O rich! rich! where should I get cloaths to dress her in? Help me invention: Sir, that her running through the street may be less noted, my Art more shown, and your fear to speak with her less, she shall come in a white wastcoat, And—

Mer. What shall she?

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Pan. And perhaps torn stockings, she hath left her old wont else.

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir my Lord *Gond.* hath sent you a rare fish head.

Mer. It comes right, all things sute right with me since I began to love scholars, you shall have it home with you against she come: carrie it to this Gentleman's house.

Pan. The fair white house at the farther corner at S. Marks street, make haste, I must leave you too Sir, I have two hours to study; buy a new Accedence, and ply your book, and you shall want nothing that all the scholars in the Town can doe for you. [*Exit Pander.*

Mer. Heaven prosper both our studies, what a dull slave was I before I fell in love with this learning! not worthy to tread upon the earth, & what fresh hopes it hath put in to me! I doe hope within this twelve-month to be able by Art to serve the Court with silks, and not undoe my self; to trust Knights, and yet get in my money again; to keep my wife brave, and yet she keep no body else so.

Enter Count, and Lazarello.

Your Lordship is most honourably welcome in regard of your Nobility; but most especialy in regard of your scholarship: did your Lordship come openly?

Count. Sir this cloak keeps me private, besides no man will suspect me to be in the company of this Gentleman, with whom, I will desire you to be acquainted, he may prove a good customer to you.

Laza. For plain silks and velvets.

Mer. Are you scholasticall?

Laza. Something addicted to the Muses.

Count. I hope they will not dispute.

Mer. You have no skill in the black Art.

Enter a Prentice.

Pren. Sir yonder's a Gentleman enquires hastily for Count *Valore*,

Count. For me? what is he?

Pren. One of your followers my Lord I think.

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Count. Let him come in.

Mer. Shall I talk with you in private Sir?

Enter a Messenger with a Letter to the Count, he reads.

Count. Count, *come to the Court your business calls you thither*, I will goe, farewell Sir, I will see your silks some other time: Farewell *Lazarillo.*

Mer. Will not your Lordship take a peice of Beef with me?

Count. Sir I have greater business than eating; I will leave this Gentleman with you. [*Exeunt Count. & Mes.*

Laza. No, no, no, no: now doe I feel that strain'd strugling within me, that I think I could prophesie.

Mer. The Gentleman is meditating.

Laza. Hunger, valour, love, ambition are alike pleasing, and let our Philosophers say what they will, are one kind of heat, only hunger is the safest: ambition is apt to fall; love and valour are not free from dangers; only hunger, begotten of some old limber Courtier, in pan'de hose, and nurs'd by an Attourneys wife; now so thriven, that he need not fear to be of the great Turks guard: is so free from all quarrels and dangers, so full of hopes, joyes, and ticklings, that my life is not so dear to me as his acquaintance.

Enter Lazarello's boy.

Boy. Sir the Fish head is gone.

Laza. Then be thou henceforth dumb, with thy ill-boding voice.

Farewell *Millain*, farewell Noble Duke,
Farewell my fellow Courtiers all, with whom,
I have of yore made many a scrambling meal
In corners, behind Arasses, on stairs;
And in the action oftentimes have spoil'd,
Our Doublets and our Hose with liquid stuff:
Farewell you lusty Archers of the Guard,
To whom I now doe give the bucklers up,
And never more with any of your coat
Will eat for wagers, now you happy be,
When this shall light upon you, think on me:
You sewers, carvers, ushers of the court

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Sirnamed gentle for your fair demean,
Here I doe take of you my last farewell,
May you stand stifly in your proper places, and execute your offices aright.
Farewell you Maidens, with your mother eke,
Farewell you courtly Chaplains that be there
All good attend you, may you never more
Marry your Patrons Ladys wayting-woman,
But may you raised be by this my fall
May *Lazarillo* suffer for you all.

Merc. Sir I was hearkning to you.

Laz. I will hear nothing, I will break my knife, the Ensign of my former happy state, knock out my teeth, have them hung at a Barbers, and enter into Religion.

Boy. Why Sir, I think I know whither it is gone.

Laza. See the rashness of man in his nature, whither? I do unsay all that I have said, go on, go on: Boy, I humble my self and follow thee; Farewell Sir.

Mer. Not so Sir, you shall take a piece of Beef with me.

Laz. I cannot stay.

Mer. By my fay but you shall Sir, in regard of your love to learning, and your [s]kill in the black Art.

Laz. I do hate learning, and I have no skill in [the] black Art, I would I had.

Mer. Why your desire is sufficient to me, you shall stay.

Laz. The most horrible and detested curses that can be imagined, light upon all the professors of that Art; may they be drunk, and when they goe to conjure, and reel in the Circle, may the spirits by them rais'd, tear 'em in pieces, and hang their quarters on old broken walls and Steeple tops.

Mer. This speech of yours, shews you to have some skill in the Science, wherefore in civilitie, I may not suffer you to depart empty.

Laz. My stomach is up, I cannot endure it, I will fight in this quarrell as soon as for my Prince.

Draws his Rapier. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Room, make way:
Hunger commands, my valour must obey.

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Actus [iiii]. *Scæna Prima.*

Enter Count and Arrigo.

Count. IS the Duke private?

Arr. He is alone, but I think your Lordship may enter. [*Exit Count.*

Enter Gondarino.

Gond. Who's with the Duke?

Arr. The Count is new gone in; but the Duke will come forth, before you can be weary of waiting.

Gond. I will attend him here.

Arr. I must wait without the door. [*Exit* Arrigo.

Gond. Doth he hope to clear his Sister? she will come no more to my house, to laugh at me: I have sent her to a habitation, where when she shall be seen, it will set a gloss upon her name; yet upon my soul I have bestow'd her amongst the purest hearted creatures of her sex, and the freest from dissimulation; for their deeds are all alike, only they dare speak, what the rest think: the women of this age, if there be any degrees of comparison amongst their sex, are worse than those of former times; for I have read of women, of that truth, spirit, and constancy, that were they now living, I should endure to see them: but I fear the writers of the time belied them, for how familiar a thing is it with the Poets of our age, to extoll their whores, which they call Mistresses, with heavenly praises! but I thank their furies, and their craz'd brains, beyond belief: nay, how many that would fain seem serious, have dedicated grave Works to Ladies, toothless, hollow-ey'd, their hair shedding, purple fac'd, their nails apparently coming off; and the bridges of their noses broken down, and have call'd them the choice handy works of nature, the patterns of perfection, and the wonderment of Women. Our Women begin to swarm like Bees [in] Summer: as I came hither, there was no pair of stairs, no entry, no lobby, but was pestred with them: methinks there might be some course taken to destroy them.

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Enter Arrigo, *and an old deaf countrey Gentlewoman suitor to the Duke.*

Arri. I do accept your money, walk here, and when the Duke comes out, you shall have fit opportunity to deliver your petition to him.

Gentlew. I thank you heartily, I pray you who's he that walks there?

Ar. A Lord, and a Soldier, one in good favour with the Duke; if you could get him to deliver your Petition—

Gentlew. What do you say, Sir?

Ar. If you could get him to deliver your petition for you, or to second you, 'twere sure.

Gentlew. I hope I shall live to requite your kindness.

Ar. You have already. [*Exit* Arri.

Gentlew. May it please your Lordship—

Gond. No, no.

Gentlew. To consider the estate—

Gond. No.

Gentlew. Of a poor oppressed countrey Gentlewoman.

Gond. No, it doth not please my Lordship.

Gentlew. First and formost, I have had great injury, then I have been brought up to the Town three times.

Gond. A pox on him, that brought thee to the Town.

Gentlew. I thank your good Lordship heartily; though I cannot hear well, I know it grieves you; and here we have been delaid, and sent down again, and fetch'd up again, and sent down again, to my great charge: and now at last they have fetch'd me up, and five of my daughters—

Gond. Enough to damn five worlds.

Gentlew. Handsome young women, though I say it, they are all without, if it please your Lordship I'll call them in.

Gond. Five Women! how many of my sences should I have left me then? call in five Devils first.

No, I will rather walk with thee alone,
And hear thy tedious tale of injury,
And give thee answers; whisper in thine ear,
And make thee understand through thy French hood:
And all this with tame patience.

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Gentlew. I see your Lordship does believe, that they are without, and I perceive you are much mov'd at our injury: here's a paper will tell you more.

Gond. Away.

Gentlew. It may be you had rather hear me tell it *viva voce*, as they say.

Gond. Oh no, no, no, no, I have heard it before.

Gentlew. Then you have heard of enough injury, for a poor Gentlewoman to receive.

Gond. Never, never, but that it troubles my conscience, to wish any good to these women; I could afford them to be valiant, and able, that it might be no disgrace for a Soldier to beat them.

Gentlew. I hope your Lordship will deliver my petition to his grace, and you may tell him withal—

Gond. What? I will deliver any thing against my self, to be rid on thee.

Gentlew. That yesterday about three a clock in the after noon, I met my adversary.

Gond. Give me thy paper, he can abide no long tales.

Gentlew. 'Tis very short my Lord, and I demanding of him—

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. I'll tell him that shall serve thy turn, begone: man never doth remember how great his offences are, till he do meet with one of you, that plagues him for them: why should Women [only] above all other creatures that were created for the benefit of man, have the use of speech? or why should any deed of theirs, done by their fleshly appetites, be disgraceful to their owners? nay, why should not an act done by any beast I keep, against my consent, disparage me as much as that of theirs?

Gentlew. Here's some few Angels for your Lordship.

Gond. Again? yet more torments?

Gentlew. Indeed you shall have them.

Gond. Keep off.

Gentlew. A small gratuity for your kindness.

Gond. Hold away.

Gentlew. Why then I thank your Lordship, I'll gather

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them up again, and I'll be sworn, it is the first money that was refus'd since I came to the Court.

Gond. What can she devise to say more?

Gentlew. Truly I would have willingly parted with them to your Lordship.

Gond. I believe it, I believe it.

Gentlew. But since it is thus—

Gond. More yet.

Gentlew. I will attend without, and expect an answer.

Gond. Do, begone, and thou shalt expect, and have any thing, thou shalt have thy answer from him; and he were best to give thee a good one at first, for thy deaf importunity, will conquer him too, in the end.

Gentlew. God bless your Lordship, and all tha[t] favour a poor distressed countrey Gentlewoman. [*Exit Gentlew.*

Gond. All the diseases of man light upon them that doe, and upon me when I do. A week of such days, would either make me stark mad or tame me: yonder other woman that I have sure enough, shall answer for thy sins: dare they incense me still, I will make them fear as much to be ignorant of me and my moods, as men are to be ignorant of the law they live under. Who's there? My bloud grew cold, I began to fear my Suiters return; 'tis the Duke.

Enter the Duke and the Count.

Count. I know her chaste, though she be young and free,
And is not of that forc'd behaviour
That many others are, and that this Lord,
Out of the boundless malice to the sex,
Hath thrown this scandal on her.

Gond. Fortune befriended me against my Will, with this good old countrey gentlewoman; I beseech your grace, to view favourably the petition of a wronged Gentlewoman.

Duke. What *Gondarino*, are you become a petitioner for your enemies?

Gond. My Lord, they are no enemies of mine, I confess, the better to [cover] my deeds, which sometimes were loose enough, I pretended it, as it is wisdom, to keep close our incontinence, but since you have discover'd me, I will no more

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put on that vizard, but will as freely open all my thoughts to you, as to my Confessor.

Duke. What say you to this?

Count. He that confesses he did once dissemble,
I'll never trust his words: can you imagine
A Maid, whose beauty could not suffer her
To live thus long untempted, by the noblest,
Richest, and cunningst Masters in that Art
And yet hath ever held a fair repute;
Could in one morning, and by him be brought,
To forget all her virtue, and turn whore?

Gond. I would I had some other talk in hand,
Than to accuse a Sister to her Brother:
Nor do I mean it for a publick scandal,
Unless by urging me you make it so.

Duke. I will read this at better leisure: [*Gondarino*, where is the Lady?]

Count. At his house.

Gond. No, she is departed thence.

Count. Whither?

Gond. Urge it not thus, or let me be excus'd,
If what I speak betray her chastity,
And both increase my sorrow, and your own?

Count. Fear me not so, if she deserve the fame
Which she hath gotten, I would have it publisht,
Brand her my self, and whip her through the City:
I wish those of my bloud that doe offend,
Should be more strictly punish[t], than my foes.
Let it be prov'd.

Duke. *Gondarino*, thou shalt prove it, or suffer worse than she should do.

Gond. Then pardon me, if I betray the faults
Of one, I love more dearly than my self,
Since opening hers, I shall betray mine own:
But I will bring you where she now intends
Not to be virtuous: pride and wantonness,
That are true friends indeed, though not in shew,
Have entr'd on her heart, there she doth bathe,
And sleek her hair, and practise cunning looks
To entertain me with; and hath her thoughts

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As full of lust, as ever you did think
Them full of modesty.

Duke. *Gondarino*, lead on, we'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Secunda.

Enter Pandar.

Pan. HEre hope I to meet my Citizen, and [here] hopes he to meet his [Scholar]; I am sure I am grave enough, to his eyes, and knave enough to deceive him: I am believ'd to conjure, raise storms, and devils, by whose power I can do wonders; let him believe so still, belief hurts no man; I have an honest black cloak, for my knavery, and a general pardon for his foolery, from this present day, till the day of his breaking. Is't not a misery, and the greatest of our age, to see a handsome, young, fair enough, and well mounted wench, humble her self, in an old stammel petticoat, standing possest of no more fringe, than the street can allow her: her upper parts so poor and wanting, that ye may see her bones through her bodies: shooes she would have, if [her] Captain were come over, and is content the while to devote her self to antient slippers. These premisses well considered, Gentlemen, will move, they make me melt I promise ye, they stirr me much: and wer't not for my smooth, soft, silken Citizen, I would quit this transitory Trade, get me an everlasting Robe, sear up my conscience, and turn Serjeant. But here he comes, is mine as good as prize: Sir *Pandarus* be my speed, ye are most fitly met Sir.

Enter Mercer.

Mer. And you as well encount'red, what of this heir? hath your Books been propitious?

Pan. Sir, 'tis done, she's come, she's in my house, make your self apt for Courtship, stroke up your stockings, loose not an inch of your legs goodness; I am sure ye wear socks.

Mer. There your Books fail ye Sir, in truth I wear no socks.

Pand. I would you had, Sir, it were the sweeter grace for your legs; get on your Gloves, are they perfum'd?

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Mer. A pretty wash I'll assure you.

Pand. 'Twill serve: your offers must be full of bounty, Velvets to furnish a Gown, Silks for Peticoats and Foreparts, Shag for lining; forget not some pretty Jewel to fasten, after some little compliment: if she deny this courtesie, double your bounties, be not wanting in abundance, fulness of gifts, link'd with a pleasing tongue, will win an Anchorite. Sir, ye are my friend, and friend to all that professes good Letters; I must not use this office else, it fits not for a Scholar, and a Gentleman: those stockin[g]s are of *Naples*, they are silk?

Mer. Ye are again beside your Text, Sir, they're of the best of Wooll, and [they cleeped] Jersey.

Pan. Sure they are very dear.

Mer. Nine shillings, by my love to learning.

Pan. Pardon my judgement, we Scholars use no other objects, but our Books.

Mer. There is one thing entomb'd in that grave breast, that makes me equally admire it with your Scholarship.

Pand. Sir; but that in modesty I am bound not to affect mine own commendation, I would enquire it of you.

Merc. Sure you are very honest; and yet ye have a kind of modest fear to shew it: do not deny it, that face of yours is a worthy, learned modest face.

Pand. Sir, I can blush.

Mer. Virtue and grace are always pair'd together: but I will leave to stirr your bloud Sir, and now to our business.

Pand. Forget not my instructions.

Mer. I apprehend ye Sir, I will gather my self together with my best phrases, and so I shall discourse in some sort takingly.

Pand. This was well worded Sir, and like a Scholar.

Mer. The Muses favour me as my intents are virtuous; Sir, ye shall be my Tutor, 'tis never too late Sir, to love Learning.
When I can once speak true Latine—

Pand. What do you intend Sir?

Mer. Marry I will then begger all your bawdy Writers, and undertake, at the peril of my own invention, all Pageants, Poesies for Chimneys, Speeches for the Dukes entertainment, whensoever and whatsoever; nay I will build, at mine own

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charge, an Hospital, to which shall retire all diseased opinions, all broken Poets, all Prose-men that are fall'n from small sence, to meer Letters; and it shall be lawful for a Lawyer, if he be a civil man, though he have undone others and himself by the language, to retire to this poor life, and learn to be honest.

Pand. Sir, ye are very good, and very charitable: ye are a true pattern for the City Sir.

Merc. Sir, I doe know sufficiently, their Shop-books cannot save them, there is a farther end—

Pand. Oh Sir, much may be done by manuscript.

Mer. I do confess it Sir, provided still they be Canonical, and [have] some worthy hands set to 'um for probation: but we forget our selves.

Pand. Sir, enter when you please, and all good language tip your tongue.

Merc. All that love Learning pray for my good success.

[*Exit Mercer.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Tertia.

Enter Lazarello *and his Boy.*

Laz. [BOy, whereabouts] are we?

Boy. Sir, by all tokens this is the house, bawdy I am sure, [by] the broken windows, the Fish head is within; if ye dare venture, here you may surprize it.

Laz. The misery of man may fitly be compar'd to a Didapper, who when she is under water, past our sight, and indeed can seem no more to us, rises again; shakes but her self, and is the same she was, so is it still with transitory man, this day: oh but an hour since, and I was mighty, mighty in knowledge, mighty in my hopes, mighty in blessed means, and was so truly happy, that I durst have said, live *Lazarello*, and be satisfied: but now—

Boy. Sir, ye are yet afloat, and may recover, be not your own wreck, here lies the harbor, goe in and ride at ease.

Laz. Boy, I am receiv'd to be a Gentleman, a Courtier, and a man of action, modest, and wise, and be it spoken with thy reverence, Child, abounding virtuous; and wouldst thou

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have a man of these choise habits, covet the cover of a bawdy-house? yet if I goe not in, I am but—

Boy. But what Sir?

Laz. Dust boy, but dust, and my soul unsatisfied shall haunt the keepers of my blessed Saint, and I will appear.

Boy. An ass to all men; Sir, these are no means to stay your appetite, you must resolve to enter.

Laz. Were not the house subject to Martial Law—

Boy. If that be all, Sir, ye may enter, for ye can know nothing here that the Court is ignorant of, only the more eyes shall look upon you, for there they wink one at anothers faults.

Laz. If I doe not.

Boy. Then ye must beat fairly back again, fall to your physical mess of porridge, and the twice sack'd carkass of a Capon: Fortune may favour you so much, to send the bread to it: but it's a mee[re] venture, and money may be put out upon it.

Laz. I will go in and live; pretend some love to the Gentlewoman, screw my self in affection, and so be satisfied.

Pan. This Fly is caught, is mash'd already, I will suck him, and lay him by.

Boy. Muffle your self in your cloak by any means, 'tis a receiv'd thing among gallants, to walk to their leachery, as though they had the rheum, 'twas well you brought not your horse.

Laz. Why Boy?

Boy. Faith Sir, 'tis the fashion of our Gentry, to have their horses wait at door like men, while the beasts their Masters, are within at rack and manger, 'twould have discover'd much.

Laz. I will lay by these habits, forms, and grave respects of what I am, and be my self; only my appetite, my fire, my soul, my being, my dear appetite shall go along with me, arm'd with whose strength, I fearless will attempt the greatest danger dare oppose my fury: I am resolv'd where ever that thou art, most sacred dish, hid from unhallow'd eyes, to find thee out.

Be'st thou in Hell, rap't by *Proserpina*,
To be a rival in black *Pluto*'s love;

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Or mov'st thou in the heavens, a form Divine:
Lashing the lazie Sphear[s],
Or if thou be'st return'd to thy first Being,
Thy mother Sea, the[re] will I seek thee forth.
Earth, Air, nor Fire,
Nor the black shades below shall bar my sight
So daring is my powerful appetite.

Boy. Sir, you may save this long voyage, and take a shorter cut: you have forgot your self, the fish head's here, your own imaginations have made you mad.

Laz. Term it a jealous fury, good my boy.

Boy. Faith Sir term it what you will, you must use other terms [ere] you can get it.

Laz. The looks of my sweet love are fair,
Fresh and feeding as the air.

Boy. Sir, you forget your self.

Laz. Was never seen so rare a head,
Of any Fish alive or dead.

Boy. Good Sir remember: this is the house, Sir.

Laz. Cursed be he that dare not venture.

Boy. Pity your self, Sir, and leave this fury.

Laz. For such a prize, and so I enter.

[*Exit* Lazarello *and Boy.*

Pan. Dun's i'th' mire, get out again how he can:
My honest gallant, I'll shew you one trick more
Than e'er the fool your father dream'd of yet.
Madona Julia?

Enter Madona Julia, *a Whore.*

Julia. What news my sweet rogue, my dear sins-broker, what? good news?

Pan. There is a kind of ignorant thing,
Much like a Courtier, now gone in.

Jul. Is he gallant?

Pan. He shines not very gloriously, nor does he wear one skin perfum'd to keep the other sweet; his coat is not in *Or*, nor does the world run yet on wheels with him; he's rich enough, and has a small thing follows him, like to a boat tyed to a tall ships tail: give him entertainment, be light, and flashing like a Meteor, hug him about the neck, give him

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a kiss, and lisping cry, good Sir; and he's thine own, as fast as he were tied to thine arms by Indenture[s].

Jul. I dare doe more than this, if he be o'th' true Court cut; I'll take him out a lesson worth the Learning: but we are but their Apes; what's he worth?

Pan. Be he rich, or poor; if he will take thee with him, thou maist use thy trade [free] from Constables, and Marshals: who hath been here since I went out?

Jul. There is a Gentlewoman sent hither by a Lord, she's a piece of dainty stuff my rogue, smooth and soft, as new Sattin; she was never gumm'd yet boy, nor fretted.

Pan. Where lies she?

Jul. She lies above, towards the street, not to be spoke with, but by [the] Lord that sent her, or some from him, we have in charge from his servants.

Enter Lazarello.

Pan. Peace, he comes out again upon discovery; up with all your Canvas, hale him in; and when thou hast done, clap him aboard bravely, my valiant Pinnace.

Jul. Begone, I shall doe reason with him.

Laz. Are you the special beauty of this house?

Jul. Sir, you have given it a more special regard by your good language, than these black brows can merit.

Laz. Lady, you are fair.

Jul. Fair Sir? I thank ye; all the poor means I have left to be thought grateful, is but a kiss, and ye shall have it Sir.

Laz. Ye have a very moving lip.

Jul. Prove it again Sir, it may be your sense was set too high, and so over-wrought it self.

Laz. 'Tis still the same: how far may ye hold the time to be spent Lady?

Jul. Four a clock, Sir.

Laz. I have not eat to day.

Jul. You will have the better stomach to your supper; in the mean time I'll feed you with delight.

Laz. 'Tis not so good upon an empty stomach: if it might be without the trouble of your house, I would eat?

Jul. Sir, we can have a Capon ready.

Laz. The day?

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Jul. 'Tis Friday, Sir.

Laz. I do eat little flesh upon these days.

Jul. Come sweet, ye shall not think on meat; I'll drown it with a better appetite.

Laz. I feel it work more strangely, I must eat.

Jul. 'Tis now too late to send; I say ye shall not think on meat: if ye do, by this kiss I'll be angry.

Laz. I could be far more sprightful, had I eaten, and more lasting.

Jul. What will you have Sir? name but the Fish, my Maid shall bring it, if it may be got.

Laz. Methinks your house should not be so unfurnish'd, as not to have some pretty modicum.

Jul. It is [so] now: but cou'd ye stay till supper?

Laz. Sure I have offended highly, and much, and my [infl]ictions makes it manifest, I will retire henceforth, and keep my chamber, live privately, and dye forgotten.

Jul. Sir, I must crave your pardon, I had forgot my self; I have a dish of meat within, and it is fish; I think this Dukedom holds not a daintier: 'tis an *Umbranoes* head.

Laz. [Lady, this] kiss is yours, and this.

Jul. Hoe! within there! cover the board, and set the Fish head on it.

Laz. Now am I so truly happy, so much above all fate and fortune, that I should despise that man, durst say, remember *Lazarello*, thou art mortal.

Enter Intelligencers with a Guard.

2 *Int.* This is the villain, lay [hands] on him.

Laz. Gentlemen, why am I thus intreated? what is the nature of my crime?

2 *Int.* Sir, though you have carried it a great while privately, and (as you think) well; yet we have seen you Sir, and we do know thee *Lazarello*, for a Traitor.

Laz. The gods defend our Duke.

2 *Int.* Amen, Sir, Sir, this cannot save that stiff neck from the halter.

Jul. Gentlemen, I am glad you have discover'd him, he should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds; and surely I did not like him, when he call'd for Fish.

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Laz. My friends, will ye let me have that little favour—

1 *Int.* Sir, ye shall have Law, and nothing else.

Laz. To let me stay the eating of a bit or two, for I protest I am yet fasting.

Jul. I'll have no Traitor come within my house.

Laz. Now could I wish my self I had been a Traitor, I have strength enough for to endure it, had I but patience: Man thou art but grass, thou art a bubble, and thou must perish.

Then lead along, I am prepar'd for all:
Since I have lost my hopes, welcome my fall.

2 *Int.* Away Sir.

Laz. As thou hast hope of man, stay but this dish this two hours, I doubt not but I shall be discharged: by this light I will marry thee.

Jul. You shall marry me first then.

Laz. I do contract my self unto thee now, before these Gentlemen.

Jul. I'll preserve it till you be hang'd or quitted.

Laz. Thanks, thanks.

2 *Int.* Away, away, you shall thank her at the gallows.

Laz. Adieu, adieu. [*Exeunt* Laz. 2 *Int. and Guard.*

Jul. If he live I'll have him, if he be hang'd, there's no loss in it. [*Exit.*

Enter Oriana *and her waiting woman, looking out at a window.*

Orian. Hast thou provided one to bear my Letter to my brother?

Wait. I have enquir'd, but they of the house will suffer no Letter nor message to be carried from you, but such as the Lord *Gondarino* shall be acquainted with: truly Madam I suspect the house to be no better than it should be.

Ori. What dost thou doubt?

Wait. Faith I am loth to tell it, Madam.

Ori. Out with it, 'tis not true modesty to fear to speak that thou dost think.

Wait. I think it [be] one of these [same] Bawdy houses.

Ori. 'Tis no matter wench, we are warm in it, keep thou thy mind pure, and upon my word, that name will do

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thee no hurt: I cannot force my self yet to fear any thing; when I do get out, I'll [have] another encounter with my Woman-Hater. Here will I sit. I may get sight of some of my friends, it must needs be a comfort to them to see me here.

Enter Duke, Gondarino, Count, Arrigo.

Gond. Are we all sufficiently disguis'd? for this house where she attends me, is not to be visited in our own shapes.

Duke. We are not our selves.

Arr. I know the house to be sinful enough, yet I have been heretofore, and durst now, but for discovering of you, appear here in my own likeness.

Duke. Where's *Lucio*?

Arri. My Lord, he said the affairs of the Common-wealth would not suffer him to attend always.

Duke. Some great ones questionless that he will handle.

Count. Come, let us enter.

Gond. See how Fortune strives to revenge my quarrel upon these women, she's in the window, were it not to undoe her, I should not look upon her.

Duke. Lead us *Gondarino.*

Gond. Stay; since you force me to display my shame,
Look there, and you my Lord, know you that face?

Duke. Is't she?

Count. It is.

Gond. 'Tis she, whose greatest virtue ever was
Dissimulation; she that still hath strove
More to sin cunningly, than to avoid it:
She that hath ever sought to be accounted
Most virtuous, when she did deserve most scandal:
'Tis she that itches now, and in the height
Of her intemperate thoughts, with greedy eyes
Expects my coming to allay her Lust;
Leave her; forget she's thy sister.

Count. Stay, stay.

Duke. I am as full of this, as thou canst be,
The memory of this will easily
Hereafter stay my loose and wandring thought[s]
From any Woman.

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Count. This will not down with me, I dare not trust this fellow.

Duke. Leave her here, that only shall be her punishment, never to be fetcht from hence; but let her use her trade to get her living. Claudio, Mucro? ..

Count. Stay good my Lord, I do believe all this, as great men as I, have had known whores to their Sisters, and have laught at it: I would fain hear how she talks, since she grew thus light: will your grace make him shew himself to her, as if he were now come to satisfie her longing? whilst we, unseen of her, over-hear her wantonness, let's make our best of it now, we shall have good mirth.

Duke. Do it *Gondarino.*

Gond. I must; fortune assist me but this once.

Count. Here we shall stand unseen, and near enough.

Gond. Madam, *Oriana.*

Oria. Who's that? oh! my Lord?

Gond. Shall I come up?

Oria. Oh you are merry, shall I come down?

Gond. It is better there.

Oria. What is the confession of the lye you made to the Duke, which I scarce believe, yet you had impudence enough to do? did it not gain you so much faith with me, as that I was willing to be at your Lordships bestowing, till you had recover'd my credit, and confest your self a lyar, as you pretended to do? I confess I began to fear you, and desir'd to be out of your house, but your own followers forc'd me hither.

Gond. 'Tis well suspected, dissemble still, for there are some may hear us.

Oria. More tricks yet, my Lord? what house this is I know not, I only know my self: it were a great conquest, if you could fasten a scandal upon me: 'faith my Lord, give me leave to write to my brother?

Duke. Come down.

Count. Come down.

Arr. If it please your Grace, there's a back door.

Count. Come meet us there then.

Duke. It seems you are acquainted with the house.

Arr. I have been in it.

Gond. She saw you and dissembled.

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Duke. Sir, we shall know that better.

Gond. Bring me unto her, if I prove her not
To be a strumpet, let me be contemn'd
Of all her sex. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Lucio.

Luc. NOw whilst the young Duke follows his delights,
We that do mean to practise in the State,
Must pick our times, and set our faces in,
And nod our heads as it may prove most fit
For the main good of the dear Common-wealth:
Who's within there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord?

Luc. Secretary, fetch the Gown I use to read Petitions in, and the Standish I answer French Letters with: and call in the Gentleman that attends: [*Exit Serv.*
Little know they that do not deal in State,
How many things there are to be observ'd,
Which seem but little; yet by one of us
(Whose brains do wind about the Common-wealth)
Neglected, cracks our credits utterly.

Enter Gentleman and a Servant.

Sir, but that I do presume upon your secresie, I would not have appear'd to you thus ignorantly attir'd without a tooth-pick in a ribbond, or a Ring in my bandstring[s].

Gent. Your Lordship sen[t] for me?

Luc. I did: Sir, your long practice in the State, under a great man, hath led you to much experience.

Gent. My Lord.

Luc. Suffer not your modesty to excuse it: in short, and in private, I desire your direction, I take my study already to be furnisht after a grave and wise method.

Gent. What will this Lord do?

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Luc. My Book-strings are sutable, and of a reaching colour.

Gent. How's this?

Luc. My Standish of Wood, strange and sweet, and my fore-flap hangs in the right place, and as near *Machiavel's*, as can be gathered by tradition.

Gent. Are there such men as will say nothing abroad, and play the fools in their Lodgings? this Lord must be followed: and hath your Lordship some new made words to scatter in your speeches in publick, to gain note, that the hearers may carry them away, and dispute of them at dinner?

Luc. I have Sir: and besides, my several Gowns and Caps agreeable to my several occasions.

Gent. 'Tis well, and you have learn'd to write a bad hand, that the Readers may take pains for it.

Luc. Yes Sir, and I give out I have the palsie.

Gent. Good, 'twere better though, if you had it: your Lordship hath a Secretary, that can write fair, when you purpose to be understood.

Luc. 'Faith Sir I have one, there he stands, he hath been my Secretary these seven years, but he hath forgotten to write.

Gen. If he can make a writing face, it is not amiss, so he keep his own counsel: your Lordship hath no hope of the Gout?

Luc. Uh, little Sir, since the pain in my right foot left me.

Gent. 'Twill be some scandal to your wisdom, though I see your Lordship knows enough in publick business.

Luc. I am not imploy'd (though to my desert) in occasions forreign, nor frequented for matters domestical.

Gent. Not frequented? what course takes your Lordship?

Luc. The readiest way, my door stands wi[de], my Secretary knows I am not denied to any.

Gent. In this (give me leave) your Lordship is out of the way: make a back door to let out Intelligencers; seem to be ever busie, and put your door under keepers, and you shall have a troop of Clients sweating to come at you.

Luc. I have a back door already, I will henceforth be busie, Secretary, run and keep the door. [*Exit Secretary.*

Gent. This will fetch 'um?

Luc. I hope so.

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Enter Secretary.

Secr. My Lord, there are some require access to you, about weighty affairs of State.

Luc. Already?

Gent. I told you so.

Luc. How weighty is the business?

Secr. Treason my Lord.

Luc. Sir, my debts to you for this are great.

Gent. I will leave your Lordship now.

Luc. Sir, my death must be suddain, if I requite you not: at the back door good Sir.

Gent. I will be your Lordships Intelligencer for once.

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Enter Secretary.

Secr. My Lord.

Luc. Let 'em in, and say I am at my study.

Enter Lazarello, *and two Intelligencers,* Lucio *being at his study.*

1 *Int.* Where is your Lord?

Secr. At his study, but he will have you brought in.

Laza. Why Gentlemen, what will you charge me withal?

2 *Int.* Treason, horrible treason, I hope to have the leading of thee to prison, and prick thee on i'th' arse with a Halbert: to have him hang'd that salutes thee, and call all those in question that spit not upon thee.

Laz. My thred is spun, yet might I but call for this dish of meat at the gallows, instead of a Psalm, it were to be endur'd: the Curtain opens, now my end draws on.

[*Secretary draws the Curtain.*

Luc. Gentlemen, I am not empty of weighty occasions at this time; I pray you your business.

1 *Int.* My Lord, I think we have discover'd one of the most bloudy Traitors, that ever the world held.

Luc. Signior *Lazarillo*, I am glad ye are one of this discovery, give me your hand.

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2 *Int.* My Lord, that is the Traitor.

Luc. Keep him off, I would not for my whole estate have touchd him.

Laz. My Lord.

Luc. Peace Sir, I know the devil is at your tongue's end, to furnish you with speeches: what are the particulars you charge him with?

[*They deliver a paper to* Lucio, *who reads.*

Both Int. We [have] conferr'd our Notes, and have extracted that, which we will justifie upon our oaths.

Luc. That he would be greater than the Duke, that he had cast plots for this, and meant to corrupt some to betray him, that he would burn the City, kill the Duke, and poison the Privy Council; and lastly kill himself. Though thou deserv'st justly to be hang'd with silence, yet I allow thee to speak, be short.

Laz. My Lord, so may my greatest wish succeed,
So may I live, and compass what I seek,
As I had never treason in my thoughts,
Nor ever did conspire the overthrow
Of any creatures but of brutish beasts,
Fowls, Fishes, and such other humane food,
As is provided for the good of man.
If stealing Custards, Tarts, and Florentines
By some late Statute be created Treason;
How many fellow-Courtiers can I bring,
Whose long attendance and experience,
Hath made them deeper in the plot than I?

Luc. Peace, such hath ever been the clemency of my gracious Master the Duke, in all his proceedings, that I had thought, and thought I had thought rightly; that malice would long e'r this have hid her self in her Den, a[n]d have turn'd her own sting against her own heart: but I well [now] perceive, that so froward is the disposition of a deprav'd nature, that it doth not only seek revenge, where it hath receiv'd injury, but many times thirst after their destruction, where it hath met with benefits.

Laz. But my good Lord—

2 *Int.* Let's gagg him.

Luc. Peace again, but many times thirst after destruction,

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where it hath met with benefits; there I left: Such, and no better are the business that we have now in hand.

1 *Int.* He's excellently spoken.

[2] *Int.* He'll wind a Traitor I warrant him.

Luc. But surely methinks, setting aside the touch of conscience, and all [other] inward convulsions.

2 *Int.* He'll be hang'd, I know by that word.

Laz. Your Lordship may consider—

Luc. Hold thy peace: thou canst not answer this speech: no Traitor can answer it: but because you cannot answer this speech, I take it you have confess'd the Treason.

1 *Int.* The Count *Valore* was the first that discover'd him, and can witness it; but he left the matter to your Lordship's grave consideration.

Luc. I thank his Lordship, carry him away speedily to the Duke.

Laz. Now *Lazarillo* thou art tumbl'd down
The hill of fortune, with a violent arm;
All plagues that can be, Famine, and the Sword
Will light upon thee, black despair will boil
In thy despairing breast, no comfort by,
Thy friends far off, thy enemies are nigh.

Luc. Away with him, I'll follow you, look you pinion him, and take his money from him, lest he swallow a shilling, and kill himself.

2 *Int.* Get thou on before. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna [2].

Enter the Duke, the Count, Gondarino, *and* Arrigo.

Duke. NOw *Gondarino*, what can you put on now
That may [again] deceive us?
Have ye more strange illusions, yet more mists,
Through which, the weak eye may be led to error:
What can ye say that may do satisfaction
Both for her wrong'd honor, and your ill?

Gond. All I can say, or may, is said already:
She is unchaste, or else I have no knowledge,

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I do not breathe, nor have the use of sense.

Duke. Dare ye be yet so wilful, ignorant of your own nakedness? did not your servants
In mine own hearing confess
They brought her to that house we found her in,
Almost by force: and with a great distrust
Of some ensuing hazard?

Count. He that hath begun so worthily,
It fits not with his resolution
To leave off thus, my Lord, I know these are but idle proofs. What says your Lordship to them?

Gond. Count, I dare yet pronounce again, thy Sister is not honest.

Count. You are your self my Lord, I like your setledness.

Gond. Count, thou art young, and unexperienc'd in the dark, hidden ways of Women: Thou dar'st affirm with confidence, a Lady of fifteen may be a Maid.

Count. Sir, if it were not so, I have a Sister would set near my heart.

Gond. Let her sit near her shame, it better fits her: call back the bloud that made our stream in nearness, and turn the Current to a better use; 'tis too much mudded, I do grieve to know it.

Duke. Dar'st thou make up again, dar'st thou turn face, knowing we know thee, hast thou not been discover'd openly? did not our ears hear her deny thy courtings? did we not see her blush with modest anger, to be so overtaken by a trick; can ye deny this Lord?

Gond. Had not your Grace, and her kind brother
Been within level of her eye,
You should have had a hotter volley from her,
More full of bloud and fire, ready to leap the window where she stood.
So truly sensual is her appetite.

Duke. Sir, Sir, these are but words and tricks, give me the proof.

Count. What need a better proof than your Lordship? I am sure ye have lain with her my Lord.

Gond. I have confest it Sir.

Duke. I dare not give thee credit without witness.

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Gond. Does your grace think we carry seconds with us, to search us, and see fair play: your Grace hath been ill tutor'd in the business; but if you hope to try her truly, and satisfy your self what frailty is, give her the Test: do not remember Count she is your Sister; nor let my Lord the Duke believe she is fair; but put her to it without hope or pity, then ye shall see that golde[n] form flie off, that all eyes wonder at for pure and fixt, and under't base blushing Copper; metall not worth the meanest honor: you shall behold her then my Lord transparent, look through her heart, and view the spirits how they leap, and tell me then I did belie the Lady.

Duke. It shall be done: come *Gondarino* bear us company, We do believe thee; she shall die, and thou shalt see it.

Enter Lazarello, *two Intelligencers, and Guard.*

How now my friends, [whome] have you guarded hither?

2 *Int.* So please your Grace we have discover'd a villain and a Traitor: the Lord *Lucio* hath examin'd him, and sent him to your Grace for Judgement.

Count. My Lord, I dare absolve him from all sin of Treason: I know his most ambition is but a dish of meat; which he hath hunted with so true a scent, that he deserveth the Collar not the Halter.

Duke. Why do they bring him thus bound up? the poor man had more need [of] some warm meat, to comfort his cold stomach.

Count. Your Grace shall have the cause hereafter, when you [may] laugh more freely:
But these are call'd Informers: men that live by Treason, as Rat-catchers do by poison.

Duke. Would there were no heavier prodigies hung over us, than this poor fellow, I durst redeem all perils ready to pour themselves upon this State, with a cold Custard.

Count. Your Grace might do it without danger to your person.

Laz. My Lord, if ever I intended treason against your Person, or the State, unless it were by wishing from your Table some dish of meat, which I must needs confess, was not a subjects part: or coveting by stealth, sups from those

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noble bottles, that no mouth, keeping allegiance true, should dare to taste: I must confess, with more than covetous eye, I have beheld those dear conceal'd dishes, that have been brought in by cunning equipage, to wait upon your Graces pallat: I do confesse, out of this present heat, I have had Stratagems and Ambuscado's; but God be thank'd they have never took.

Duke. Count, this business is your own; when you have done, repair to us. [*Exit Duke.*

Count. I will attend your Grace: *Lazarello*, you are at liberty, be your own man again; and if you can be master of your wishes, I wish it may be so.

Laz. I humbly thank your Lordship: I must be unmannerly, I have some present business, once more I heartily thank your Lordship. [*Exit* Lazarillo.

Count. Now even a word or two to you, and so farewell; you think you have deserv'd much of this State by this discovery: y'are a slavish people, grown subject to the common course of all men. How much unhappy were that noble spirit, could work by such baser gains? what misery would not a knowing man put on with willingness, e'r he see himself grown fat and full fed, by fall of those you rise by? I do discharge ye my attendance; our healthful State needs no such Leeches to suck out her bloud.

1 *Int.* I do beseech your Lordship.

2 *Int.* Good my Lord.

Count. Go learn to be more honest, [when] I see you work your means from honest industry, [*Exeunt Informers.* I will be willing to accept your labours:
Till then I will keep back my promis'd favours:
Here comes another remnant of folly:

Enter Lucio.

I must dispatch him too. Now Lord *Lucio*, what business [bring] you hither?

Luc. Faith Sir, I am discovering what will become of that notable piece of treason, intended by that Varlet *Lazarillo*; I have sent him to the Duke for judgement.

Count. Sir, you have perform'd the part of a most careful Statesman, and let me say it to your face, Sir, of a Father to

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this State: I would wish you to retire, and insconce your self in study: for such is your daily labour, and our fear, that our loss of an hour may breed our overthrow.

Luc. Sir, I will be commanded by your judgement, and though I find it a trouble scant to be waded through, by these weak years: yet for the dear care of the Commonwealth, I will bruise my brains, and confine my self to much vexation.

Count. Go, and maist thou knock down Treason like an Ox.

Luc. Amen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mercer, Pandar, Francissina.

Mer. Have I spoke thus much in the honor of Learning? learn'd the names of the seven liberal Sciences, before my marriage; and since, have in haste written Epistles congratulatory, to the Nine Muses, and is she prov'd a Whore and a Begger?

Pan. 'Tis true, you are not now to be taught, that no man can be learn'd of a suddain; let not your first project discourage you, what you have lost in this, you may get again in Alchumie.

Fran. Fear not Husband, I hope to make as good a wife, as the best of your neighbors have, and as honest.

Mer. I will goe home; good Sir, do not publish this, as long as it runs amongst our selves; 'tis good honest mirth: you'll come home to supper; I mean to have all her friends, and mine, as ill as it goes.

Pan. Do wisely Sir, and bid your own friends, your whole wealth will scarce feast all hers, neither is it for your credit, to walk the streets with a woman so noted; get you home and provide her cloaths: let her come an hour hence with an Hand-basket, and shift her self, she'll serve to sit at the upper end of the Table, and drink to your customers.

Mer. Art is just, and will make me amends.

Pan. No doubt Sir.

Mer. The chief note of a Scholar you say, is to govern his passions; wherefore I do take all patiently; in sign of which, my [most] dear Wife, I do kiss thee, make haste home after me, I shall be in my study. [*Exit Mercer.*

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Pan. Go, avaunt, my new City Dame, send me what you promis'd me for consideration; and may'st thou prove a Lady.

Fran. Thou shalt have it, his Silks shall flie for it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lazarello *and his boy.*

Laz. How sweet is a Calm after a Tempest, what is there now that can stand betwixt me and felicity? I have gone through all my crosses constantly; have confounded my enemies, and know where to have my longing[s] satisfied: I have my way before me, there's the door, and I may freely walk into my delights: knock boy.

Jul. Who's there? [*Within.*

Laz. *Madona*, my Love, not guilty, not guilty, open the door.

Enter Julia.

Jul. Art thou come sweet-heart?

Laz. Yes, to [thy] soft embraces, and the rest of my over-flowing blisses; come, let us in and swim in our delights: a short Grace as we go, and so to meat.

Jul. Nay my dear Love, you must bear with me in this; we'll to the Church first.

Laz. Shall I be sure of it then?

Jul. By my love you shall.

Laz. I am content, for I do now wish to hold off longer, to whet my appetite, and do desire to meet with more troubles, so I might conquer them:

And as a holy Lover that hath spent
The tedious night with many a sigh and tears;
Whilst he pursu'd his wench: and hath observ'd
The smiles, and frowns, not daring to displease
When at last, hath with his service won
Her yielding heart; that she begins to dote
Upon him, and can hold no longer out,
But hangs about his neck, and wooes him more
Than ever he desir'd her love before:
Then begins to flatter his desert,
And growing wanton, needs will cast her off;

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Try her, pick quarrels, to breed fresh delight,
And to increase his pleasing appetite.

Jul. Come Mouse will you walk?

Laz. I pray thee let me be deliver'd of the joy I am so big with, I do feel that high heat within me, that I begin to doubt whether I be mortal:
How I contemn my fellows in the Court,
With whom I did but yesterday converse?
And in a lower, and an humbler key
Did walk and meditate on grosser meats?
There are they still poor rogues, shaking their chops,
And sneaking after Cheeses, and do run
Headlong in chace, of every Jack of Beer
That crosseth them, in hope of some repast,
That it will bring them to, whilst I am here,
The happiest wight that ever set his tooth
To a dear novelty: approach my love,
Come, let's go to knit the True Loves knot,
That never can be broken.

Boy. That is to marry a whore.

Laz. When that is done, then will we taste the gift,
Which Fates have sent my Fortunes up to lift.

Boy. When that is done, you'll begin to repent upon a full stomach; but I see, 'tis but a form in destiny, not to be alter'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arrigo *and Oriana.*

Oria. Sir, what may be the current of your business, that thus you single out your time and place?

Arri. Madam, the business now impos'd upon me, concerns you nearly, I wish some worser man might finish it.

Ori. Why are ye chang'd so? are ye not well Sir?

Arr. Yes Madam, I am well, wo'd you were so.

Oria. Why Sir, I feel my self in perfect health.

Arri. And yet ye cannot live long, Madam.

Oria. Why good *Arrigo?*

Arr. Why? ye must dye.

Oria. I know I must, but yet my fate calls not upon me.

Arr. It does; this hand the Duke commands shall give you death.

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Oria. Heaven, and the powers Divine, guard well the innocent.

Arr. Lady, your Prayers may do your soul some good,
That sure your body cannot merit by 'em:
You must prepare to die. (mitted,

Orian. What's my offence? what have these years com-
That may be dangerous to the Duke, or State?
Have I conspir'd by poison, have I giv'n up
My honor to some loose unsetl'd bloud
That may give action to my plots?
Dear Sir, let me not dye ignorant of my faults?

Arr. Ye shall not.
Then Lady, you must know, you're held unhonest;
The Duke, your Brother, and your friends in Court,
With too much grief condemn ye: though to me,
The fault deserves not to be paid with death.

Orian. Who's my accuser?

Arri. Lord *Gondarino.* (Duke,

Orian. *Arrigo*, take these words, and bear them to the
It is the last petition I shall ask thee:
Tell him the child this present hour brought forth
To see the world has not a soul more pure, more white,
More Virgin than I have; Tell him Lord *Gondarino*'s
Plot, I suffer for, and willingly: tell him it had been a greater honor, to have sav'd than kill'd: but I have done: strike, I am arm'd for heaven. Why, stay you? is there any hope?

Arri. I would not strike.

Orian. Have you the power to save?

Arri. With hazard of my life, if it should be known.

Orian. You will not venture that?

Arri. I will Lady: there is that means yet to escape your death, if you can wisely apprehend [it].

Orian. Ye dare not be so kind?

Arri. I dare, and will, if you dare but deserve't.

Ori. If I should slight my life, I were [to] blame.

Arri. Then Madam, this is the means, or else you die: I love you.

Orian. I shall believe it, if you save my life.

Arri. And you must lie with me.

Orian. I dare not buy my life so.

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Arri. Come, ye must resolve, say yea or no.

Orian. Then no; nay, look not ruggedly upon me, I am made up too strong to fear such looks: Come, do your Butchers part: before I would wish life, with the dear loss of honour, I dare find means to free my self.

Arr. Speak, will ye yield?

Orian. Villain, I will not; Murtherer, do thy worst, thy base unnoble thoughts dare prompt thee to; I am above thee slave.

Arri. Wilt thou not be drawn to yield by fair perswasions?

Orian. No, nor by—

Arri. Peace, know your doom then; your Ladyship must remember, you are not now at home, where you dare [jeast at] all that come about you: but you are fallen under my mercy, which shall be but small; if thou refuse to yield: hear what I have sworn unto my self; I will enjoy thee, though it be between the parting of thy soul and body; yield yet and live.

Orian. I'll guard the one, let Heaven guard the other.

Arri. Are you so resolute then?

[*Duke from above.* Hold, hold I say.]

Orian. What [have] I? yet more terror to my tragedy?

Arri. Lady, the Scene of bloud is done; ye are now as free from scandal, as from death.

Enter Duke, Count, and Gondarino.

Duke. Thou Woman which wert born to teach men virtue,
Fair, sweet, and modest Maid, forgive my thoughts,
My trespass was my love.
Seize *Gondarino*, let him wait our dooms.

Gond. I do begin a little to love this woman; I could endure her already twelve miles off.

Count. Sister, I am glad you have brought your honor off so fairly, without loss: you have done a work above your sex, the Duke admires it: give him fair encounter.

Duke. Best of all comforts, may I take this hand, and call it mine?

Ori. I am your Graces handmaid.

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Duke. Would ye had sed my self: might it not be so Lady?

Count. Sister, say I, I know you can afford it.

Ori. My Lord, I am your subject, you may command me, provided still, your thoughts be fair and good.

Duke. Here I am yours, and when I cease to be so, Let heaven forget me: thus I make it good.

Ori. My Lord, I am no more mine own.

Count. So, this bargain was well driven.

Gond. Duke, thou hast sold away thy self to all perdition; thou art this present hour becomming Cuckold: methinks I see thy gaul grate through thy veins, and jealousie seize thee with her talons: I know that womans nose must be cut off, she cannot scape it.

Duke. Sir, we have punishment for you.

Orian. I do beseech your Lordship, for the wrongs this man hath done me, let me pronounce his punishment.

Duke. Lady, I give't to you, he is your own.

Gond. I do beseech your Grace, let me be banisht with all the speed that may be.

Count. Stay still, you shall attend her sentence.

Orian. Lord *Gondarino*, you have wrong'd me highly; yet since it sprung from no peculiar hate to me, but from a general dislike unto all women, you shall thus suffer for it; *Arrigo*, call in some Ladies to assist us; will your Grace [t]ake your State?

Gond. My Lord, I do beseech your Grace for any punishment saving this woman, let me be sent upon discovery of some Island; I do desire but a small Gondela, with ten Holland Cheeses, and I'll undertake it.

Oria. Sir, ye must be content, will ye sit down? nay, do it willingly: *Arrigo*, tie his Arms close to the chair, I dare not trust his patience.

[*G*]*ond.* Mayst thou be quickly old and painted; mayst thou dote upon some sturdy Yeoman of the Wood-yard, and he be honest; mayst thou be barr'd the lawful lechery of thy Coach, for want of instruments; and last, be thy womb unopen'd.

Duke. This fellow hath a pretty gaul.

Count. My Lord, I hope to see him purg'd e'r he part.

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Enter Ladies.

Oria. Your Ladyships are welcome: I must desire your helps, though you are no Physitians, to do a strange cure upon this Gentleman.

Ladies. In what we can assist you Madam, ye may command us.

Gond. Now do I sit like a Conjurer within my circle, and these the Devils that are rais'd about me, I will pray that they may have no power upon me.

Oria. Ladies, fall off in couples, then with a [s]oft still march, with low demeanors, charge this Gentleman, I'll be your Leader.

Gond. Let me be quarter'd Duke quickly, I can endure it: these women long for Mans flesh, let them have it.

Duke. Count, have you ever seen so strange a passion? what would this fellow do, if he should find himself in bed with a young Lady?

Count. 'Faith my Lord, if he could get a knife, sure he wou'd cut her throat, or else he wou'd do as *Hercules* did by *Lycas*, swing out her soul: h'as the true hate of a woman in him.

Oria. Low with your Cursies Ladies.

Gond. Come not too near me, I have a breath will poison ye, my lungs are rotten, and my stomach is raw: I am given much to belching: hold off, as you love sweet airs; Ladies, by your first nights pleasure, I conjure you, as you wou'd have your Husbands proper men, strong backs, and little legs, as you would have 'em hate your Waiting-women.

Oria. Sir, we must court ye, till we have obtain'd some little favour from those gracious eyes, 'tis but a kiss a piece.

Gond. I pronounce perdition to ye all; ye are a parcel of that damned crew that fell down with *Lucifer*, and here ye staid on earth to plague poor men; vanish, avaunt, I am fortified against your charms; heaven grant me breath and patience.

1 *Lady.* Shall we not kiss then?

Gond. No sear my lips with hot irons first, or stitch them up like a Ferrets: oh that this brunt were over!

2 *Lady.* Come, come, little rogue, thou art too maidenly

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by my troth, I think I must box thee till thou be'st bolder; the more bold, the more welcome: I prethee kiss me, be not afraid. [*She sits on his knee.*

Gond. If there be any here, that yet have so much of the fool left in them, as to love their mothers, let them [looke] on her, and loath them too.

2 *Lady.* What a slovenly little villain art thou, why dost thou not stroke up thy hair? I think thou ne'er comb'st it: I must have it lie in better order; so, so, so, let me see thy hands, are they wash'd?

Gond. I would th[e]y were loose for thy sake.

Duke. She tortures him admirably.

Count. The best that ever was.

2 *Lady.* Alas, how cold they are, poor golls, why dost thee not get thee a Muff?

Arri. Madam, here's an old Countrey Gentlewoman at the door, that came nodding up for justice, she was with the Lord *Gondarino* to day, and would now again come to the speech of him, she says.

Oria. Let her in, for sports sake, let her in.

Gond. Mercy, oh Duke, I do appeal to thee: plant Canons there, and discharge them against my breast rather: nay, first let this she-fury sit still where she does, and with her nimble fingers stroke my hair, play with my fingers ends, or any thing, until my panting heart have broke my breast.

Duke. You must abide her censure.

[*The Lady rises from his knee.*

Enter old Gentlewoman.

Gond. I see her come, unbutton me, for she will speak.

Gentlew. Where is he Sir?

Gond. Save me, I hear her.

Ar. There he is in state to give you audience.

Gentlew. How does your [good] Lordship?

Gond. Sick of the spleen.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. Sick.

Gentlew. Will you chew a Nutmeg, you shall not refuse it, it is very comfortable.

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Gond. Nay, now thou art come, I know it
Is the Devils Jubile, Hell is broke loose:
My Lord, if ever I have done you service,
Or have deserv'd a favour of your Grace,
Let me be turn'd upon some present action,
Where I may sooner die, than languish thus;
Your Grace hath her petition, grant it her, and ease me now at last.

Duke. No Sir, you must endure.

Gentlew. For my petition, I hope your Lordship hath remembred me.

Oria. 'Faith I begin to pity him, *Arrigo*, take her off, bear her away, say her petition is granted.

Gentlew. Wh[i]ther do you draw me Sir? I know it is not my Lords pleasure I should be thus used, before my business be dispatched?

Arr. You shall know more of that without.

Oria. Unbind him Ladies, but before he go, this he shall promise; for the love I bear to our own sex, I would have them still hated by thee, and injoyn thee as a punishment, never hereafter willingly to come in the presence, or sight of any woman, nor never to seek wrongfully the publick disgrace of any.

Gond. 'Tis that I would have sworn, and do: when I [meddle] with them, for their good, or their bad; may Time [call] back this day again, and when I come in their companies, may I catch the pox, by their breath, and have no other pleasure for it.

Duke. Ye are [too] merciful.

Oria. My Lord, I shew'd my sex the better.

Gond. All is over-blown Sister: y'are like to have a fair night of it, and a Prince in your Arms: let's goe my Lord.

Duke. Thus through the doubtful streams of joy and grief,
True Love doth wade, and finds at last relief.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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NICE VALOUR.

A Comedy.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Duke *of* Genova.
Shamont *his Favourite, a superstitious lover of reputation.*
A passionate Lord, *the Duke's distracted kinsman.*
A Soldier, *brother to* Shamont.
Lapet, *the cowardly Monsieur of* Nice Valour.
A Gallant *of the same Temper.*
Pultrot, Mombazon, } *Two Mushroom Courtiers.*
Two Brothers *to the Lady, affecting the passionate Lord.*
Four Courtiers.
Jester.
A Priest, Six Women, } *In a Masque.*
Galoshio, *a Clown, such another try'd piece of Man's flesh.*

WOMEN.

Lady, *Sister to the Duke,* Shamont's *beloved.*
Lapet's *Wife.*
A Lady, *personating* Cupid, *Mistriss to the mad Lord.*

The Scene Genova.

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The PROLOGUE at the reviving of this Play.

IT's grown in fashion of late in these days,
To come and beg a suff[eranc]e to our Plays
'Faith Gentlemen, our Poet ever writ
Language so good, mixt with such sprightly wit,
He made the Theatre so Sovereign
With his rare Scænes, he scorn'd this crouching vein:
We stabb'd him with keen daggers when we pray'd
Him write a Preface to a Play well made.
He could not write these toyes, 'tw[a]s easier far,
To bring a Felon to appear at th' Barr
So much he hated baseness; which this day,
His Scænes will best convince you of in's Play.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke, Shamount, *and four Gentlemen.*

Duke.

SHamount, welcome; we have mist thee long,
Though absent but two days: I hope your sports
Answer your time and wishes.

Sham. Very nobly Sir;
We found game, worthy your delight my Lord,
It was so royal.

Duke. I've enough to hear on't.
Prethee bestow't upon me in discourse.

1 *Gent.* What is this Gentleman, Coz? you are a Courtier,
Therefore know all their insides.

2 *Gent.* No farther than the Taffaty goes, good Coz.
For the most part, which is indeed the best part
Of the most general inside; marry thus far
I can with boldness speak this one mans character,
And upon honor, pass it for a true one;
He has that strength of manly merit in him,
That it exceeds his Sovereigns power of gracing;
He's faithfully true to valour, that he hates
The man from *Cæsar's* time, or farther off,
That ever took disgrace unreveng'd:
And if he chance to read his abject story,

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He tears his memory out; and holds it virtuous,
Not to let shame have so much life amongst us;
There is not such a curious piece of courage
Amongst mans fellowship, or one so jealous
Of honors loss, or repu[t]ations glory:
There's so much perfect of his growing story.
1 *Gent.* 'Twould make one dote on virtue as you tell it.
2 *Gent.* I have told it to much loss, believe it Coz.
3 *Gent.* How the Duke graces him! what is he brother?
4 *Gent.* Do you not yet know him? a vain-glorious cox-
As proud as he that fell for't: (comb,
Set but aside his valour, no virtue,
Which is indeed, not fit for any Courtier;
And we his fellows are as good as he,
Perhaps as capable of favour too,
For one thing or another, if 'twere look'd into:
Give me a man, were I a Sovereign now
Has a good stroke [a]t *Tennis*, and a stiff one,
Can play at *Æquinoctium* with the Line,
As even, as the thirteenth of *September*,
When day and night lie in a scale together:
Or may I thrive, as I deserve at *Billiards*;
No otherwise at *Chesse*, or at *Primero*:
These are the parts requir'd, why not advanc'd?
Duke. Trust me, it was no less than excellent pleasure,
And I'm right glad 'twas thine. How fares our kinsman?
Who can resolve us best?
1 *Gent.* I can my Lord.
Duke. There, if I had a pity without bounds,
It might be all bestowed——A man so lost
In the wild ways of passion, that he's sensible
Of nought, but what torments him?
1 *Gent.* True my Lord,
He runs through all the Passions of mankind,
And shifts 'em strangely too: one while in love,
And that so violent, that for want of business,
He'll court the very Prentice of a Laundress,
Though she have kib'd heels: and in's melancholly agen,
He will not brook an Empress though thrice fairer
Than ever *Maud* was; or higher spirited

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Than *Cleopatra*, or your *English* Countess:
Then on a suddain he's so merry again,
Out-laughs a Waiting-woman before her first Child:
And turning of a hand, so angry—
Has almost beat the Northern fellow blind;
That is for that use only; if that mood hold my Lord,
Had need of a fresh man; I'll undertake,
He shall bruise three a month.

Duke. I pity him dearly:
And let it be your charge, with his kind brother
To see his moods observ'd; let every passion
Be fed ev'n to a surfet, which in time
May breed a loathing: let him have enough
Of every object, that his sence is wrapt with;
And being once glutted, then the taste of folly
Will come into his rellish. [*Exit.*

1 *Gent.* I shall see
Your charge my Lord, most faith[fully] effected:
And how does noble *Shamount*?

Sham. Never ill man
Until I hear of baseness, then I sicken:
I am the healthfull'st man i'th' kingdom else.

Enter Lapet.

1 *Gent.* Be armed then for a fit,
Here comes a fellow
Will make you sick at heart, if baseness do't.

Sha. Let me be gone: what is he?

1 *Gent.* Let me tell you first,
It can be but a qualm: pray stay it out Sir,
Come, y'ave born more than this.

Sha. Born? never any thing
That was injurious.

2 *Gent.* Ha, I am far from that.

Sham. He looks as like a man as I have seen one:
What would you speak of him? speak well I prethee,
Even for humanities cause.

1 *Gent.* You'd have it truth though?

Sham. What else Sir? I have no reason to wrong heav'n
To favour nature; let her bear her own shame

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If she be faulty.
1 *Gent.* Monstrous faulty there Sir.
Sham. I'm ill at ease already.
1 *Gent.* Pray bear up Sir.
Sham. I prethee let me take him down with speed then;
Like a wild object that I would not look upon.
1 *Gent.* Then thus: he's one that will endure as much
As can be laid upon him.
Sham. That may be noble:
I'm kept too long from his acquaintance.
1 *Gent.* Oh Sir,
Take heed of rash repentance, y'are too forward
To find out virtue where it never setl'd:
Take the particulars first, of what he endures;
Videlicet, Bastinadoes by the great.
Sham. How! (sale.
1 *Gent.* Thumps by the dozen, and your kicks by whole-
Sham. No more of him.
1 *Gent.* The twinges by the nostril he snuffs up,
And holds it the best remedy for sneezing.
Sham. Away.
1 *Gent.* H'as been thrice switch'd from 7 a clock till 9.
Yet with a Cart-Horse stomach, fell to breakfast;
Forgetful of his smart.
Sham. Nay, the disgrace on't;
There's no smart but that: base things are felt
More by their shames than hurts, Sir. I know you not.
But that you live an injury to nature:
I'm heartily angry with you.
Lap. Pray give your blow or kick, and begone then:
For I ne'er saw you before; and indeed,
Have nothing to say to you, for I know you not.
Sham. Why wouldst thou take a blow?
Lap. I would not Sir,
Unless 'twere offer'd me; and if from an enemy—
I'd be loth to deny it from a stranger.
Sham. What, a blow?
Endure a blow? and shall he live that gives it?
Lap. Many a fair year——why not Sir?
Sham. Let me wonder!

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As full a man to see to, and as perfect—
I prethee live not long—
Lap. How?
Sham. Let me intreat it:
Thou dost not know what wrong thou dost mankind,
To walk so long here; not to dye betimes.
Let me advise thee, while thou hast to live here,
Ev'n for man's honour sake, take not a blow more.
Lap. You should advise them not to strike me then Sir,
For I'll take none I assure you, 'less they are given.
Sham. How fain would I preserve mans form from shame
And cannot get it done! however Sir,
I charge thee live not long.
Lap. This is worse than beating.
Sham. Of what profession art thou, tell me Sir,
Besides a Tailor? for I'll know the truth.
Lap. A Tailor? I'm as good a Gentleman—
Can shew my Arms and all.
Sham. How black and blew they are!
Is that your manifestation? upon pain
Of pounding thee to dust, assume not wrongfully
The name of Gentleman, because I'm one,
That must not let thee live.
Lap. I have done, I have done Sir.
If there be any harm, beshrew the Herald,
I'm sure I ha' not been so long a Gentleman,
To make this anger: I have nothing no where,
But what I dearly pay for. [*Exit.*
Sham. Groom begone;
I never was so heart-sick yet of man.

Enter Lady, the Duke's Sister, Lapet's *wife.*

1 *Gent.* Here comes a cordial, Sir, from th'other sex,
Able to make a dying face look chearful.
Sham. The blessedness of Ladies—.
Lady. Y'are well met Sir.
Sham. The sight of you has put an evil from me,
Whose breath was able to make virtue sicken.
Lady. I'm glad I came so fortunately. What was't Sir?
Sham. A thing that takes a blow, lives, and eats after it,

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In very good health; you ha' not seen the like, Madam,
A Monster worth your sixpence, lovely worth. (Lady,
[1 *Gent.*] Speak low Sir; by all likely-hoods 'tis her Husband,
That now bestow'd a visitation on me. Farewel Sir. [*Exit.*
Sham. Husband? is't possible that he has a wife?
Would any creature have him? 'tis some forc'd match,
If he were not kick'd to th' Church o' th' wedding day,
I'll never come at Court. Can be no otherwise:
Perhaps he was rich, speak mistriss *Lapet*, was't not so?
Wife. Nay, that's without all question.
Sh. O ho, he would not want kickers enow then;
If you are wise, I much suspect your honesty;
For wisdom never fastens constantly,
But upon merit: if you incline to fool,
You are alike unfit for his society;
Nay, if it were not boldness in the man
That honors you, to advise you, troth his company
Should not be frequent with you.
Wife. 'Tis good counsel Sir.
Sham. Oh, I am so careful where I reverence,
So just to goodness, and her precious purity,
I'm as equally jealous, and as fearful,
That any undeserved stain might fall
Upon her sanctified whiteness, as of the sin
That comes by wilfulness.
Wife. Sir, I love your thoughts,
And honor you for your counsel and your care.
Sham. We are your servants.
Wife. He's but a Gentleman o'th' chamber; he might have kist me:
Faith, where shall one find less courtesie, than at Court?
Say I have an undeserver to my Husband:
That's ne'er the worse for him: well strange lip'd men,
'Tis but a kiss lost, there'll more come agen. [*Exit.*

Enter the passionate Lord, the Dukes kinsman, makes a congie or two to nothing.

1 *Gent.* Look, who comes here Sir, his love-fit's upon him:
I know it, by that sett smile, and those congies.
How courteous he's to nothing! which indeed,

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Is the next kin to woman; only shadow
The elder Sister of the twain, because 'tis seen too.
See how it kisses the fore-finger still;
Which is the last edition, and being come
So near the thumb, every Cobler has got it.
Sham. What a ridiculous piece, humanity
Here makes it self!
1 *Gent.* Nay good give leave a little, Sir,
Y'are so precise a manhood—
Sham. It afflicts me
When I behold unseemliness in an Image
So near the Godhead, 'tis an injury
To glorious Eternity.
1 *Gent.* Pray use patience, Sir.
Pas. I do confess it freely, precious Lady,
And loves suit is so, the longer it hangs
The worse it is; better cut off, sweet Madam;
Oh, that same drawing in your neather Lip there,
Fore-shews no goodness, Lady; make you question on't?
Shame on me, but I love you.
1 *Gent.* Who is't Sir,
You are at all this pains for? may I know her?
Pas. For thee thou fairest, yet the falsest woman,
That ever broke man's heart-strings.
1 *Gent.* How? how's this Sir?
Pas. What the old trick of Ladies? man's apparel,
Will't ne'er be left amongst you? steal from Court in't?
1 *Gent.* I see the Fit grows stronger.
Pas. Pray let's talk a little.
Sham. I can endure no more.
1 *Gent.* Good, let's alone a little:
You are so exact a work: love light things somewhat, Sir.
Sham. Th'are all but shames.
1 *Gent.* What is't you'd say to me, Sir?
Pas. Can you be so forgetful to enquire it Lady?
1 *Gent.* Yes truely, Sir.
Pas. The more I admire your flintiness:
What cause have I given you, illustrious Madam,
To play this strange part with me?
1 *Gent.* Cause enough,

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Do but look back Sir, into your memory,
Your love to other women, oh lewd man:
'Tas almost kill'd my heart, you see I'm chang'd with it,
I ha' lost the fashion of my Sex with grief on't,
When I have seen you courting of a Dowdie;
Compar'd with me, and kissing your fore-finger
To one o'th' Black-Guards Mistresses: would not this
Crack a poor Ladies heart, that believ'd love,
And waited for the comfort? but 'twas said, Sir,
A Lady of my hair cannot want pittying:
The Countrey's coming up, farewel to you Sir.
Pas. Whither intend you, Sir?
1 *Gent.* A long journey, Sir:
The truth is, I'm with child, and goe to travel.
Pas. With child? I never got it.
1 *Gent.* I heard you were busie
At the same time, Sir, and was loth to trouble you.
Pas. Why, are not you a whore then, excellent Madam?
1 *Gent.* Oh by no means, 'twas done Sir in the state
Of my belief in you, and that quits me;
It lies upon your falshood.
Pas. Does it so?
You shall not carry her though Sir, she's my contract.
Sham. I prethee, thou four Elements ill brued,
Torment none but thy self; away I say
Thou beast of passion, as the drunkard is
The beast of Wine; dishonor to thy making,
Thou man in fragments.
Pas. Hear me, precious Madam.
Sham. Kneel for thy wits to Heaven.
Pas. Lady, I'll father it,
Who e'er begot it: 'tis the course of greatness.
Sham. How virtue groans at this!
Pas. I'll raise the Court, but I'll stay your flight.
Sham. How wretched is that piece! [*Ex. Pas. Lord.*
1 *Gent.* He's the Dukes kinsman, Sir.
Sham. That cannot take a passion away, Sir,
Nor cut a Fit, but one poor hour shorter,
He must endure as much as the poorest begger,
That cannot change his money; there's th' equality

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In our impartial Essence:
What's the news now?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your worthy brother, Sir, 'has left his charge,
And come to see you.

Enter Shamount's *brother, a Soldier.*

Sham. Oh the noblest welcome
That ever came from man, meet thy deservings:
Methinks I've all joyes treasure in mine arms now.
Sold. You are so fortunate in prevention, brother,
You always leave the answerer barren, Sir,
You comprehend in few words so much worth—
Sham. 'Tis all too little for thee: come th'art welcome,
So I include all: take especial knowledge pray,
Of this dear Gentleman, my absolute friend,
That loves a Soldier far above a Mistriss,
Thou excellently faithful to 'em both.
But love to manhood, owns the purer troth. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Shamont's *brother, a Soldier and a Lady, the Dukes Sister.*

Lady. THere should be in this Gallery—oh th'are here,
Pray sit down, believe me Sir, I'm weary.
Sold. It well becomes a Lady to complain a little
Of what she never feels: your walk was short, Madam,
You can be but afraid of weariness;
Which well employs the softness of your Sex,
As for the thing it self, you never came to't.
La. You're wond'rously well read in Ladies, Sir.
Sold. Shall I think such a creature as you Madam,
Was ever born to feel pain, but in Travel?
There's your full portion,
Besides a little tooth-ach in the breeding,
Which a kind Husband too, takes from you, Madam.
La. But where do Ladies, Sir, find such kind Husbands?

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Perhaps you have heard
The Rheumatick story of some loving Chandler now,
Or some such melting fellow that you talk
So prodigal of mens kindness: I confess Sir,
Many of those wives are happy, their ambition
Does reach no higher, than to Love and Ignorance,
Which makes an excellent Husband, and a fond one:
Now Sir, your great ones aim at height, and cunning,
And so are oft deceiv'd, yet they must venture it;
For 'tis a Ladies contumely, Sir,
To have a Lord an Ignorant; then the worlds voice
Will deem her for a wanton, e'r she taste on't:
But to deceive a wise man, to whose circumspection,
The world resigns it self, with all his envy;
'Tis less dishonor to us [then] to fall,
Because his believ'd wisdom keeps out all.

Sold. Would I were the man, Lady, that should venture
His wisdom to your goodness.

La. You might fail
In the return, as many men have done, Sir:
I dare not justifie what is to come of me,
Because I know it not, though I hope virtuously;
Marry what's past, or present, I durst put
Into a good mans hand, which if he take
Upon my word for good, it shall not cozen him.

Sol. No, nor hereafter?

La. It may hap so too, Sir:
A womans goodness, when she is a wife,
Lies much upon a mans desert, believe it Sir,
If there be fault in her, I'll pawn my life on't,
'Tis first in him, if she were ever good,
That makes one; knowing not a Husband yet,
Or what he may be: I promise no more virtues,
Than I may well perform, for that were cozenage.

Sol. Happy were he that had you with all fears,
That's my opinion, Lady.

Enter Shamount *and a servant list'ning.*

Serv. What say you now, Sir?
Dare you give confidence to your own eyes?

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Sham. Not yet I dare not.
Serv. No?
Sham. Scarce yet, or yet:
Although I see 'tis he. Why can a thing,
That's but my self divided, be so false?
Serv. Nay, do but mark how the chair plays hi[s] part too:
How amoro[u]sly 'tis bent.
Sh[a]m. Hell take thy bad thoughts,
For they are strange ones. Never take delight
To make a torment worse. Look on 'em heaven,
For that's a brother: send me a fair enemy,
And take him; for a fouler Fiend there breathes not:
I will not sin to think there's ill in her,
But what's of his producing.
Yet goodness, whose inclosure is but flesh,
Holds out oft times but sorrily. But as black Sir,
As ever kindred was: I hate mine own bloud,
Because i[t] is so near thine. Live without honesty,
And mayst thou dye with an unmoist'ned eye,
And no tear follow thee. [*Ex.* Shamont, *Servant.*
La. Y'are wond'rous merry Sir; I would your Brother
Sold. Oh my Sister, (heard you.
I would not out o'th' way, let fall my words Lady,
For the precisest humor.

Enter passionate Lord.

Pas. Yea, so close.
Sold. Th'are merry, that's the worst you can report on 'em:
Th'are neither dangerous, nor immodest.
Pas. So Sir,
Shall I believe you, think you?
Sold. Who's this Lady?
La. Oh the Dukes Cosin, he came late from travel, Sir.
Sold. Respect belongs to him.
Pas. For as I said, Lady,
Th'are merry, that's the worst you can report of 'em:
Th'are neither dangerous, nor immodest.
Sold. How's this?
Pas. And there I think I left.
Sold. Abuses me.

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Pas. Now to proceed, Lady; perhaps I swore I lov'd you,
If you believe me not, y'are much the wiser.
Sold. He speaks still in my person, and derides me.
Pas. For I can cog with you.
La. You can all do so:
We make no question of mens promptness that way.
Pas. And smile, and wave a chair with comely grace too,
Play with our Tastle gently, and do fine things,
That catch a Lady sooner than a virtue.
Sold. I never us'd to let man live so long
That wrong'd me.
Pas. Talk of Battalions, wooe you in a skirmish;
Divine my mind to you Lady; and being sharp set,
Can court you at Half pike: or name your weapon,
We cannot fail you Lady.

Enter 1 *Gentleman.*

Sold. Now he dies:
Were all succeeding hopes stor'd up within him.
1 *Gent.* Oh fie, i'th' Court, Sir?
Sold. I most dearly thank you; Sir.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis rage ill spent upon a passionate mad man.
Sold. That shall not priviledge him for ever, Sir:
A mad man call you him? I have found too much reason
Sound in his injury to me, to believe him so.
1 *Gent.* If ever truth from mans lips may be held
In reputation with you, give this confidence;
And this his Love-fit, which we observe still,
By's flattering and his fineness: at some other time,
He'll go as slovenly as heart can wish.
The love and pity that his Highness shews to him,
Makes every man the more respectful of him:
Has never a passion, but is well provided for,
As this of Love, he is full fed in all
His swinge, as I may tearm it: have but patience,
And ye shall witness somewhat.
Sold. Still he mocks me:
Look you, in action, in behaviour, Sir;
Hold still the chair, with a grand mischief to you,
Or I'll let so much strength upon your heart, Sir—

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Pas. I feel some power has restrain'd me Lady:
If it be sent from Love, say, I obey it,
And ever keep a voice to welcome it.

SONG.

THou Deity, swift winged Love,
Sometimes below, sometimes above,
Little in shape, but great in power,
Thou that mak'st a heart thy Tower,
And thy loop-holes Ladies eyes,
From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise.
Did all the Shafts in thy fair Quiver
Stick fast in my ambitious Liver;
Yet thy power would I adore.
And call upon thee to shoot more,
Shoot more, shoot more.

Enter one like a Cupid, *offering to shoot at him.*

Pas. I prethee hold though, sweet Celestial boy;
I'm not requited yet with love enough,
For the first Arrow that I have within me;
And if thou be an equal Archer *Cupid*,
Shoot this Lady, and twenty more for me.
La. Me Sir?
1 *Gent.* 'Tis nothing but device, fear it not Lady;
You may be as good a Maid after that shaft, Madam,
As e'er your mother was at twelve and a half:
'Tis like the boy that draws it, 'tas no sting yet.
Cup. 'Tis like the miserable Maid that draws it—*Aside.*
That sees no comfort yet, seeing him so passionate.
Pas. Strike me the Duchess of *Valois* in love with me,
With all the speed thou canst, and two of her Women.
Cu. You shall have more. [*Exit.*
Pas. Tell 'em I tarry for 'em. (now?
1 *Gent.* Who would be angry with that walking trouble
That hurts none but it self?
Sold. I am better quieted.
Pas. I'll have all women-kind struck in time for me
After thirteen once:

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I see this *Cupid* will not let me want,
And let him spend his forty shafts an hour,
They shall be all found from the Dukes Exchequer;
He's come already.

Enter again the same Cupid, *two Brothers, six Women Maskers,* Cupid's *Bow bent all the way towards them, the first woman singing and playing, a Priest.*

SONG.

OH turn thy bow,
Thy power we feel and know,
Fair Cupid *turn away thy Bow:*
They be those golden Arrows,
Bring Ladies all their sorrows,
And till there be more truth in men,
Never shoot at Maid agen.

Pas. What a felicity of whores are here!
And all my Concubines struck bleeding new:
A man can in his life time make but one woman,
But he may make his fifty Queans a month.
Cu. Have you remembred a Priest, honest brothers?
1 *Bro.* Yes Sister, and this is the young Gentleman,
Make you no question of our faithfulness.
2 *Bro.* His growing shame, Sister, provokes our care:
Priest. He must be taken in this fit of Love, Gentlemen.
1 *Bro.* What else Sir, he shall do't.
2 *Bro.* Enough.
1 *Bro.* Be chearful wench. [*A dance.* Cupid *leading.*
Pas. Now by the stroke of pleasure, a deep oath,
Nimbly hopt Ladies all; what height they bear too!
A story higher than your common statures;
A little man must go up stairs to kiss 'em:
What a great space there is
Betwixt Loves Dining Chamber, and his Garret!
I'll try the utmost height—the Garret stoops methinks;
The rooms are made all bending, I see that,
And not so high as a man takes 'em for.
Cu. Now if you'll follow me Sir, I've that power,

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To make them follow you.
Pas. Are they all shot?
Cu. All, all Sir, every mothers daughter of 'em. (shot
Pas. Then there's no fear of following; if they be once
They'll follow a man to th' devil—As for you, Sir—
[*Ex. with the Lady and the Masquers.*
Sold. Me Sir?
1 *Gent.* Nay sweet Sir.
Sold. A noise, a threatening, did you not hear it Sir?
1 *Gent.* Without regard, Sir, so would I hear you.
Sold. This must come to something, never talk of that Sir.
You never saw it otherwise.
1 *Gent.* Nay dear merit—
Sold. Me above all men?
1 *Gent.* Troth you wrong your anger.
Sold. I will be arm'd, my honourable Letcher.
1 *Gent.* Oh fie sweet Sir.
Sold. That devours womens honesties by lumps,
And never chaw'st thy pleasure:
2 *Gent.* What do you mean, Sir?
Sold. What does he mean t'ingross all to himself?
There's others love a whore as well as he Sir.
1 *Gent.* Oh, if that be part o' th' fury, we have a City
Is very well provided for that case;
Let him alone with her, Sir, we have Women
Are very charitable to proper men,
And to a Soldier that has all his limbs;
Marry the sick and lame gets not a penny:
Right womens charity, and the Husbands follow't too:
Here comes his Highness Sir.

Enter Duke and Lords.

Sold. I'll walk to cool my self. [*Exit.*
Duke. Who's that?
1 *Gent.* The brother of *Shamont.*
Duke. He's Brother then
To all the Courts love, they that love discreetly,
And place their friendliness upon desert:
As for the rest, that with a double face
Look upon merit much like fortunes visage,

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That looks two ways, both to life's calms and storms,
I'll so provide for him, chiefly for him,
He shall not wish their loves, nor dread their envies.
And here comes my *Shamont.*

Enter Shamont.

Sham. That Ladies virtues are my only joyes,
And he to offer to lay siege to them?
Duke. Shamont.
Sham. Her goodness is my pride: in all discourses,
As often as I hear rash tongu'd gallants,
Speak rudely of a woman, presently
I give in but her name, and th'are all silent:
Oh who would loose this benefit?
Duke. Come hither Sir.
Sham. 'Tis like the Gift of Healing, but Diviner;
For that but cures diseases in the body,
This works a cure on Fame, on Reputation:
The noblest piece of Surgery upon earth.
Duke. Shamont; he minds me not.
Sham. A Brother do't?
Duke. Shamont I say. [*Gives him a touch with his switch.*
Sham. Ha?
If he be mortal, by this hand he perishes; [*Draws.*
Unless it be a stroke from heaven, he dies for't.
Duke. Why, how now Sir? 'twas I.
Sham. The more's my misery.
Duke. Why, what's the matter prethee?
Sham. Can you ask it, Sir?
No man else should; stood forty lives before him,
By this I would have op'd my way to him;
It could not be you Sir, excuse him not,
What e'er he be, as y'are dear to honor,
That I may find my peace agen.
Duke. Forbear I say,
Upon my love to truth, 'twas none but I.
Sham. Still miserable?
Duke. Come, come, what ails you Sir?
Sham. Never sate shame cooling so long upon me,
Without a satisfaction in revenge,

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And heaven has made it here a sin to wish it.

Duke. Hark you Sir!

Sham. Oh y'ave undone me.

Duke. How?

Sham. Cruelly undone me;
I have lost my peace and reputation by you:
Sir, pardon me, I can never love you more. [*Exit.*

Duke. What language call you this Sirs?

1 *Gent.* Truth my Lord, I've seldom heard a stranger—

2 *Gent.* He is a man of a most curious valour,
Wondrous precise, and punctual in that virtue.

Duke. But why to me so punctual? my last thought
Was most intirely fixt on his advancement
Why, I came now to put him in possession
Of his fair fortunes: what a mis-conceiver 'tis!
And from a Gentleman of our Chamber meerly,
Made him Vice-Admiral: I was setled in't.
I love him next to health: call him Gentlemen;
Why would not you, or you, ha' taken as much,
And never murmur'd? [*Exit* 1 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Troth, I think we should, my Lord,
And there's a fellow walks about the Court,
Would take a hundred of 'em.

Duke. I hate you all for't,
And rather praise his high pitch'd fortitude,
Though in extreams for niceness: now I think on't,
I would I had never done't—Now Sir, where is he?

Enter 1 *Gentleman.*

1 *Gent.* His sute is only Sir, to be excus'd.

Duke. He shall not be excus'd, I love him dearlier:
Say we intreat him; goe, he must not leave us
[*Exit two Gentlemen.*
So virtue bless me, I ne'er knew him paralell'd;
Why, he's more precious to me now, than ever.

Enter two Gentlemen, and Shamont.

2 *Gent.* With much fair language w'ave brought him.

Duke. Thanks——Where is he?

2 *Gent.* Yonder Sir.

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Duke. Come forward man.
Sham. Pray pardon me, I'm asham'd to be seen Sir.
Duke. Was ever such a touchie man heard of?
Prethee come nearer.
Sham. More into the light?
Put not such cruelty into your requests my Lord,
First to disgrace me publickly, and then draw me
Into mens eye-sight, with the shame yet hot
Upon my reputation.
Duke. What disgrace, Sir?
Sham. What?
Such as there can be no forgiveness for,
That I can find in honour.
Duke. That's most strange, Sir.
Sham. Yet I have search'd my bosom to find one,
And wrestled with my inclination,
But 'twill not be: would you had kill'd me Sir.
With what an ease had I forgiven you then!
But to endure a stroke from any hand
Under a punishing Angel, which is justice,
Honor disclaim that man, for my part chiefly:
Had it been yet the malice of your sword,
Though it had cleft me, 't had been noble to me;
You should have found my thanks paid in a smile
If I had fell unworded; but to shame me,
With the correction that your horse should have,
Were you ten thousand times my royal Lord,
I cannot love you never, nor desire to serve you more.
If your drum call me, I am vowed to valour,
But peace shall never know me yours agen,
Because I've lost mine own, I speak to dye Sir;
Would you were gracious that way to take off shame,
With the same swiftness as you pour it on:
And since it is not in the power of Monarchs
To make a Gentleman, which is a substance
Only begot of merit, they should be careful
Not to destroy the worth of one so rare,
Which neither they can make; nor lost, repair. [*Exit.*
Duke. Y'ave set a fair light Sir before my judgement,
Which burns with wondrous clearness; I acknowledge it,

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And your worth with it: but then Sir, my love,
My love—what gone agen?
1 *Gen.* And full of scorn, my Lord.
Duke. That language will undoe the man that keeps it.
Who knows no diff'rence 'twixt contempt and manhood.
Upon your love to goodness, Gentlemen,
Let me not lose him long: how now?

Enter a Huntsman.

Hunts. The game's at height my Lord.
Duke. Confound both thee and it: hence break it off;
He hates me brings me news of any pleasure:
I felt not such a conflict since I cou'd;
Distinguish betwixt worthiness and bloud. [*Ex.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter the two Brothers, 1 *Gentleman, with those that were the Masquers, and the* Cupid.

1 *Gent.* I Heartily commend your project, Gentlemen,
'Twas wise and virtuous.
1 *Bro.* 'Twas for the safety
Of precious honour Sir, which near bloud binds us to:
He promis'd the poor easie fool there, marriage,
There was a good Maiden-head lost i'th' belief on't,
Beshrew her hasty confidence.
1 *Gent.* Oh no more, Sir,
You make her weep agen; alas poor *Cupid*:
Shall she not shift her self?
1 *Bro.* Oh by no means Sir:
We dare not have her seen yet, all the while
She keeps this shape, 'tis but thought device,
And she may follow him so without suspition,
To see if she can draw all his wild passions,
To one point only, and that's love, the main point:
So far his Highness grants, and gave at first,
Large approbation to the quick conceit,
Which then was quick indeed.
1 *Gent.* You make her blush insooth.

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1 *Bro.* I fear 'tis more the flag of shame, than grace Sir.
1 *Gent.* They both give but one kind of colour, Sir:
If it be bashfulness in that kind taken,
It is the same with grace; and there she weeps agen.
In truth y'are too hard, much, much too bitter Sir,
Unless you mean to have her weep her eyes out,
To play a *Cupid* truly.
1 *Bro.* Come ha' done then:
We should all fear to sin first; for 'tis certain,
When 'tis once lodg'd, though entertain'd in mirth,
It must be wept out, if it e'er come forth.
1 *Gent.* Now 'tis so well, I'll leave you.
1 *Bro.* Faithfully welcome, Sir,
Go *Cupid* to your charge; he's your own now;
If he want love, none will be blam'd but you.
Cu. The strangest marriage, and unfortunat'st Bride
That ever humane memory contain'd;
I cannot be my self for't. [*Exit.*

Enter the Clown.

Clow. Oh Gentlemen?
1 *Bro.* How now, Sir, what's the matter?
Clo. His melancholly passion is half spent already,
Then comes his angry fit at the very tail on't,
Then comes in my pain, gentlemen; h'as beat me e'en to a Cullis. I am nothing, right worshipful, but very pap,
And jelly: I have no bones, my body's all one business,
They talk of ribs and chines most freely abroad i'th' world,
Why, I have no such thing; who ever lives to see me dead,
Gentlemen, shall find me all mummie good to fill Gallipots,
And long dildo glasses: I shall not have a bone to throw
At a dog.
Omnes. Alas poor vassal; how he goes!
Clo. Oh Gentlemen,
I am unjoynted, do but think o' that:
My breast is beat into my maw, that what I eat,
I am fain to take't in all at mouth with spoons;
A lamentable hearing; and 'tis well known, my belly
Is driven into my back.
I earn'd four Crowns a month most dearly Gentlemen,

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And one he must have when the fit's upon him,
The Privy-purse allows it, and 'tis thriftiness,
He would break else s[o]me forty pounds in Casements,
And in five hundred years undo the Kingdom:
I have cast it up to a quarrel.
1 *Bro.* There's a fellow kickt about Court, I would
He had his place, brother, but for one fit of his indignation.
2 *Bro.* And suddainly I have thought upon a means for't.
1 *Bro.* I prethee how?
2 *Bro.* 'Tis but preferring, Brother
This stockfish to his service, with a Letter
Of commendations, the same way he wishes it,
And then you win his heart: for o' my knowledge
He has laid wait this half year for a fellow
That will be beaten, and with a safe conscience
We may commend the carriage of this man in't;
Now servants he has kept, lusty tall feeders,
But they have beat him, and turn'd themselves away:
Now one that would endure, is like to stay,
And get good wages of him; and the service too
Is ten times milder, Brother, I would not wish it else.
I see the fellow has a sore crush'd body,
And the more need he has to be kick'd at ease. (Master.
Clow. I sweet Gentlemen, a kick of ease, send me to such a
2 *Bro.* No more I say, we have one for thee, a soft footed
One that wears wooll in's toes. (Master,
Clow. Oh Gentlemen, soft garments may you wear,
Soft skins may you wed,
But as plump as pillows, both for white and red.
And now will I reveal a secret to you,
Since you provide for my poor flesh so tenderly,
Has hir'd meer rogues out of his chamber window,
To beat the Soldier, Monsieur *Shamont*'s Brother:
1 *Bro.* That nothing concerns us, Sir.
Clow. For no cause, Gentlemen,
Unless it be for wearing Shoulder-points,
With longer taggs than his.
2 *Bro.* Is not that somewhat?
Birlakin Sir, the difference of long taggs,
Has cost many a man's life, and advanc'd other some,

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Come follow me.

Clow. See what a gull am I:
Oh every man in his profession;
I know a thump now as judiciously,
As the proudest he that walks, I'll except none;
Come to a tagg, how short I fall! I'm gone [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lapet.

Lap. I have been ruminating with my self,
What honor a man loses by a kick:
Why; what's a kick? the fury of a foot,
Whose indignation commonly is stampt
Upon the hinder quarter of a man:
Which is a place very unfit for honor,
The world will confess so much:
Then what disgrace I pray, does th[a]t part suffer
Where honor never comes, I'de fain know that?
This being well forc'd, and urg'd, may have the power
To move most Gallants to take kicks in time,
And spurn out the duelloes out o' th' kingdom,
For they that stand upon their honor most,
When they conceive there is no honor lost,
As by a Table that I have invented
For that purpose alone, shall appear plainly,
Which shews the vanity of all blows at large.
And with what ease they may be took of all sides,
Numbring but twice o'er the Letters patience
From *C. P.* to *E.* I doubt not but in small time
To see a dissolution of all bloud-shed,
If the reform'd *Kick* do but once get up:
For what a lamentable folly 'tis,
If we observe't, for every little justle,
Which is but the ninth part of a sound thump,
In our meek computation, we must fight forsooth, yes,
If I kill, I'm hang'd; if I be kill'd my self,
I dye for't also: is not this trim wisdom?
Now for the *Con*, a ma[n] may be well beaten,
Yet pass away his fourscore years smooth after:
I had a Father did it, and to my power
I will not be behind him.

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Enter Shamont.

Sham. Oh well met.
Lap. Now a fine *punch* or two, I look for't duly.
Sham. I've been to seek you.
Lap. Let me know your Lodging, Sir,
I'll come to you once a day, and use your pleasure, Sir.
Sham. I'm made the fittest man for thy society:
I'll live and dye with thee, come shew me a chamber;
There is no house but thine, but only thine,
That's fit to cover me: I've took a blow, sirrah.
Lap. I would you had indeed: why, you may see, Sir;
You'll all come to't in time, when my Book's out.
Sham. Since I did see thee last, I've took a blow.
Lap. Pha Sir, that's nothing: I ha' took forty since.
Sham. What? and I charg'd thee thou shouldst not?
Lap. I Sir, you might charge your pleasure.
But they would give't me, whether I would or no.
Sham. Oh, I walk without my peace, I've no companion (now;
Prethee resolve me, for I cannot aske
A man more beaten to experience,
Than thou art in this kind, what manner of blow
Is held the most disgraceful, or distasteful?
For thou dost only censure 'em by the hurt,
Not by the shame they do thee: yet having felt
Abuses of all kinds, thou may'st deliver,
Though't be by chance, the most injurious one.
Lap. You put me to't, Sir; but to tell you truth,
They're all as one with me, little exception.
Sham. That little may do much, let's have it from you.
Lap. With all the speed I may, first then, and foremost,
I hold so reverently of the *Bastinado*, Sir,
That if it were the dearest friend i'th' world,
I'de put it into his hand.
Sham. Go too, I'll pass that then.
Lap. Y'are the more happy, Sir,
Would I were past it too:
But being accustom'd to't. It is the better carried.
Sham. Will you forward?
Lap. Then there's your *souce*, your *wherit* and your *dowst*,

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Tugs on the hair, your *bob* o'th' lips, a whelp on't,
I ne'er could find much difference: Now your *thump*,
A thing deriv'd first from your Hemp-beaters,
Takes a mans wind away, most spitefully:
There's nothing that destroys a Collick like it,
For't leaves no wind i'th' body.
Sham. On Sir, on. (on't.
Lap. Pray give me leave, I'm out of breath with thinking
Sham. This is far off yet.
Lap. For the *twinge* by th' nose,
'Tis certainly unsightly, so my [Table] says,
But helps against the head-ach, wond'rous strangely.
Sham. Is't possible?
Lap. Oh your *crush'd nostrils* slakes your *opilation*,
And makes your pent powers flush to wholsome sneezes.
Sham. I never thought there had been half that virtue
In a wrung nose before.
Lap. Oh plenitude, Sir:
Now come we lower to our *modern Kick*,
Which has been mightily in use of late,
Since our young men drank *Coltsfoot*: and I grant you,
'Tis a most scornful wrong, cause the foot plays it;
But mark agen, how we that take't, requite it
With the like scorn, for we receive it backward;
And can there be a worse disgrace retorted?
Sham. And is this all?
Lap. All but a *Lug by th' ear*,
Or such a trifle.
Sham. Happy sufferer,
All this is nothing to the wrong I bear:
I see the worst disgrace, thou never felt'st yet;
It is so far from thee tho[u] canst not think on't;
Nor dare I let thee know, it is so abject. (for't
Lap. I would you would though, that I might prepare
For I shall ha't at one time or another:
If't be a *thwack*, I make account of that;
There's no new fashion'd swap that e'er came up yet,
But I've the first on 'em, I thank 'em for't.

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Enter the Lady and Servants.

La. Hast thou enquir'd?
1 *Serv.* But can hear nothing, Madam.
Sham. If there be but so much substance in thee
To make a shelter for a man disgrac'd,
Hide my departure from that glorious woman
That comes with all perfection about her:
So noble, that I dare not be seen of her,
Since shame took hold of me: upon thy life
No mention of me.
Lap. I'll cut out my tongue first,
Before I'll loose my life, there's more belongs to't.
Lad. See there's a Gentleman, enquire of him.
2 *Ser.* For Monsieur *Shamont*, Madam?
Lad. For whom else, Sir?
1 *Serv.* Why, this fellow dares not see him.
Lad. How?
1 *Serv.* *Shamont*, Madam?
His very name's worse than a Feaver to him,
And when he cries, there's nothing stills him sooner;
Madam, your Page of thirteen is too hard for him,
'Twas try'd i'th' wood-yard.
Lad. Alas poor grieved Merit!
What is become of him? if he once fail,
Virtue shall find small friendship: farewel then
To Ladies worths, for any hope in men,
He lov'd for goodness, not for Wealth, or Lust,
After the world's foul dotage, he ne'er courted
The body, but the beauty of the mind,
A thing which common courtship never thinks on:
All his affections were so sweet and fair,
There is no hope for fame if he despair.
[*Exit Lady and Serv.*

Enter the Clown. He kicks Lapet.

Lap. Good morrow to you agen most heartily, Sir,
Cry you mercy, I heard you not, I was somewhat busie.
Clow. He takes it as familiarly, as an Ave,
Or precious salutation: I was sick till I had one,

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Because I am so us'd to't.
Lap. However you deserve, your friends and mine, here
Give you large commendations i'this Letter,
They say you will endure well.
Clow. I'de be loath
To prove 'em liers: I've endur'd as much
As mortal pen and ink can set me down for.
Lap. Say you me so?
Clow. I know and feel it so, Sir,
I have it under Black and White already;
I need no Pen to paint me out.
Lap. He fits me,
And hits my wishes pat, pat: I was ne'er
In possibility to be better mann'd,
For he's half lam['d] already, I see't plain,
But take no notice on't, for fear I make
The rascal proud, and dear, to advance his wages;
First, let me grow into particulars with you;
What have you endured of worth? let me hear.
Clow. Marry Sir, I'm almost beaten blind.
Lap. That's pretty well for a beginning,
But many a Mill-horse has endur'd as much.
Clow. Shame o'th' Millers heart for his unkindness then.
Lap. Well Sir, what then? (supper.
Clow. I've been twice thrown down stairs, just before
Lap. Puh, so have I, that's nothing.
Clow. I but Sir,
Was yours pray before supper?
Lap. There thou posest me.
Clow. I marry, that's it, 't had been less grief to me,
Had I but fill'd my belly, and then tumbled,
But to be flung down fasting, there's the dolour.
Lap. It would have griev'd me, that indeed: proceed Sir.
Clo. I have been pluck'd and tugg'd by th' hair o'th' head
About a Gallery, half an Acre long.
Lap. Yes, that's a good one, I must needs confess,
A principal good one that, an absolute good one,
I have been trode upon, and spurn'd about,
But never tugg'd by th' hair, I thank my fates.
Clow. Oh 'tis a spiteful pain.

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Lap. Peace, never speak on't,
For putting men in mind on't.
Clow. To conclude,
I'm bursten Sir: my belly will hold no meat.
Lap. No? that makes amends for all.
Clow. Unless 't be puddings,
Or such fast food, any loose thing beguiles me, I'm ne'er the (better for't.
Lap. Sheeps-heads will stay with thee?
Clo. Yes Sir, or Chaldrons.
Lap. Very well sir:
Your bursten fellows must take heed of surfets:
Strange things it seems, you have endur'd;
Clo. Too true Sir.
Lap. But now the question is, what you will endure
Hereafter in my service?
Clo. Anything
That shall be reason Sir, for I'm but froth;
Much like a thing new calv'd, or come more nearer Sir,
Y'ave seen a cluster of Frog-spawns in *April*,
E'en such a starch am I, as weak and tender
As a green woman yet.
Lap. Now I know this,
I will be very gently angry with thee,
And kick thee carefully.
Clow. Oh I, sweet Sir.
Lap. Peace, when thou art offer'd well, lest I begin now.
Your friends and mine have writ here for your truth,
They'll pass their words themselves, and I must meet 'em.
Clow. Then have you all: [*Exit.*
As for my honesty, there is no fear of that,
For I have ne'er a whole bone about me. [*Exit.*

Musick. Enter the passionate Cosin, rudely, and carelesly apparrell'd, unbrac'd, and untruss'd. The Cupid *following.*

Cup. Think upon love, which makes all creatures hand-
Seemly for eye-sight; goe not so diffusedly, (some,
There are great Ladies purpose Sir to visit you.
Pas. Grand plagues, shut in my casements, that the breaths
Of their Coach-mares reek not into my nostrils;
Those beasts are but a kind of bawdy fore-runners.

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Cup. It is not well with you,
When you speak ill of fair Ladies.
Pas. Fair mischiefs, give me a nest of Owls and take 'em;
Happy is he, say I, whose window opens
To a brown Bakers chimney, he shall be sure there
To hear the Bird sometimes after twilight:
What a fine thing 'tis methinks to have our garments
Sit loose upon us thus, thus carelesly,
It is more manly, and more mortifying;
For we're so much the readier for our shrouds:
For how ridiculous wer't, to have death come,
And take a fellow, pinn'd up like a Mistriss!
About his neck a Ruff, like a pinch'd Lanthorn,
Which School-boys make in winter; and his doublet
So close and pent, as if he fear'd one prison
Would not be strong enough, to keep his soul in;
But's Tailor makes another:
And trust me; (for I know't when I lov'd *Cupid*,)
He does endure much pain, for the poor praise
Of a neat sitting suit.
Cup. One may be handsome, Sir,
And yet not pain'd, nor proud.
Pas. There you lie *Cupid*,
As bad as *Mercury*: there is no handsomness,
But has a wash of Pride and Luxury,
And you go there too *Cupid*. Away dissembler,
Thou tak'st the deeds part, which befools us all;
Thy Arrow heads shoot out sinners: hence away,
And after thee I'll send a powerful charm,
Shall banish thee for ever.
Cup. Never, never,
I am too sure thine own. [*Exit.*

Pas. Sings.

HEnce all you vain Delights,
As short as are the nights,
Wherein you spend your folly,
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,

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But only melancholly,
Oh sweetest melancholly.
Welcome folded Arms, and fixed Eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fast'ned to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound.

Fountain heads, and pathless Groves,
Places which pale passion loves:
Moon-light walks, when all the Fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save Bats and Owls;
A mid-night Bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet, as lovely melancholly. [*Exit.*

Enter at another door Lapet, *the* Cupid's *Brothers watching his coming.*

1 *Bro.* So, so, the Woodcock's ginn'd;
Keep this door fast brother.
2 *Bro.* I'll warrant this.
1 *Bro.* I'll goe incense him instantly;
I know the way to't.
2 *Bro.* Will't not be too soon think you,
And make two fits break into one?
1 *Bro.* Pah, no, no; the tail of his melancholy
Is always the head of his anger, and follows as close,
As the Report follows the powder.
Lap. This is the appointed place, and the hour struck,
If I can get security for's truth,
I'll never mind his honesty, poor worm,
I durst lay him by my wife, which is a benefit
Which many Masters ha' not: I shall ha' no Maid
Now got with child, but what I get my self,
And that's no small felicity: in most places
Th'are got by th' Men, and put upon the Masters,
Nor shall I be resisted when I strike,
For he can hardly stand; these are great blessings.
Pas. I want my food, deliver me a Varlet. [*Within.*
Lap. How now, from whence comes that?

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Pas. I am allow'd a carkass to insult on;
Where's the villain?
Lap. He means not me I hope.
Pas. My maintenance rascals; my bulk, my exhibition.
[*L*]*ap.* Bless us all,
What names are these? Would I were gone agen.

The passionate man enters in fury with a Truncheon.

He Sings.

A Curse upon thee for a slave,
Art thou here, and heardst me rave?
Fly not sparkles from mine eye,
To shew my indignation nigh?
Am I not all foam, and fire,
With voice as hoarse as a Town-crier?
How my back opes and shuts together,
With fury, as old mens with weather!
Could'st thou not hear my teeth gnash hither?

Lap. No truly, Sir, I thought 't had been a Squirrel,
Shaving a Hazel-nut.
Pas. Death, Hell, Fiends, and darkness.
I will thrash thy maungy carkass.
Lap. Oh sweet Sir.
Pas. There cannot be too many tortures,
Spent upon those louzie Quarters.
Lap. Hold, oh. [*Falls down for dead.*
Pas. Thy bones shall rue, thy bones shall rue.

Sings again.

THou nasty, scurvy, mongril Toad,
Mischief on thee;
Light upon thee,
All the plagues
That can confound thee
Or did ever raign abroad:
Better a thousand lives it cost,
Than have brave anger spilt or lost. [*Exit.*

Lap. May I open mine eyes yet, and safely peep:

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I'll try a groon first—oh—Nay then he's gone.
There was no other policy but to dy,
He would ha' made me else. Ribs are you sore?
I was ne'er beaten to a tune before.

Enter the two Brothers.

1 *Bro.* *Lapet.*
Lap. Agen? [*Falls again.*
1 *Bro.* Look, look, he's flat agen,
And stretched out like a Coarse, a handful longer
Than he walks, trust me brother. Why *Lapet*
I hold my life we shall not get him speak now:
Monsieur *Lapet*; it must be a privy token,
If any thing fetch him, he's so far gone.
We come to pass our words for your mans truth.
Lap. Oh Gentlemen y'are welcome: I have been thrash'd
2 *Bro.* How? thrash'd Sir? (i' faith.
Lap. Never was Shrove-tuesday Bird
So cudgell'd, Gentlemen.
1 *Bro.* Pray how? by whom Sir?
Lap. Nay, that I know not.
1 *Bro.* Not who did this wrong?
Lap. Only a thing came like a Walking Song.
1 *Bro.* What beaten with a Song?
Lap. Never more tightly, Gentlemen:
Such crotchets happen now and then, methinks
He that endures well, of all waters drinks. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Shamont's *Brother, the Soldier, and* 1 *Gentleman.*

Sold. YEs, yes, this was a Madman, Sir, with you,
A passionate Mad-man.
1 *Gen.* Who would ha' lookt for this, Sir?
Sold. And must be priviledg'd: a pox priviledge him:
I was never so dry beaten since I was born,
And by a litter of rogues, meer rogues, the whole twenty
Had not above [nine] elbows amongst 'em all too:
And the most part of those left-handed rascals,

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The very vomit, Sir, of Hospitals,
Bridewels, and Spittle-houses; such nasty smellers,
That if they'd been unfurnish'd of Club-Truncheons,
They might have cudgell'd me with their very stinks,
It was so strong, and sturdy: and shall this,
This filthy injury, be set off with madness?

1 *Gen.* Nay, take your own blouds counsel, Sir, hereafter,
I'll deal no further in't: if you remember,
It was not come to blows, when I advis'd you.

Sold. No, but I ever said, 'twould come to something,
And 'tis upon me, thank him: were he kin
To all the mighty Emperors upon earth,
He has not now in life three hours to reckon;
I watch but a free time.

Enter Shamont.

1 *Gent.* Your noble brother, Sir, I'll leave you now. [*Ex.*

Sham. Soldier, I would I could perswade my thoughts
From thinking thee a brother, as I can
My tongue from naming on't: thou hast no friend here,
But fortune and thy own strength, trust to them.

[*Sold.* How? what's the incitement, sir?]

Sham. Treachery to virtue;
Thy treachery, thy faithless circumvention:
Has Honor so few daughters, never fewer,
And must thou aim thy treachery at the best?
The very front of virtue, that blest Lady? the Dukes Sister?
Created more for admirations cause,
Than for loves ends; whose excellency sparkles
More in Divinity, than mortal beauty;
And as much difference 'twixt her mind and body,
As 'twixt this earths poor centre, and the Sun:
And could'st thou be so injurious to fair goodness,
Once to attempt to court her down to frailty?
Or put her but in mind that there is weakness,
Sin, and desire, which she should never hear of?
Wretch, thou'st committed worse than Sacriledge,
In the attempting on't, and ought'st to dye for't.

Sold. I rather ought to do my best, to live, Sir.
Provoke me not; for I've a wrong sits on me,
That makes me apt for mischief; [I] shall lose

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All respects suddainly of friendship, Brother-hood,
Or any sound that way.
Sham. But 'ware me most;
For I come with a two-edg'd injury;
Both my disgrace, and thy apparent falshood,
Which must [b]e dangerous.
Sold. I courted her, Sir;
Love starve me with delays, when I confess it not.
Sham. There's nothing then but death
Can be a pennance fit for that confession.
Sold. But far from any vitious taint.
Sham. Oh Sir,
Vice is a mighty stranger grown to courtship.
Sold. Nay, then the fury of my wrong light on thee.

Enter 1 *Gentleman, and others.*

1 *Gen.* Forbear, the Duke's at hand.
Here, hard at hand, upon my reputation.
Sold. I must do something now. [*Ex. Sold.*
Sham. I'll follow you close Sir.
1 *Gen.* We must intreat you must not; for the Duke
Desires some conference with you.
Sham. Let me go,
As y'are Gentlemen.
2 *Gent.* Faith we dare not Sir.
Sham. Dare ye be false to honor, and yet dare not
Do a man justice? give me leave—
1 *Gent.* Good sweet Sir.
H'as sent twice for you.
Sham. Is this brave, or manly?
1 *Gent.* I prethee be conform'd.
Sham. Death—

Enter Duke.

2 *Gent.* Peace, he's come in troth.
Sham. Oh have you betraid me to my shame afresh?
How am I bound to loath you!
Duke. *Shamont*, welcome,
I sent twice.
2 *Gent.* But my Lord, he never heard on't.

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Sham. Pray pardon him, for his falseness, I did Sir,
Both times; I'd rather be found rude, than faithless.
Duke. I love that bluntness dearly: h'as no vice,
But is more manly than some others virtue,
That lets it out only for shew or profit.
Sham. Will't please you quit me, Sir, I've urgent business?
Duke. Come, you're so hasty now, I sent for you
To a better end.
Sham. And if it be an end,
Better or worse, I thank your goodness for't.
Duke. I've ever kept that bounty in condition,
And thankfulness in bloud, which well becomes
Both Prince and Subject, that where any wrong
Bears my impression, or the hasty figure
Of my repented anger, I'm a Law
Ev'n to my self, and doom my self most strictly
To Justice, and a noble satisfaction:
So that, what you, in tenderness of honor,
Conceive to be loss to you, which is nothing
But curious opinion, I'll restore agen,
Although I give you the best part of *Genoa*,
And take to boot but thanks for your amends.
Sham. Oh miserable satisfaction,
Ten times more wretched than the wrong it self;
Never was ill better made good with worse:
Shall it be said, that my posterity
Shall live the sole heir[es] of their fathers shame?
And raise their wealth and glory from my stripes?
You have provided nobly, bounteous Sir,
For my disgrace, to make it live for ever,
Out-lasting Brass or Marble:
This is my fears construction, and a deep one,
Which neither argument nor time can alter:
Yet I dare swear, I wrong your goodness in't Sir,
And the most fair intent on't, which I reverence
With admiration, that in you a Prince,
Should be so sweet and temperate a condition,
To offer to restore where you may ruine,
And do't with justice, and in me a servant,
So harsh a disposition, that I cannot

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Forgive where I should honor, and am bound to't.
But I have ever had that curiosity
In bloud, and tenderness of reputation
Such an antipathy against a blow,
I cannot speak the rest: Good Sir discharge me,
It is not fit that I should serve you more,
Nor come so near you; I'm made now for privacy,
And a retir'd condition, that's my suit:
To part from Court for ever, my last suit;
And as you profess bounty, grant me that Sir.

Duk[e]. I would deny thee nothing.

Sham. Health reward you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Duke. He's gone agen already, and takes hold
Of any opportunity: not riches
Can purchase him, nor honors, peaceably,
And force were brutish: what a great worth's gone with him,
And but a Gentleman? well, for his sake,
I'll ne'er offend more, those I cannot make;
They were his words, and shall be dear to memory.
Say I desire to see him once agen;
Yet stay, he's so well forward of his peace,
'Twere pity to disturb him: he would groan
Like a soul fetch'd agen; and that were injury,
And I've wrong'd his degree too much already.
Call forth the Gentlem[e]n of our chamber instantly.

1 *Serv.* I shall my Lord. [*Within.*

Duke. I may forget agen,
And therefore will prevent: the strain of this
Troubles me so, one would not hazard more.

Enter 1 *Gent. and divers others.*

Gent. Your Will my Lord?

Duke. Yes; I discharge you all.

2 *Gent.* My Lord—

Duke. Your places shall be otherwise dispos'd of.

4 *Gent.* Why Sir?

Duke. Reply not, I dismiss you all:
Y'are Gentlemen, your worths will find you fortunes;
Nor shall your farewell taxe me of ingratitude.

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I'll give you all noble remembrances,
As testimonies 'gainst reproach and malice,
That you departed lov'd.
3 *Gen.* This is most strange, Sir.
1 *Gent.* But how is your Grace furnish'd, these dismiss'd?
Duke. Seek me out Grooms.
Men more insensible of reputation,
Less curious and precise in terms of honor,
That if my anger chance let fall a stroke,
As we are all subject to impetuous passions,
Yet it may pass unmurmur'd, undisputed;
And not with braver fury prosecuted. [*Exit.*
1 *Gent.* It shall be done, my Lord.
3 *Gent.* Know you the cause, Sir?
1 *Gent.* Not I kind Gentlemen, but by conjectures,
And so much shall be yours when you please.
4. Thanks Sir.
3 *Gent.* We shall i'th mean time think our selves guilty
Of some foul fault, through ignorance committed.
1 *Gent.* No, 'tis not that, nor that way.
4 *Gent.* For my part,
I shall be dis-inherited, I know so much.
1 *Gent.* Why Sir, for what?
4 *Gent.* My Sire's of a strange humor,
He'll form faults for me, and then swear 'em mine,
And commonly the first begins with leachery,
He knows his own youths trespass.
1 *Gent.* Before you go,
I'll come and take my leave, and tell you all Sirs.
3 *Gent.* Thou wert ever just and kind. [*Exit.*
1 *Gent.* That's my poor virtue, Sir,
And parcel valiant; but it's hard to be perfect:
The choosing of these fellows now will puzle me,
Horribly puzle me; and there's no judgement
Goes true upon mans outside, there's the mischief:
He must be touch'd, and try'd, for gold or dross;
There is no other way for't, and that's dangerous too;
But since I'm put in trust, [I] will attempt it:
The Duke shall keep one daring man about him.

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Enter a Gallant.

Soft, who comes here? a pretty bravery this:
Every one goes so like a Gentleman,
'Tis hard to find a difference, but by th' touch.
I'll try your mettal sure.

Gal. Why what do you mean Sir?

1 *Gent.* Nay, and you understand it not, I do not.

Gal. Yes, would you should well know,
I understand it for a box o'th' ear Sir.

1 *Gent.* And o'my troth, that's all I gave it for.

Gal. 'Twere best it be so.

1 *Gent.* This is a brave Coward,
A jolly threat'ning Coward; he shall be Captain:
Sir, let me meet you an hour hence i'th' Lobby.

Gal. Meet you? the world might laugh at [me] then i'faith.

1 *Ge.* Lay by your scorn and pride, they're scurvy qualities,
And meet me, or I'll box you while I have you,
And carry you gambril'd thither like a Mutton.

Gal. Nay, and you be in earnest, here's my hand
I will not fail you.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis for your own good.

Gal. Away.

1 *Gent.* Too much for your own good, Sir, a pox on you.

Gal. I prethee curse me all day long so.

1 *Gent.* Hang you. (me;

Gal. I'll make him mad: he's loth to curse too much to
Indeed I never yet took box o'th' ear,
But it redounded, I must needs say so—

1 *Gent.* Will you be gone?

Gal. Curse, curse, and then I goe.
Look how he grins, I've anger'd him to th' kidneys. [*Ex.*

1 *Gen.* Was ever such a prigging coxcomb seen?
One might have beat him dumb now in this humor,
And he'd ha' grin'd it out still:

Enter a plain fellow.

Oh, here's one made to my hand,
Methinks looks like a Craven;
Less pains will serve his trial: some slight justle.

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Plain. How? take you that Sir:
And if that content you not—
1 *Gent.* Yes very well, Sir, I desire no more.
Plain. I think you need not;
For you have not lost by't. [*Exit.*
1 *Gen.* Who would ha' thought this would have prov'd a (Gentleman?
I'll never trust long chins and little legs agen,
I'll know 'em sure for Gentlemen hereafter:
A gristle but in shew, but gave his cuff
With such a fetch, and reach of gentry,
As if h' had had his arms before the floud;
I have took a villanous hard taske upon me;
Now I begin to have a feeling on't.

Enter Lapet, *and Clown his servant, and so habited.*

Oh, here comes a try'd piece, now, the reformed kick.
The millions of punches, spurns, and nips
That he has endur'd! his buttock's all black Lead,
He's half a *Negro* backward; he was past a *Spaniard*
In Eighty eight, and more *Ægyptian* like;
His Table and his Book come both out shortly,
And all the cowards in the Town expect it;
So, if I fail of my full number now,
I shall be sure to find 'em at Church corners,
Where *Dives*, and the suff'ring Ballads hang.
Lap. Well, since thou art of so mild a temper,
Of so meek a spirit, thou mayst live with me,
Till better times do smile on thy deserts.
I am glad I am got home again.
Clow. I am happy in your service, Sir,
You'll keep me from the Hospital.
Lap. So, bring me the last proof, this is corrected.
Clow. I, y'are too full of your correction, Sir.
Lap. Look I have perfect Books within this half hour.
Clow. Yes Sir.
Lap. Bid him put all the Thumps in *Pica Roman.*
And with great T's, (you vermin) as Thumps should be.
Clow. Then in what Letter will you have your Kicks?
Lap. All in *Italica*, your backward blows
All in *Italica*, you *Hermophrodite*:

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When shall I teach you wit?
Clow. Oh let it alone,
Till you have some your self, Sir.
Lap. You mumble?
Clow. The victuals are lockt up;
I'm kept from mumbling. [*Exit.*
Lap. He prints my blows upon Pot Paper too, the rogue,
Which had been proper for some drunken Pamphlet.
1 *Gent.* Monsieur *Lapet*? how the world rings of you, Sir!
Your name sounds far and near.
Lap. A good report it bears, for an enduring name—
1 *Gent.* What luck have you Sir?
Lap. Why, what's the matter?
1 *Gent.* I'm but thinking on't.
I've heard you wish these five years for a place.
Now there's one fall'n, and freely without money too;
And empty yet, and yet you cannot have't.
Lap. No? what's the reason? I'll give money for't,
Rather than go without Sir.
1 *Gen.* That's not it Sir:
The troth is, there's no Gentleman must have it
Either for love or money, 'tis decreed so;
I was heartily sorry when I thought upon you,
Had you not been a Gentleman, I had fitted you.
Lap. Who I a Gentleman? a pox I'm none, Sir.
1 *Gent.* How?
Lap. How? why did you ever think I was?
1 *Gent.* What? not a Gentleman?
Lap. I would thou'dst put it upon me i'faith;
Did not my Grand-father cry Cony-skins?
My Father *Aquavitæ*? a hot Gentleman:
All this I speak on, i' your time and memory too;
Only a rich Uncle dy'd, and left me chattels,
You know all this so well too—
1 *Gent.* Pray excuse me, Sir, ha' not you Arms?
Lap. Yes, a poor couple here,
That serve to thrust in wild-Fowl.
1 *Gent.* Heralds Arms,
Symbols of Gentry, Sir: you know my meaning;
They've been shewn and seen.

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Lap. They have.
1 *Gen.* I fex have they.
Lap. Why I confess, at my wives instigation once,
(As Women love these Heralds kickshawes naturally)
I bought 'em: but what are they think you? puffs.
1 *Gent.* Why, that's proper to your name being *Lapet.*
Which is *La fart*, after the *English* Letter.
Lap. The Herald, Sir, had much adoe to find it.
1 *Gent.* And can you blame him?
Why, 'tis the only thing that puzles the devil.
Lap. At last he lookt upon my name agen,
And having well compar'd it, this he gave me,
The two Cholliques playing upon a wind Instrument.
1 *Gent.* An excellent proper one; but I pray tell me,
How does he express the Cholliques?
They are hard things.
Lap. The Cholliques? with hot trenchers at their bellies;
There's nothing better, Sir, to blaze a Chollique.
1 *Gent.* And are not you a Gentleman by this Sir?
Lap. No, I disclaim't: no belly-ake upon earth
Shall make me one: he shall not think
To put his gripes upon me,
And wring out gentry so, and ten pound first.
If the wind Instrument will make my wife one,
Let her enjoy't, for she was a Harpers Grand-child:
But Sir, for my particular, I renounce it.
1 *Gent.* Or to be call'd so?
Lap. I Sir, or imagin'd.
1 *Gent.* None fitter for the place: give me thy hand.
Lap. A hundred thousand thanks, beside a Bribe, Sir.
1 *Gent.* Yo[u] must take heed
Of thinking toward a Gentleman, now.
Lap. Pish, I am not mad, I warrant you: nay, more Sir,
If one should twit me i'th' teeth that I'm a Gentleman,
Twit me their worst, I am but one since *Lammas*,
That I can prove, if they would see my heart out.
[1] *Gen.* Marry, in any case keep me that evidence.

Enter Clown.

Lap. Here comes my Servant; Sir, *Galoshio*,

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Has not his name for nought, he will be trode upon:
What says my Printer now?
Clow. Here's your last Proof, Sir.
You shall have perfect Books now in a twinkling.
Lap. These marks are ugly.
Clow. He says, Sir, they're proper:
Blows should have marks, or else they are nothing worth.
La. But why a Peel-crow here?
Clow. I told 'em so Sir:
A scare-crow had been better.
Lap. How slave? look you, Sir,
Did not I say, this *Whirrit*, and this *Bob*,
Should be both *Pica Roman.*
Clow. So said I, Sir, both *Picked Romans*,
And he has made 'em *Welch* Bills,
Indeed I know not what to make on 'em.
Lap. Hay-day; a *Souse*, *Italica*?
Clow. Yes, that may hold, Sir,
Souse is a *bona roba*, so is *Flops* too.
Lap. But why stands *Bastinado* so far off here? (Sir.
Clow. Alas, you must allow him room to lay about him,
La. Why lies this *Spurn lower* than that *Spurn*, Sir?
Clow. Marry, this signifies one kick[t] down stairs, Sir,
The other in a Gallery: I asked him all these questions.
1 *Gent.* Your Books name?
Prethee *Lapet* mind me, you never told me yet.
La. Marry but shall Sir: 'tis call'd the Uprising of the *kick*;
And the downfall of the *Duello.*
1 *Gent.* Bring that to pass, you'll prove a happy member,
And do your Countrey service: your young blouds
Will thank you then, why they see fourscore.
Lap. I hope
To save my hundred Gentlemen a month by't,
Which will be very good for the private house.
Clow. Look you, your Table's finish'd, Sir, already.
Lap. Why then behold my Master-piece: see, see, Sir,
Here's all your Blows, and Blow-men whatsoever;
Set in their lively colours, givers, and takers.
1 *Gent.* Troth wondrous fine, Sir.
Lap. Nay, but mark the postures,

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The standing of the takers, I admire more than the givers;
They stand scornfully, most contumeliously, I like not them,
Oh here's one cast into a comely Figure. (long.

Clow. My Master means him there that's cast down head-

Lap. How sweetly does this fellow take his *Dowst*!
Stoops like a *Cammel*, that Heroick beast,
At a great load of Nutmegs; and how meekly
This other fellow here receives his *Whirrit*!

Clow. Oh Master, here's a fellow stands most gallantly,
Taking his *kick* in private, behind the hangings,
And raising up his hips to't. But oh, Sir,
How daintily this man lies trampled on!
Would I were in thy place, what e'er thou art:
How lovely he endures it! (think you?

1 *Gent.* But will not these things, Sir, be hard to practice,

Lap. Oh, easie, Sir: I'll teach 'em in a Dance.

1 *Gent.* How? in a dance?

Lap. I'll lose my new place else,
What e'er it be; I know not what 'tis yet. (well,

1 *Gent.* And now you put me in mind, I could employ it
For your grace, specially: For the Dukes Cosin
Is by this time in's violent fit of mirth,
And a device must be sought out for suddainly,
To over-cloy the passion.

Lap. Say no more, Sir,
I'll fit you with my Scholars, new practitioners,
Endurers of the time.

Clow. Whereof I am one Sir.

1 *Gent.* You carry it away smooth; give me thy hand, Sir.
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the two Brothers.

Pas. HA, ha, ha. [*Within.*

2 *Bro.* Hark, hark, how loud his fit's grown.

Pas. Ha, ha, ha.

1 *Bro.* Now let our Sister lose no time, but ply it
With all the power she has.

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2 *Bro.* Her shame grows big, brother;
The *Cupid*'s shape will hardly hold it longer,
'Twould take up half an Ell of *China* Damask more,
And all too little: it struts per'lously:
There is no tamp'ring with these *Cupids* longer,
The meer conceit with Woman-kind works strong.
Pas. Ha, ha, ha.
2 *Bro.* The laugh comes nearer now,
'Twere good we were not seen yet. [*Ex. Bro.*

Enter Passion, and Base, his jester.

Pas. Ha, ha, ha,
And was he bastinado'd to the life? ha, ha, ha.
I prethee say, Lord General, how did the rascals
Entrench themselves?
Base. Most deeply, politickly, all in ditches.
Pas. Ha, ha, ha.
Bas. 'Tis thought he'll ne'r bear Arms [ith'] field agen,
Has much ado to lift 'em to his head, Sir.
Pas. I would he had.
Bas. On either side round Truncheons plaid so thick,
That Shoulders, Chines, nay Flanks were paid to th' quick.
Pas. Well said Lord-General: ha, ha, ha.
Bas. But pray how grew the diff'rence first betwixt you?
Pas. There was never any, Sir; there lies the jest man;
Only because he was taller than his brother;
There's all my quarrel, to him; and methought
He should be beaten for't, my mind so gave me, Sir,
I could not sleep for't: Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Another good jest quickly, while 'tis hot now;
Let me not laugh in vain: ply me, oh ply me,
As you will answer't to my cosin Duke.
Bas. Alas, who has a good jest?
Pas. I fall, I dwindle in't.
Bas. Ten Crowns for a go[o]d jest: ha' you a good jest, Sir?

Enter Servant.

Serv. A pretty moral one.
Bas. Let's ha't, what e'er it be.
Serv. There comes a *Cupid*

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Drawn by six fools.

Bas. That's nothing.

Pas. Help it, help it then.

Bas. I ha' known six hundred fools drawn by a *Cupid.*

Pas. I that, that, that's the smarter Moral: ha, ha, ha. Now I begin to be Song-ripe methinks.

Bas. I'll sing you a pleasant Air Sir, before you ebb.

SONG.

Pas. *Oh how my Lungs do tickle! ha, ha, ha.*
Bas. *Oh how my Lungs do tickle! oh, oh, ho, ho.*

Pas. Sings.

Set a sharp Jest
Against my breast,
Then how my Lungs do tickle!
As Nightingales,
And things in Cambrick rails,
Sing best against a prickle,
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bas. *Ho, ho, ho, ho, ha.*
Pas. *Laugh.*
Bas. *Laugh.*
Pas. *Laugh.*
Bas. *Laugh.*
Pas. *Wide.*
Bas. *Loud.*
Pas. *And vary.*
Bas. *A smile is for a simpering Novice.*
Pas. *One that ne'er tasted Caveare.*
Bas. *Nor knows the smack of dear Anchovis.*
Pas. *Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.*
Bas. *Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.*
Pas. *A gigling waiting wench for me,*
That shews her teeth how white they be.
Bas. *A thing not fit for gravity,*
For theirs are foul, and hardly three.
Pas. *Ha, ha, ha.*
Bas. *Ho, ho, ho.*

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Pas. Democritus, *thou antient Fleerer,*
How I miss thy laugh, and ha' since.
Bas. *There you nam'd the famous Jeerer,*
That ever jeer'd in Rome, *or* Athens.
Pas. *Ha, ha, ha.*
Bas. *Ho, ho, ho.*
Pas. *How brave lives he that keeps a fool,*
Although the rate be deeper!
[B]as. *But he that is his own fool, Sir,*
Does live a great deal cheaper.
Pas. *Sure I shall burst, burst, quite break, thou art so witty.*
Bas. *'Tis rare to break at Court, for that belongs to th' City.*
Pas. *Ha, ha, my spleen is almost worn to the last laughter.*
Bas. *Oh keep a corner for a friend, a jest may come hereafter.*

Enter Lapet *and Clown, and four other like fools, dancing, the* Cupid *leading, and bearing his Table, and holding it up to* Lapet *at every strain, and acting the postures.*

Lap. Twinge all now, twinge I say.

2 Strain.

Souse upon Souse.

3 Strain.

Douses single.

4 Strain.

Justle sides.

5 Strain.

Knee Belly.

6 Strain.

Kicksee Buttock.

7 Strain.

La. Downderry.

Enter Soldier, Shamont's *brother; his sword drawn.*

Sol. Not angry Law, nor doors of Brass shall keep me,
From my wrongs expiation to thy Bowels,
I return my disgrace; and after turn
My face to any death that can be sentenc'd.
Base. Murder, oh murder, stop the murderer there—
Lap. I am glad he's gone; h'as almost trode my guts out;
Follow him who list for me, I'll ha' no hand in't.

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Clo. Oh 'twas your luck and mine to be squelch'd, Mr. H'as stamp'd my very Puddings into Pancakes.

Cup. Oh brothers, oh, I fear 'tis mortal: help, oh help, I'm made the wretchedst woman by this accident, That ever love beguil'd.

Enter two Brothers.

2 *Bro.* We are undone Brother,
Our shames are too apparent: Away receptacle
Of Luxury, and dishonor, most unfortunate,
To make thy self but lucky to thy spoil,
After thy Sexes manner: lift him up Brother;
He breaths not to our comfort, he's too wasted
Ever to cheer us more: A Chirurgeon speedily;
Hence; the unhappiest that e'er stept aside,
She'll be a Mother, before she's known a Bride.

Cup. Thou hadst a most unfortunate conception,
What e'er thou prov'st to be; in midst of mirth
Comes ruine, for a welcome, to thy birth. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. This is a beautiful life now; privacy
The sweetness and the benefit of Essence:
I see there is no man, but may make his Paradice;
And it is nothing but his love, and dotage
Upon the worlds foul joyes, that keeps him out on't:
For he that lives retir'd in mind, and spirit,
Is still in Paradice, and has his innocence,
Partly allow'd for his companion too,
As much as stands with justice: here no eyes
Shoot their sharp pointed scorns upon my shame;
They know no terms of reputation here,
No punctual limits, or precise dimensions:
Plain down-right honesty is all the beauty
And elegancy of life, found amongst Shepheards;
For knowing nothing nicely, or desiring it,
Quits many a vexation from the mind,
With which our quainter knowledge does abuse us;

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The name of envy is a stranger here,
That dries mens blouds abroad, robs Health and Rest,
Why here's no such fury thought on: no, nor falshood,
That brotherly disease, fellow-like devil,
That plays within our bosom, and betrays us.

Enter 1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* Oh are you here?
Sham. *La Nove*, 'tis strange to see thee.
1 *Gent.* I ha' rid one horse to death,
To find you out, Sir.
Sham. I am not to be found of any man
That saw my shame, nor seen long.
1 *Gent.* Good, your attention:
You ought to be seen now, and found out, Sir,
If ever you desire before your ending
To perform one good office, nay, a dear one,
Mans time can hardly match it.
Sham. Be't as precious
As reputation; if it come from Court
I will not hear on't.
1 *Gent.* You must hear of this, Sir.
Sham. Must?
1 *Gent.* You shall hear it.
Sham. I love thee, that thou'lt dye.
1 *Gent.* 'Twere nobler in me,
Than in you living: you will live a murderer,
If you deny this office.
Sham. Even to death, Sir.
1 *Gent.* Why then you'll kill your brother.
Sham. How?
1 *Gent.* Your Brother, Sir:
Bear witness heaven, this man destroys his Brother
When he may save him, his least breath may save him:
Can there be wilfuller destruction?
He was forc'd to take a most unmanly wrong,
Above the suff'ring virtue of a Soldier,
Has kill'd his injurer, a work of honor;
For which, unless you save him, he dies speedily
My conscience is discharg'd, I'm but a friend,

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A Brother should go forward where I end. [*Exit.*
Sham. Dyes?
Say he be naught, that's nothing to my goodness,
Which ought to shine through use, or else it loses
The glorious name 'tis known by: he's my brother;
Yet peace is above bloud: Let him go; I,
But where's the nobleness of affection then?
That must be car'd for too, or I'm imperfect,
The same bloud that stood up in wrath against him,
Now in his misery, runs all to pity;
I'd rather dye than speak one syllable
To save my self, but living as I am,
There's no avoiding on't, the worlds humanity
Expects it hourly from me: curse of fortune,
I took my leave so well too: Let him dye,
'Tis but a brother lost; so pleasingly,
And swiftly I came off, 'twere more than irksomness,
To tread that path agen; and I shall never
Depart so handsomely: but then where's posterity?
The consummation of our house and name?
I'm torn in pieces betwixt love and shame. [*Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Lapet, Clown, Poultrot, Moulbazon, *and others, the new Court Officers.*

Lap. Good morrow fellow *Poltrot*, and *Moulbazon*,
Good morrow fellows all.
Pol. Monsieur *Lapet*? (you.
Lap. Look, I've remembred you, here's books apiece for
Moul. Oh Sir, we dearly thank you.
Lap. So you may:
There's two impressions gone already, Sirs.
Pol. What no? in so short a time?
Lap. 'Tis as I tell you, Sir.
My Kick sells gallantly, I thank my stars.
Clow. So does your Table; you may thank the Moon too.
Lap. 'Tis the Book sells the Table.
Clow. But 'tis the Bookseller
That has the money for 'em, I'm sure o' that.

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Lap. 'Twill much enrich the Company of Stationers,
'Tis thought 'twill prove a lasting benefit,
Like the *Wise Masters*, and the *Almanacks*,
The hundred *Novels*, and the Book of *Cookery*,
For they begin already to engross it,
And make it a Stock-book, thinking indeed
'Twill prove too great a benefit, and help,
For one that's new set up: they know their way,
And make him Warden, e'r his beard be gray.

Moul. Is't possible such virtue should lye hid,
And in so little Paper?

Lap. How? why there was the Carpenter,
An unknown thing; an odoriferous Pamphlet,
Yet no more Paper, by all computation,
Than *Ajax Telamon* would use at once,
Your Herring prov'd the like, able to buy
Another *Fishers* Folly, and your *Pasquil*
Went not below the mad-caps of that time,
And shall my elaborate *Kick* come behind, think you?

Clow. Yes, it must come behind, 'tis in *Italica* too,
According to your humor.

Lap. Not in sale, Varlet.

Clow. In sale, Sir? it shall sail beyond 'em all I tro.

Lap. What have you there now? oh Page 21.

Clow. That Page is come to his years, he should be a

Lap. Mark how I snap up the *Duello* there: (Serving man.
One would not use a dog so,
I must needs say; but's for the common good.

Clow. Nay Sir, your Commons seldom fight at sharp,
But buffet in a Warehouse.

Lap. This will save
Many a Gentleman of good bloud from bleeding, Sirs,
I have a curse from many a Barber-Surgeon;
They'd give but too much money to call't in;
Turn to Page 45. see what you find there.

Clow. Oh, out upon him,
Page 45. that's an old thief indeed.

Enter Duke, the Lady his Sister, 1 *Gent.*

Lap. The Duke, clap down your Books; away *Galoshio.*

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Clow. Indeed I am too foul to be i' th' presence,
They use to shake me off at the chamber door still. [*Ex.*
Lady. Good my Lord, grant my suit: let me not rise
Without the comfort on't: I have not often
Been tedious in this kind.
Duke. Sister, you wrong your self,
And those great virtues that your Fame is made of,
To waste so much breath for a murderers life.
Lad. You cannot hate th' offence more than I do, Sir,
Nor the offendor, the respect I owe
Unto his absent brother, makes me a suitor,
A most importunate Sister, make me worthy
But of this one request.
Duke. I am deaf
To any importunacy, and sorry
For your forgetfulness; you never injur'd
Your worth so much, you ought to be rebuk'd for't:
Pursue good ways, end as you did begin,
'Tis half the guilt to speak for such a sin.
La. This is loves beggery right, that now is ours,
When Ladies love, and cannot shew their powers. [*Ex.*
Du. La Nove?
1 *Gent.* My Lord.
Duke. Are these our new Attendants?
Lap. We are my Lord, and will endure as much
As better men, my Lord, and more I trust.
Duke. What's he?
1 *Gent.* My Lord, a decay'd Gentleman,
That will do any service.
Duke. A decay'd one?
1 *Gent.* A renounc'd one indeed: for this place only.
Duke. We renounce him then; go, discharge him instantly.
He that disclaims his gentry for meer gains,
That man's too base to make a vassal on.
Lap. What says the Duke?
1 [*Gent.*] Faith little to your comfort, Sir,
You must be a Gentleman agen.
Lap. How?
1 *Gent.* There's no remedy.
Lap. Marry, the fates forefend: ne'r while I breathe, Sir.

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1 *Gent.* The Duke will have it so, there's no resisting,
He spy'd it i' your forehead.
Lap. My wife's doing.
She thought she should be put below her betters now,
And su'd to ha' me a Gentleman agen.
1 *Gent.* And very likely, Sir,
Marry, I'll give you this comfort when all's done,
You'll never pass but for a scurvy one,
That's all the help you have: come shew your pace.
Lap. The heaviest Gentleman that e'er lost place;
Bear witness, I am forc'd to't. [*Exit.*
Duke. Though you have a courser Title yet upon you,
Than those that left your places, without blame,
'Tis in your power to make your selves the same:
I cannot make you Gentlemen, that's a work
Rais'd from your own deservings, merit, manners,
And in-born virtue does it. Let your own goodness
Make you so great, my power shall make you greater;
And more t'encourage you, this I add agen,
There's many Grooms, now exact Gentlemen.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. Methinks 'tis strange to me to enter here:
Is there in nature such an awful power,
To force me to this place? and make me do this?
Is mans affection stronger than his Will?
His resolution? was I not resolv'd
Never to see this place more? Do I bear
Within my breast one bloud that confounds th' other?
The bloud of Love, and Will, and the last weakest?
Had I ten Millions, I would give it all now,
I were but past it, or 'twould never come;
For I shall never do't, or not do't well,
But spoil it utterly betwixt two passions,
Yonder's the Duke himself, I will not do't now,
Had twenty lives their several sufferings in him. [*Exit.*
Duke. Who's that went out now?
Pol. I saw none my Lord.
Duke. Nor you?
Moul. I saw the glimpse of one my Lord.

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Duke. What e'er it was, methought it pleas'd me strangely
And suddenly my joy was ready for't.
Did you not mark it better?
Pol. & Moul. Troth my Lord,
We gave no great heed to't.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. 'Twill not be answer'd,
It brings me hither still; by main force hither:
Either I must give over to profess humanity,
Or I must speak for him.
Duke. 'Tis here agen:
No marvel 'twas so pleasing, 'tis delight
And worth it self, now it appears unclouded.
Sham. My Lord—
He turns away from me: by this hand
I am ill-us'd of all sides: 'tis a fault
That fortune ever had t'abuse a goodness.
Duke. Methought you were saying somewhat.
Sham. Mark the Language,
As coy as fate; I see 'twill ne'er be granted.
Duke. We little look'd in troth to see you here yet.
Sham. Not till the day after my brother's death, I think.
Duke. Sure some great business drew you.
Sham. No insooth, Sir,
Only to come to see a brother dye, Sir,
That I may learn to go too; and if he deceive me not,
I think he will do well in't of a soldier,
Manly, and honestly: and if he weep then,
I shall not think the worse on's manhood for't,
Because he's leaving of that part that has it.
Duke. Has slain a noble Gentleman, think on't, Sir.
Sham. I would I could not, Sir.
Duke. Our kinsman too.
Sham. All this is but worse, Sir.
Duke. When 'tis at worst,
Yet seeing thee, he lives.
Sham. My Lord—
Duke. He lives,
Believe it as thy bliss, he dies not for't:

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Will this make satisfaction for things past?
Sham. Oh my Lord—
Duke. Will it? speak.
Sham. With greater shame to my unworthiness.
Duke. Rise then, we're even: I never found it harder
To keep just with a man: my great work's ended.
I knew your brother's pardon was your suit, Sir.
How ever your nice modesty held it back.
Sham. I take a joy now, to confess it, Sir.

Enter 1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* My Lord—
Duke. Hear me first, Sir, what e'er your news be:
Set free the Soldier instantly.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis done, my Lord.
Duke. How?
1 *Gent.* In effect: 'twas part of my news too,
There's fair hope of your noble kinsman's life, Sir.
Duke. What sayst thou?
1 *Gent.* And the most admired change
That living flesh e'r had; he's not the man my Lord;
Death cannot be more free from passions, Sir,
Than he is at this instant: he's so meek now,
He makes those seem passionate, was never thought of:
And for he fears his moods have oft disturb'd you, Sir,
He's only hasty now for his forgiveness,
And here behold him, Sir.

Enter Passion, the Cupid, *and two Brothers.*

Duke. Let me give thanks first: our worthy Cosin—
Pas. Your unworthy trouble, Sir;
For which, with all acknowledg'd reverence,
I ask your pardon; and for injury
More known and wilful, I have chose a wife,
Without your counsel, or consent, my Lord.
Duke. A wife? where is she, Sir?
Pas. This noble Gentlewoman.
Duke. How?
Pas. Whose honor my forgetful times much wrong'd.
Duke. He's madder than he was.

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1 *Gent.* I would ha' sworn for him.
Duke. The *Cupid*, Cosin?
Pas. Yes, this worthy Lady, Sir.
Duke. Still worse and worse.
1 *Bro.* Our Sister under pardon, my Lord.
Duke. What?
2 *Bro.* Which shape Love taught her to assume.
Duke. Is't truth then? (Lord.
1 *Gent.* It appears plainly now, below the waste, my
Duke. *Shamont*, didst ever read of a She-*Cupid*?
Sham. Never in fiction yet: but it might hold, Sir;
For desire is of both Genders.

Enter the Dukes Sister.

Duke. Make that good here: {*He joyns* Shamont's *hand*
I take thee at thy word, Sir. { *and his Sisters.*
Sham. Oh my Lord,
Love would appear too bold, and rude from me,
Honour and admiration are her rights,
Her goodness is my Saint, my Lord.
Duke. I see,
Y'are both too modest to bestow your selves:
I'll save that virtue still, 'tis but my pains: come,
It shall be so.
Sham. This gift does but set forth my poverty.
La. Sir, that which you complain of, is my riches.

Enter Shamont's *brother the Soldier.*

Duke. Soldier, now every noise sounds peace, th'art welcome.
Sol. Sir, my repentance sues for your blest favour,
Which once obtain'd, no injury shall lose it;
I'll suffer mightier wrongs.
Duke. Rise, lov'd and pardon'd:
For where Hope fail'd, nay Art it self resign'd,
Thou'st wrought that cure, which skill could never find;
Nor did there cease, but to our peace extend;
Never could wrongs boast of a nobler end. [*Exeunt.*

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EPILOGUE.

OUr Poet bid us say for his own part,
He cannot lay too much forth of his Art:
But fears our over-acting passions may,
As not adorn, deface his labour'd Play,
Yet still he's resolute, for what is writ
Of Nicer valour, and assumes the wit:
But for the Love-Scænes which he ever meant,
Cupid *in's Peticoat should represent,*
He'll stand no shock of censure; the Play's good,
He says he knows it, (if well understood.)
But we (blind god) beg, if thou art Divine.
Thou'lt shoot thy Arrows round, this Play was thine.

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Mr. *Francis Beaumonts* Letter to *Ben. Johnson*, written before he and Mr. *Fletcher* came to *London*, with two of the precedent Comedies then not finish'd, which deferr'd their merry meetings at the *Mermaid*.

THe Sun which doth the greatest comfort bring
To absent friends, because the self-same thing
They know they see however absent, is,
Here our best Hay-make[r] *forgive me this,*
It is our Countreys stile. In this warm shine,
I l[y]*e and dream of your full Mermaid Wine.*
Oh we have water mixt with Claret Lees,
Drink apt to bring in dryer Heresies
Than Beer, good only for the Sonnets strain,
With fustian Metaphors to stuff the brain,
So mixt, that given to the thirstiest one,
'Twill not prove Alms, unless he have the stone:
I think with one draught mans invention fades,
Two Cups had quite spoil'd Homers Illiads;
'Tis Liquor that will find out Sutcliff's *wit,*
Lye where he will, and make him write worse yet;
Fil'd with such moisture in most grievous qualms;
Did Rob[ert] Wisdom *write his Singing Psalms;*
And so must I do this, and yet I think
It is a potion sent us down to drink,
By special Providence keeps us from fights,
Makes us not laugh, when we make legs to knights.
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our States,
A Medicine to obey our Magistrates:

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For we do live more free than you, no hate,
No envy at one anothers [happy] *State*
Moves us, we are all equal every whit:
Of Land that God gives men here is their wit:
If we consider fully, for our best,
And gravest men will with his main house jest,
Scarce please you; we want subtilty to do
The City tricks, lye, hate, and flatter too:
Here are none that can bear a painted show,
Strike when you winch, and then lament the blow:
Who like Mills set the right way for to grind,
Can make their gains alike with every wind:
Only some fellows with the subtil'st pate
Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
At selling of a Horse, and that's the most.
Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you, for Wit is like a Rest
Held up at Tennis, which men do the best,
With the best gamesters: what things have we seen,
Done at the Mermaid *! heard words that have been*
So nimble, and so full of subtil flame,
As if that every one from whence they came,
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolv'd to live a fool, the rest
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justifie the Town
For three days past, wit that might warrant be
For the whole City to talk foolishly
Till that were cancell'd, and when that was gone,
We left an Air behind us, which alone,
Was able to make the two next Companies

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Right witty; though but downright fools, more wise.
When I remember this, and see that now
The Countrey Gentlemen begin to allow
My wit for dry bobs, then I needs must cry,
I see my days of Ballating grow nigh;
I can already Riddle, and can Sing
[Ca]tches, sell bargains, and I fear shall bring
My self to speak the hardest words I find,
Over, as oft as any, with one wind,
That takes no medicines: But one thought of thee
Makes me remember all these things to be
The wit of our young men, fellows that show
No part of good, yet utter all they know:
Who like trees of the Guard, have growing souls.
Only strong destiny, which all controuls,
I hope hath left a better fate in store,
For me thy friend, than to live ever poor,
Banisht unto this home; fate once again
Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and plain
The way of Knowledge for me, and then I,
Who have no good but in thy company,
Protest it will my greatest comfort be
To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.
Ben. *when these* Scænes *are perfect, we'll taste wine;*
I'll drink thy Muses health, thou shalt quaff mine.

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The Honest Man's Fortune.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Duke of *Orleans, a spleenful detracting Lord.*
Earl of *Amiens,* — *Brother-in-law to* Orleans, *a noble accomplish'd Gentleman, servant to* Lamira.
Mountague, *an honest Lord.*
Du-boys, Longueville, — *Two faithful followers of* Mountague.
Voramer, *the loving and loyal Page of* Mountague.
La Verdine, *a knavish Courtier.*
La Poop, *a foisting Captain.*
Mallicorn, *a sharking Citizen.*
Two Lawyers.
Two Creditors.
Officers.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Duchess of *Orleans,* — *a virtuous Lady, and chaste, (but suspected) wife to the Duke.*
Lamira, *a modest Virgin, and a Lady, rich and noble.*
Charlotte, Lamira's *Woman.*

The Scene France.

The Principal Actors were

Nathan Field,
Rob. Benfield,
Emanuel Read,
Joseph Taylor,
Will. Eglestone,
Thomas Basse.

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Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the Duke of Orleance, *and the Earl of* Amiens, *at several doors.*

Amiens.

MOrrow, my Lord of *Orleans.*

Orl. You salute me like a stranger; brother *Orleance* were to me a Title more belonging, whom you call the Husband of your Sister.

Ami. Would the circumstances of your brotherhood had never offer'd cause to make our conversation less familiar: I meet you like a hindrance in your way: your great Law-suit is now upon the tongue, and ready for a judgement.

Orl. Came you from the Hall now?

Ami. Without stay; the Court is full, and such a press of people does attend the issue, as if some great man were brought to his arraignment.

Orl. Every mothers son of all that multitude of hearers, went to be a witness of the misery your Sisters fortunes must have come to, if my adversary who did love her first, had been her Husband.

Ami. The success may draw a testimony from them, to confirm the same opinion, but they went prepar'd with no such hope or purpose.

Orl. And did you intreat the number of them, that are come with no such hope or purpose.

Ami. Tush, your own experience of my heart can answer ye.

Orl. This doubtful, makes me clearly understand your disposition.

Ami. If your cause be just,
I wish you a conclusion like your cause.

Orl. I can have any common charity to such a Prayer
From a friend I would expect a love to prosper in;
Without exceptions such a love as might
Make all my undertakings thankful to't;
Precisely just is seldom faithful in our wishes
To another mans desires: Farewel. [*Exit* Orl.

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Enter Montague *having a Purse*, Duboys, Longueville, *and* Voramer *the Page, with two Caskets.*

Dub. Here comes your adversarie's brother-in-law.
Long. The Lord of *Amiens.*
Dub. From the Hall I think.
Ami. I did so: save your Lordship. (state,
Mount. That's a wish my Lord, as courteous to my present
As ever honest mind was thankful for;
For now my safety must expose it self
To question: yet to look for any free
Or hearty salutation (Sir) from you
Would be unreasonable in me.
Ami. Why?
Mont. Your Sister is my adversarie's wife;
That nearness needs must consequently draw
Your inclination to him.
Ami. I will grant
Him all the nearness his alliance claims,
And yet be nothing less impartial,
My Lord of *Montague.*
Mont. Lord of *Montague* yet:
But (Sir) how long the dignity or state
Belonging to it will continue, stands
Upon [t]he dangerous passage of this hour.
Either for evermore to be confirm'd,
Or like the time wherein 'twas pleaded, gone:
Gone with it, never to be call'd again.
Ami. Justice direct your process to the end;
To both your persons my respect shall still
Be equal; but the righteous cause is that
Which bears my wishes to the side it holds,
Where, ever may it prosper. [*Exit* Amiens.
Mont. Then my thanks
Are proper to you, if a man may raise
A confidence upon a lawful ground
I have no reason to be once perplex'd
With any doubtful motion, *Longue*[*v*]*ille*,
That Lord of *Amiens*, (didst observe him?) has
A worthy nature in him.

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Long. Either 'tis his nature or his cunning.
Mont. That's the vizard of most mens actions,
Whose dissembled lives
Do carry only the similitude
Of goodness on 'em: but for him
Honest [b]ehaviour makes a true report,
What disposition does inhabit him,
Essential virtue.
Long. Then 'tis pity that
Injurious *Orleans* is his brother.
Dub. He is but his brother-in-law.
Long. Law? that's as bad.
Dub. How is your Law as bad? I rather wish
The hangman thy Executor than that
Equivocation should be ominous.

Enter two Lawyers, and two Creditors.

Long. Some of your Lawyers—
1 *Law.* What is ominous?
2 *Law.* Let no distrust trouble your Lordships thought.
1 *Law.* The evidences of your question'd Land
Ha' not so much as any literal
Advantage in 'em to be made against
Your Title.
2 *Law.* And your Council understands
The business fully.
1 *Law.* Th'are industrious, just.
2 *Law.* And very confident.
1 *Law.* Your state endures
A voluntary trial; like a man
Whose honors are maliciously accus'd.
2 *Law.* The accusation serves to clear his cause.
1 *Law.* And to approve his truth more.
2 *Law.* So shall all
Your adversarie's pleadings strengthen your
Possession.
1 *Law.* And be set upon record
To witness the hereditary right
Of you and yours.
2 *Law.* Courage, you have the law.

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Long. And you the profits.
Mont. If discouragement
Could work upon me, your assurances
Would put me strongly into heart again;
But I was never fearful: and let fate
Deceive my expectation, yet I am
Prepared against dejection.
1 *Cre.* So are we.
2 *Cre.* We have received a comfortable hope
That all will speed well.
Long. What is he *Duboys*?
Dub. A Creditor.
Long. I thought so, for he speaks
As if he were a partner in his state.
Mont. Sir, I am largely indebted to your loves.
Long. More to their purses.
M[o]nt. Which you shall not lose.
1 *Cred.* Your Lordship.
Dub. That's another creditor.
1 *Cred.* Has interest in me.
Long. You have more of him.
1 *Cred.* And I have had so many promises
From these, and all your learned Counsellors;
How certainly your cause will prosper: that—
Long. You brought no Serjeants with you?
Dub. To attend his ill success.
Mont. Good Sir, I will not be
Unthankful either to their industries
Or your affections.
1 *Law.* All your Land (my Lord)
Is at the barr now, give me but ten Crowns
I'll save you harmless.
Long. Take him at his word;
If he does lose, you're sav'd by miracle,
For I never knew a Lawyer yet undone.
1 *Law.* Then now you shall, Sir, if this prospers not.
Long. Sir, I beseech you do not force your voice
To such a loudness, but be thrifty now;
Preserve it till you come to plead at bar
It will be much more profitable in

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The satisfaction than the promise.
1 *Law.* Is not this a satisfaction to engage
My self for this assurance, if he—
Mont. No Sir, my ruin never shall import
Anothers loss, if not by accident,
And that my purpose is not guilty of:
You [are] engag'd in nothing but your care. [*Ex. Law.*
Attend the Procurator to the Court,
Observe how things incline, and bring me word.
Long. I dare not, Sir, if I be taken there,
Mine ears will be in danger.
Mont. Why? hast thou
Committed something that deserves thine ears?
Long. No, but I fear the noise; my hearing will be
Perished by the noise; 'tis as good 't want
[A member, as to loose the use—]
Mont. The ornament is excepted.
Long. Well my Lord
I'll put 'em to the hazard. [*Exit* Long.
1 *Cred.* Your desires be prosperous to you.
2 *Cred.* Our best Prayers wait
Upon your fortune. [*Exeunt* Cred.
Dub. For your selves, not him.
Mont. Thou canst not blame 'em: I am in their debts.
Ver. But had your large expence (a part whereof
You owe 'em) for unprofitable Silks
And Laces, been bestowed among the poor,
That would have prayed the right way for you:
Not upon you.
Mont. For unprofitable Silks
And Laces? now believe me honest boy
Th'ast hit upon a reprehension that belongs
Unto me.
Ver. By —— my Lord,
I had not so unmannerly a thought,
To reprehend you.
Mont. Why I love thee for't.
Mine own acknowledgement confirms thy words:
For once I do remember, comming from

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The Mercers, where my Purse had spent it self
On those unprofitable toys thou speak'st of,
A man half naked with his poverty
Did meet me, and requested my relief:
I wanted whence to give it, yet his eyes
Spoke for him, those I could have satisfied
With some unfruitful sorrow, (if my tears
Would not have added rather to his grief,
Than eas'd it) but the true compassion that
I should have given I had not: this began
To make me think how many such mens wants
The vain superfluous cost I wore upon
My outside would have clothed, and left my self
A habit as becomming: to increase
This new consideration there came one
Clad in a garment plain and thrifty, yet
As decent as these fair dear follies; made
As if it were of purpose to despise
The vanity of shew: his purse had still
The power to do a charitable deed,
And did it.

Dub. Yet your inclination, Sir,
Deserv'd no less to be commended, than his action.

Mont. Prethee do not flatter me;
He that intends well, yet deprives himself
Of means, to put his good thoughts into deed,
Deceives his purpose of the due reward
That goodness merits: oh antiquity
Thy great examples of Nobility
Are out of imitation, or at least
So lamely follow'd, that thou art as much
Before this age in virtue, as in time.

Dub. Sir, it must needs be lamely followed, when
The chiefest men love to follow it
Are for the most part cripples.

Mont. Who are they?

Dub. Soldiers, my Lord, soldiers.

Mont. 'Tis true *Duboys*: but if the law disables me no (more
For Noble actions, than good purposes,
I'll practice how to exercise the worth

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Commended to us by our ancestors;
The poor neglected soldier shall command
Me from a Ladies Courtship, and the form
I'll study shall no more be taught me by
The Taylor, but the Scholar; that expence
Which hitherto has been to entertain
Th' intemperate pride and pleasure of the taste
Shall fill my Table more to satisfie,
And less to surfeit.
What an honest work it would be; when we find
A Virgin in her poverty, and youth
Inclining to be tempted, to imploy
As much perswasion, and as much expence
To keep her upright, as men use to do upon her falling.

Dub. 'Tis charity that many Maids will be unthankful for,
And some will rather take it for a wrong,
To buy 'em out of their inheritance,
The thing that they were born to.

Enter Longueville.

Mont. *Longueville*, thou bringst a chearful promise in thy (face.
There stands no pale report upon thy cheek,
To give me fear or knowledge of my loss, 'tis red and lively.
How proceeds my suit? (*Hercules*,

Long. That's with leave, Sir, a labour that to those of
May add another; or (at least) be call'd
An imitation of his burning shirt:
For 'twas a pain of that [un]merciful
Perplexity, to shoulder through the throng
Of people that attended your success:
My sweaty linnen fixt upon my skin,
Still as they pull'd me, took that with it; 'twas
A fear I should have left my flesh among 'em:
Yet I was patient, for (methought) the toil
Might be an emblem of the difficult
And weary passage to get out of Law.
And to make up the dear similitude,
When I was forth seeking my handkerchief
To wipe my sweat off, I did find a cause
To make me sweat more, for my Purse was lost

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Among their fingers.
Dub. There 'twas rather found.
Long. By them.
Dub. I mean so.
Mont. Well, I will restore
Thy damage to thee: how proceeds my suit?
L[o]ng. Like one at Brokers; I think forfeited.
Your promising Counsel at the first
Put strongly forward with a labour'd speed,
And such a violence of pleading, that
His Fee in Sugar-candy scarce will make
His throat a satisfaction for the hurt
He did it, and he carried the whole cause
Before him, with so clear a passage, that
The people in the favour of your side
Cried *Montague*, *Montague*: in the spight of him
That cryed out silence, and began to laugh
Your adversaries advocate to scorn:
Who like a cunning Footman set me forth
With such a temperate easie kind of course
To put him into exercise of strength,
And follow'd his advantages so close,
That when your hot mouth'd pleader thought h' had won,
Before he reacht it, he was out of breath,
And then the other stript him.
Mont. So all is lost.
Long. But how I know not; for, (methought) I stood
Confounded with the clamour of the Court,
Like one embark'd upon a storm at Sea,
Where the tempestuous noise of Thunder mixt
With roaring of the billows, and the thick,
Imperfect language of the Sea-men, takes
His understanding and his safety both
Together from him.
Mont. Thou dost bring ill news.
Long. Of what I was unwilling to have been
The first reporter.
Mont. Didst observe no more?
Long. At least no better.
Mont. Then th'art not inform'd

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So well as I am; I can tell thee that
Will please thee, for when all else left my cause,
My very adversaries took my part.
Long. —Whosoever told you that, abused you.
Mont. Credit me, he took my part
When all forsook me.
Long. Took it from you.
Mont. Yes I mean so, and I think he had just cause
To take it, when the verdict gave it him.
Dub. His Spirit would ha' sunk him, e'r he could
Have carried an ill fortune of this weight so lightly.
Mont. Nothing is a misery, unless our weakness apprehend it so;
We cannot be more faithful to our selves
In any thing that's manly, than to make
Ill fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others.

Enter Lawyers.

Long. Here come they
Whose very countenances will tell you how
Contemptible it is to others.
Mont. Sir?
Long. The Sir of Knighthood may be given him, e'r
They hear you now?
Mont. Good Sir but a word.
Dub. How soon the loss of wealth makes any man
Grow out of knowledge.
Long. Let me see, I pray, Sir,
Never stood you upon the Pillory?
1 *Law.* The Pillory?
Long. Oh now I know you did not.
Y'ave ears, I thought ye had lost 'em; pray observe,
Here's one that once was gracious in your eyes.
1 *Law.* Oh my Lord, have an eye upon him.
Long. But ha' you ne'er a Counsel to redeem
His Land yet from the judgement?
2 *Law.* None but this, a Writ of error to remove the cause.

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Long. No more of error, we have been in that too much already.

2 *Law.* If you will reverse the judgement, you must trust to that delay.

Long. Delay? indeed he's like to trust to that,
With you has any dealing. (*nem.*

2 *Law.* E'r the Law proceeds to an *Habere facias possessio-*

Dub. That's a language Sir, I understand not.

Long. Th'art a very strange unthankful fellow to have taken Fees of such a liberal measure, and then give a man hard words for's money.

1 *Law.* If men will hazard their salvations,
What should I say? I've other business.

Mont. Y'are i'th' right;
That's it you should say, now prosperity has left me.

Enter two Creditors.

1 *Cred.* Have an eye upon him; if
We lose him now, he's gone for ever; stay
And dog him: I'll go fetch the Officers.

Long. Dog him you Bloud-hound: by this point thou shalt more safely dog an angry Lion, than attempt him.

Mont. What's the matter? (loss

Long. Do but stir to fetch a Serjeant; and besides your
Of labour, I'll have you beaten, till
Those casement in your faces be false lights.

Dub. Falser than those you sell by.

Mont. Who gave you Commission to abuse my friends thus?

Lon. Sir, are those your friends that would betray you?

Mont. 'Tis to save themselves rather than betray me.

1 *Cred.* Your Lordship makes a just construction of it.

2 *Cred.* All our desire is but to get our own.

Long. Your wives desires and yours do differ then.

Mont. So far as my ability will go
You shall have satisfaction *Longeville.*

Long. And leave your self neglected; every man
Is first a debtor to his own demands, being honest.

Mont. As I take it, Sir, I did
Not entertain you for my Counselor.

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Long. Counsel's the office of a servant,
When the master falls upon a danger; as
Defence is; never threaten with your eyes,
They are no cockatrices; do you hear?
Talk with [a] Girdler, or [a] Mill'ner,
He can inform you of a kind of men
That first undid the profit of those trades
By bringing up the form of carrying
Their *Morglays* in their hands: with some of those
A man may make himself a priviledge
To ask a question at the prison gates
Without your good permission.

2 *Cred.* By your leave.

Mont. Stay Sir, what one example since the time
That first you put your hat off to me, have
You noted in me to encourage you
To this presumption? by the justice now
Of thine own rule, I should begin with thee,
I should turn thee away ungratified
For all thy former kindness, forget
Thou ever didst me any service: 'tis not fear
Of being arrested, makes me thus incline
To satisfy you; for you see by him,
I lost not all defences with my state;
The curses of a man to whom I am
Beholding terrify me more, than all
The violence he can pursue me with.
Duboys, I did prepare me for the worst;
These two small Cabinets do comprehend
The sum of all the wealth that it hath pleased
Adversity to leave me, one as rich
As th'other, both in Jewels; take thou this,
And as the Order put within it shall
Direct thee, distribute it half between
Those Creditors, and th' other half among
My servants: for (Sir) they are my Creditors
As well as you are, they have trusted me
With their advancement: if the value fail,
To please you all, my first increase of means
Shall offer you a fuller payment; be content

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To leave me something, and imagine that
You put a new beginner into credit.
Cred. So prosper our own blessings, as we wish you to your merit.
Mont. Are you[r] silences of discontent, or of sorrow?
Dub. Sir, we would not leave you.
Long. Do but suffer us to follow you, and what our present means, or industries hereafter can provide, shall serve you.
Mont. Oh desire me not to live
To such a baseness, as to be maintained
By those that serve me; pray begone, I will
Defend your honesties to any man
That shall report you have forsaken me;
I pray begone. [*Exeunt Servants and Creditors.*
Why, dost thou weep my boy,
Because I do not bid thee go to[o]?
Ver. No, I weep (my Lord) because I would not go; I fear you will command me.
Mont. No my child,
I will not; that would discommend th' intent
Of all my other actions: thou art yet
Unable to advise thy self a course,
Should I put thee to seek it; after that
I must excuse, or at the least forgive
Any [un]charitable deed that can be done against my self.
Ver. Every day (my Lord) I tarry with you, I'll account
A day of blessing to me; for I shall
Have so much less time left me of my life
When I am from you: and if misery
Befall you (which I hope so good a man
Was never born to) I will take my part,
And make my willingness increase my strength
To bear it. In the Winter I will spare
Mine own cloth[e]s from my self to cover you;
And in the Summer, carry some of yours
To ease you: I'll doe any thing I can.
Mont. Why, thou art able to make misery
Ashamed of hurting, when thy weakness can
Both bear it, and despise it: Come my boy
I will provide some better way for thee

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Than this thou speakst of: 'tis the comfort that
[Ill] fortune has undone me into the fashion:
For now in this age most men do begin,
To keep but one boy, that kept many men. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Orleans, a Servant, his Lady following.

Orl. Where is she? call her.
Lady. I attend you Sir.
Orl. Your friend sweet Madam.
Lady. What friend, good my Lord?
Orl. Your *Montague*, Madam, he will shortly want
Those Courtly graces that you love him for;
The means wherewith he purchased this, and this;
And all his own provisions to the least
Proportion of his feeding, or his clothes,
Came out of that inheritance of land
Which he unjustly lived on: but the law
Has given me right in't, and possession; now
Thou shalt perceive his bravery vanish, as
This Jewell does from thee now, and these Pearls
To him that owes 'em.
Lady. Ye are the owner Sir of every thing that does belong to me.
Orl. No, not of him, sweet Lady.
Lady. O good [God]!
Orl. But in a while your mind will change, and be
As ready to disclaim him; when his wants
And miseries have perish'd his good face,
And taken off the sweetness that has made
Him pleasing in a womans understanding.
La. O Heaven, how gratious had Creation been
To women, who are born without defence,
If to our hearts there had been doors through which
Our husbands might have lookt into our thoughts,
And made themselves undoubtfull.
Orl. Made 'em mad.
La. With honest women.
Orl. Thou dost still pretend
A title to that virtue: prethee let
Thy honesty speak freelie to me now.

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Thou know'st that *Montague*, of whose Land
I [a]m the master, did affect thee first,
And should have had thee, if the strength of friends
Had not prevail'd above thine own consent.
I have undone him; tell me how thou dost
Consider his ill fortune and my good.

La. I'll tell you justly his undoing is
An argument for pity and for tears
In all their dispositions that have known
The honor and the goodness of his life:
Yet that addition of prosperity,
Which you have got by't, no indifferent man
Will malice or repine at, if the Law
Be not abused in't; howsoever since
You have the upper fortune of him, 'twill
Be some dishonor to you to bear your self
With any pride or glory over him.

Orl. This may be truely spoken, but in thee
It is not honest.

La. Yes, so honest, that I care not if the chast *Penelope*
Were now alive to hear me.

Enter Amiens.

Orl. Who comes there?

La. My brother.

Am. Save ye.

Orl. Now Sir, you have heard of prosperous *Montague.*

Am. No Sir, I have heard of *Montague*,
But of your prosperity.

Orl. Is he distracted.

Am. He does bear his loss with such a noble strength
Of patience that,
Had fortune eyes to see him, she would weep
For having hurt him, and pretending that
Shee did it but for triall of his worth:
Hereafter ever love him.

Orl. I perceive you love him, and because (I must confess)
He does deserve that though for some respects,
I have not given him that acknowledgement,
Yet in mine honor I did still conclude to use him nobly.

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Am. Sir, that will become your reputation and make me grow proud of your alliance.

Orl. I did reserve the doing of this friendship till I had
His fortunes at my mercy, that the world
May tell him 'tis a willing courtesie.

La. This change will make me happy. (me when

Orl. 'Tis a change; thou shalt behold it: then observe
That *Montague* had possession of my Land,
I was his rivall, and at last obtain'd
This Lady who, by promise of her own
Affection to him, should ha' bin his wife;
I had her, and withheld her like a pawn,
Till now my Land is rend'red to me again,
And since it is so, you shall see I have
The conscience not to keep her—give him her— [*draws.*
For by the faithfull temper of my sword, she shall not tarry with me.

Am. Give me way— [*draws.*
Thou most unworthy man—give me way;
Or by the wrong he does the Innocent,
I'll end thy misery and his wickedness, together.

Lady. Stay and let me justifie
My husband in that, I have wrong'd his bed. [*Exeunt Am: Orl:*

Enter Orleans in amazement, the servants following him.

Never—all shames that can afflict me fall
Upon me if I ever wrong'd you;

Orl. Didst thou not confess it;

La. 'Twas to save your blood from shedding, that has
Turn'd my brothers edge;
He that beholds our thoughts as plainely as
Our faces, knowes it, I did never hurt
My honesty but by accusing it.

Orl. Womens consents are sooner credited
Than their denials: and I'll never trust
Her body that prefers any defence
Before the safety of her honor—here

Enter Servant.

Show forth that stranger—give me not a word.

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Thou seest a danger readie to be tempted.
La. Cast that upon me rather than my shame,
And as I am now dying I will vow
That I am honest.
Orl. Put her out of dores; but that I fear my land
May go again to *Montague*, I would kill thee, I am loth,
To make a beggar of him that way; or else—
Go now you have the liberty of flesh,
And you may put it to a double use,
One for your pleasure, th'other to maintain
Your wellbeloved, he will want. [*Exit Lady.*
In such a charitable exercise
The virtue will excuse you for the vice. [*Exit Orleans.*

Enter Amiens drawn, Montague, Veramor meeting.

Mont. What means your Lordship?
Ver. For the love of [God].
Am. Thou hast advantage of me, cast away this buckler.
Mont. So he is Sir, for he lives
With one that is undone—avoyd us boy.
Ver. I'll first avoid my safety,
Your Rapier shall be button'd with my head, before it touch my Master.
Am. Montague?
Mont. Sir.
Am. You know my sister?
Mont. Yes Sir.
Am. For a whore? (her honor.
Mont. You lye, and shall lie lower if you dare abuse

Enter Lady.

La. I am honest.
Am. Honest!
La. Upon my faith I am.
Am. What did then p[e]rsuade thee to condemn thy self?
La. Your safety.
Am. I had rather be expos'd
To danger, than dishonor; th'ast betray'd
The reputation of my familie
More basely by the falseness of that word,

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Than if thou hadst delivered me asleep
Into the hands of base enemies.
Relief will never make thee sensible
Of thy disgraces; let thy wants compell thee to it. [*Exit.*

La. O I am a miserable woman. (relieve you?

Mont. Why Madam? are you utterly without means to

La. I have nothing Sir, unless by changing of these cloaths for worse, and then at last the worst for nakedness.

Mont. Stand off boy, nakedness would be a change
To please us Madam, to delight us both.

La. What nakedness Sir? (Lovers once.

Mont. Why the nakedness of body Madam, we were

La. Never dishonest Lovers.

Mont. Honestie has no allowance now to give our selves.

La. Nor you allowance against honestie.

Mont. I'll send my Boy hence, opportunitie
Shall be our servant, come and meet me first
With kisses like a stranger at the door,
And then invite me nearer to receive
A more familiar inward wellcome; where,
Instead of tapers made of Virgins wax
Th'increasing flames of our desires shall light
Us to a banquet: and before the taste
Be dull with satisfaction, I'll prepare
A nourishment compos'd of every thing
That bears a naturall friendship to the blood,
And that shall set another edge upon 't,
Or else between the courses of the feast
We'll dallie out an exercise of time,
That ever as one appetite expires another may succeed it.

La. O my Lord, how has your nature lost her worthiness!
When our affections had their liberty,
Our kisses met as temperatelie as
The hands of sisters, or of brothers, that
Our bloods were then as moving; then you were
So noble, that I durst have trusted your
Embraces in an opportunity
Silent enough to serve a ravisher,
And yet come from you—undishonor'd—how
You think me altered, that you promise your

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Attempt success I know not; but were all
The sweet temptations that deceive us set
On this side, and [on] that side all the waiters,
These neither should p[e]rsuade me, nor these force.
Mont. Then misery may waste your body.
Lady. Yes, but lust shall never. (first
Mont. I have found you still as uncorupted as I left you
Continue so; and I will serve you with
As much devotion as my word, my hand
Or purse can show you; and to justifie
That promise, here is half the wealth I have,
Take it, you owe me nothing, till you fall
From virtue, which the better to protect
I have bethought me of a present means:
Give me the Letter; this commends my Boy
Into the service of a Lady, whose
Free goodness you have bin acquainted with, *Lamira*.
Lady. Sir I know her. (you;
Mont. Then believe her entertainment will be noble to
My boy shall bring you thither: and relate
Your manner of misfortune if your own
Report needs any witness: so I kiss your hand good Lady.
Lady. Sir, I know not how to promise, but I cannot be unthankfull.
Mont. All that you can implore in thankfulness
Be yours, to make you the more prosperous.
Farwell my boy,—I am not yet oppress'd. [*Exit Lady Vere.*
Having the power to helpe one that's distress'd. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundi. Scæna Prima.

Enter Longaville and Dubois.

Long. WHat shall we do now: swords are out of use,
And words are out of credit.
Dub. We must serve.
L[o]ng. The means to get a service will first spend
Our purses; and except we can allow
Our selves an entertainment, service will
Neglect us; now 'tis grown into a doubt

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Whether the Mr. or the servants gives the countenance.

Dub. Then fall in with Mistresses.

Long. They keep more servants now (indeed) than men,
But yet the age is grown so populous
Of those attendants, that the women are
Grown full too.

Dub. What shall we propound our selves?

Long. I'll think on't.

Dub. Do; Old occupations have too many setters up to prosper, some uncommon trade would thrive now.

Long. Wee'll e'en make up some half a dozen proper men.
And should not we get more
Than all your female sinners?

Dub. If the house be seated as it should be privately.

Long. I, but that would make a multitude of witches.

Dub. Witches? how prethee?

Long. Thus the bauds would all turn witches to revenge
Themselves upon us, and the women that
Come to us, for disguises must wear beards,
And that's they say, a token of a witch.

Dub. What shall we then do.

Long. We must study on't
With more consideration; stay *Duboyes*
Are not the Lord of *Orleans* and the Lord
Of *Amiens* enemies?

Dub. Yes, what of that.

Long. Methinks the factions of two such great men.
Should give a promise of advancement now
To us that want it. (second thee.

Dub. Let the plot be thine, and in the enterprize I'll

Long. I have it, we will first set down our selves
The Method of a quarrell; and make choyce
Of some frequented Tavern; or such a place
Of common notice, to perform it in
By way of undertaking to maintain
The severall honors of those enemies.
Thou for the Lord of *Orleans*; I for *Amiens*.

Dub. I like the project, and I think 'twill take
The better, since their difference first did rise
From his occasion whom we followed once.

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Long. We cannot hope less after the report,
Than entertainment or gratuity,
Yet those are ends, I do not aim at most;
Great spirits that are needy, and will thrive,
Must labour whiles such troubles are alive. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Laverdine and La-poope.

La-p. Slander is sharper than the sword. I have fed this three dayes upon leaf *Tobacco*, for want of other Victuals.

Lav. You have liv'd the honester Captain; but be not so dejected, but hold up thy head, and meat will sooner fall i'thy mouth.

La-p. I care not so much for meat, so I had but good liquor, for which my guts croak like so many Frogs for rain.

Lav. It seems, you are troubled with the wind-Collick, Captain, swallow a bullet: 'tis present remedy I'll assure you.

La-p. A bullet? I'll tell you Sir, my panch is nothing but a pile of bullets; when I was in any service I stood between my Generall and the shot, like a mud-wall; I am all lead, from the crown of the head to the soal of the foot, not a sound bone about me.

La[*v*]. It seems you have bin in terrible hot service Captain.

La-p. It has ever bin the fate of the low Country wars to spoil many a man, I ha' not bin the first nor shall not be the last: but I'll tell you Sir, (hunger has brought it in to mind) I served once at the Siege of *Braste*, 'tis memorable to this day, where we were in great distress for victuals, whole troops fainted more for want of food then for blood, and died, yet we were resolved to stand it out; I my self was but then Gentleman of a Company, and had as much need as any man, and indeed I had perished had not a miraculous providence preserved me.

Lav. As how good Captain?

La-p. Marry Sir, e'en as I was fainting and falling down for want of sustenance, the enemy made a shot at me, and struck me full ith' paunch with a penny loaf.

Lav. Instead of a bullet!

La-p. In stead of a bullet.

Lav. That was miraculous indeed; and that loaf sustained you.

La-p. Nourished me or I had famished with the rest.

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Lav. You have done worthy acts being a soldier, and now you shall give me leave to requite your tale, and to acquaint you with the most notorious deeds that I have done being a Courtier. I protest Captain I will lie no more than you have done.

La-p. I can indure no lies.

Lav. I know you cannot Captain, therefore I'll only tell you of strange things: I did once a deed of charity for it self; I assisted a poor widow in a sute, and obtained it, yet I protest I took not a penny for my labor.

La-p. 'Tis no such strange thing.

Lav. By *Mars* Captain, but it is, and a very strange thing too in a Courtier, it may take the upper hand of your penny loaf for a miracle. I could ha' told you how many Ladyes have languished for my love, and how I was once sollicited by the mother, the daughter, and grand-mother; out of the least of which I might have digg'd my self a fortune; they were all great Ladyes, for two of them were so big I could hardly embrace them: but I was sluggish in my' rising courses, and therefore let them pass; what means I had is spent upon such as had the wit to cheat me; That wealth being gone, I have only bought experience with it, with a strong hope to cheat others; but see here comes the much declined *Montague*, who had all the Manor houses, which were the body of his estate, overthrowen by a great wind.

Enter Montague, Mallicorne.

La-p. How by a great wind? was he not overthrown by law?

Lav. Yes, marry was he: but there was terrible puffing and blowing before he was overthrown, if you observ'd, and believe it Captain, there's no wind so dangerous to a building as a lawyers breath.

La-p. What's he with him?

Lav. An eminent Citizen, Mounsier *Mallicorne*, let's stand a side and listen their design.

Mal. Sir, profit is the Crown of labor, it is the life, the soul of the industrious Merchant, in it he makes his paradise, and for it neglects Wife, Children, Friends, Parents, nay all the world, and delivers up himself to the violence of storms, and to

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be tos'd into unknown ayrs; as there is no faculty so perillous, so there's none so worthy profitable.

Mont. Sir, I am very well possest of it, and what of my poore fortunes remaines, I would gladly hazard upon the Sea: it cannot deal worse with me than the Land, though it sink or throw it in the hands of Pirats. I have yet five hundred pounds left, and your honest and worthy acquaintance may make me a young Merchant; th'one moity of what I have I would gladly adventure.

Mal. How adventure? you shall hazard nothing: you shall only joyn with me in certain commodities that are safe arrived unto the Key; you shall neither be in doubt of danger nor dammage; But so much money disburst, so much receive; Sir, I would have you conceive I pursue it not for any good your money will do me, but meerly out of mine own freeness and courtesie to pleasure you.

Mont. I can believe no less, and you express a noble nature, seeking to build up a man so ruin'd as my self.

Lav. Captain here is subject for us to work upon if we have wit; you hear that there is money yet left, and it is going to be layd out in Rattels, Bels, Hobby-Horses, brown paper, or some such like sale commodities; now it would do better in our purses, upon our backs in good Gold-lace, and Scarlat, and then we might pursue our projects, and our devices towards my Lady *Annabella*; go to, there's a conceit newly landed, heark I stand in good reputation with him, and therefore may the better cheat him: Captain, take a few instructions from me.

Mont. What monies I have is at your disposing, and upon twelve I will meet you at the Pallace with it.

Mal. I will there expect you, and so I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Lav. You apprehend me?

La-p. Why do ye think I am a dunce?

Lav. Not a dunce Captain, but you might give me leave to misdoubt that pregnancy in a Soldier, which is proper and hereditary to a Courtier; but prosecute it, I will both second, and give credit to it. Good Mounsier *Montague*, I would your whole revenues lay within the circuit of mine armes, that I might as easily bestow, or restore it unto you as my curtesie.

La-p. My zealous wishes Sir, do accompany his for your good fortunes.

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Lav. Believe it Sir, our affection towards you is a strong band of friendship.

Mont. To which I shall most willingly seal. But believe me Gentlemen in a broken estate, the bond of friendship oft is forfeited, but that it is your free and ingenuous nature to renew it.

Lav. Sir, I will amply extend my self to your use, and am very zealously afflicted as not one of your least friends for your crooked fate; But let it not seise you with any dejection, you have as I hear a sufficient competency left, which well disposed may erect you as high in the worlds account as ever.

Mont. I cannot live to hope it, much less injoy it, nor is it any part of my endeavor; my study is to render every man his own, and to contain my self within the limits of a Gentleman.

Lav. I have the grant of an Office given me by some noble favorites of mine in Court, there stands but a small matter between me and it, if your ability be such to lay down the present summ, out of the love I bear you, before any other man, it shall be confirmed yours.

Mont. I have heard you often speak of such a thing; If it be assur'd to you I will gladly deal in it: that portion I have, I would not hazard upon one course, for I see the most certain is incertain.

La-p. Having money Sir, you could not light upon men that could give better direction; there is at this time a friend of mine upon the Seas; to be plain with you, he is a pyrate, that hath wrote to me to work his fredom, and by this Gentlemans means, whose acquaintance is not small at Court; we have the word of a worthy man for it, only there is some money to be suddainly disburst, and if your happiness be such to make it up you shall receive treble gain by it, and good assurance for it.

Mont. Gentlemen, out of the weakness of my estate you seem (to have some knowledge of my brest) that wou'd if it were possible advance my declined fortunes, to satisfie all men of whom I have had credit, and I know no way better than these which you propose; I have some money ready under my command, some part of it is already promis'd, but the remainder is yours to such uses as are propounded.

Lav. Appoint some certain place of meeting, for these affaires require expedition.

Mount. I will make it my present business: at twelve, I

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am to meet *Mallicorne*, the Marchant at the Pallace, you know him Sir, about some negotiation of the same nature, there I will be ready to tender you that money, upon such conditions as we shall conclude of.

Lav. The care of it be yours, so much as the affair concerns you. (leave.

Mont. Your caution is effectuall, and till then I take my

Lav. Good Mr *Montague*. [*Exit.*

W[*i*]*thin a clamor, down with their weapons.*

Enter Longavile, and Dubois, their swords drawn, servants and others between them.

Ser. Nay Gentlemen what mean you? pray be quiet, have some respect unto the house.

Long. A treacherous slave.

Du. Thou dost revile thy self base *Longavile.*

Long. I say thou art a villain, and a corrupt one, that hast some seven years fed on thy masters trencher, yet never bredst good blood towards him: for if thou hadst, thou'dst have a sounder heart.

Du. So Sir, you can use your tongue something nimbler than your sword.

Long. Wou'd you cou'd use your tongue well of your Master, friend you might have better imployment for your sword.

Du. I say again, and I will speak it loud and often, that *Orleans* is a noble Gentleman with whom *Amiens* is too light to poyse the scale.

Long. He is the weaker for taking of a prayse out of thy mouth.

Du. This hand shall seal his merit at thy heart.

Lav. Part them my masters, part them.

Ser. Part them Sir, why do you not part them, you stand by with your sword in your hand, and cry part 'em.

Lav. Why you must know my friend my cloaths are better than yours, and in a good suit, I do never use to part any body.

La-p. And it is discretion.

Lav. I marry is it Captain.

Long. *Dubois* though this place priviledge thee, know

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where next we meet, the blood which at thy heart flows drops at thy feet.

Enter Amience in haste, his sword drawn.

Du. I would not spend it better than in this quarrell, and on such a hazard.

Ami. What uprore's this, must my name here be question'd in Tavern brawls, and by affected Ruffins?

Lav. Not we indeed Sir.

Du. Fear cannot make me shrink out of your fury, though you were greater than your name doth make you, I am one, and the opposer; if your swoln rage have ought in malice to inforce express it.

Ami. I seek thee not, nor shalt thou ever gain
That credit, which a blow from me wou'd give thee,
By my —— I more detest that fellow
Which took my part than thee, that he durst offer
To take my honor in his feeble armes,
And spend it in a drinking room; which way went he?

Lav. That way Sir, I wou'd you wou'd after; for I do fear we shall have some more scuffling.

Ami. [I]'ll follow him, and if my speed o'er take him, I shall ill thank him, for his forwardness. [*Exit.*

Lav. I am glad he's gone, for I doe not love to see a sword drawn in the hand of a man that lookes so furious, there's no jesting with edge tooles, how say you Captain?

Cap. I say 'tis better jesting than to be in earnest with them.

Enter Orleance.

Orl. How now? what's the difference? they say there have bin swords drawn, and in my quarrell: let me know that man, whose love is so sincere to spend his blood for my sake, I will bounteously requite him.

Lav. We were all of your side, but there he stands begun it.

Orl. What's thy name?

Dub. *Duboyes.*

Orl. Give me thy hand, [thou] hast received no hurt?

Dub. Not any, nor were this body stuck full of wounds, I should not count them hurts, being taken in so honorable a cause as the defence of my most worthy Lord.

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Orl. The dedication of thy love to me requires my ample bounty, thou art mine, for I do find thee made unto my purposes: Mounsieur *Laverdine*, pardon my neglect I not observed you, and how runs rumour?

Lav. Why, it runs my Lord like a foot-man without a cloak, to show that what's once rumour'd it cannot be hid.

Or[*l*]. And what say the rable, am not I the subject of their talk?

Lav. Troth my Lord the common mouth speaks foul words.

Orl. Of me, for turning away my wife, do they not?

Lav. Faith the men do a little murmure at it and say, 'tis an ill president in so great a man, marry the women they rayl out right.

Orl. Out upon them rampallions. I'll keep my self safe enough out of their fingers, but what say my pritty jolly composed gallants that censure every thing more desperate than it is dangerous; what say they?

Lav. Marry they are laying wagers, what death you shall die; one offers to lay five hundred pounds; And yet he had but a groat about him, &.that was in two twopences too to any man that wou'd make it up a shilling; that you were kil'd with a Pistoll charg'd with white Powder; another offerd to pawn his soul for five shillings, and yet no body wou'd take him, that you were stab'd to death, and shou'd die with more wounds than *Cesar*.

Orl. And who shou'd be the Butchers that shou'd do it? *Montague* and his associates?

Lav. So 'tis conjectured.

La-p. And believe it, sweet Prince, it is to be feared, and therefore prevented.

Orl. By turning his purpose on himself, were not that the way?

Lav. The most direct path for your safety. For where doth danger sit more furious than in a desperate man?

La-p. And being you have declined his means, you have increast his malice.

Lav. Besides the generall report that steems in every mans breath, and stains you all over with infamy, that Time the devourer of all things cannot eat out.

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La-p. I, for that former familiarity, which he had with your Lady.

Lav. Men speak it as boldly as words of compliment; good morrow, good even, or [God] save you Sir, are not more usuall; if the word cuckold had been written upon your forehead in great Capitall Letters, it could not have been dilated with more confidence.

Orl. He shall not sleep another night, I will have his blood, though it be required at my hands again.

Lav. Your Lordship may, and without hazarding your own person; here's a Gentleman in whose looks I see a resolution to perform it.

Dub. Let his Lordship give me but his honorable word for my life, I'll kill him as he walks.

Lav. Or pistoll him as he sits at meat.

La-p. Or at game.

Lav. Or as he is drinking.

Dub. Any way.

Orl. Wou't thou? call what is mine thine own, thy reputation shall not be brought in question for it, much less thy life; it shall be nam'd a deed of valour in thee, not murder: Farewell. [*Exit.*

Dub. I need no more encouragement, it is a work I will persuade my self that I was born to.

Laver. And you may persuade your self too that you shall be sav'd by it, being that it is for his honorable Lordship.

Dub. But you must yield me means, how, when and where.

Lav. That shall be our tasks;
Nay more, we will be agents with thee:
This hour we are to meet him, on the receipt of certain moneys,
Which indeed we purpose honestly to cheat him of,
And that's the main cause I wou'd have him slain,
Who works with safety makes a double gain. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Longaville, Amiens following him.

Ami. Stay Sir, I have took some pains to overtake you.—Your name is *Longaville.*

Long. I have the word of many honest men for't, I crave your Lordships pardon, your sudden apprehension on my steps

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made me to frame an answer unwitting and unworthy your respect.

Ami. Doe you know me?

Long. Yes, my Lord.

Ami. I know not you; nor am I well pleased to make this time, as the affair now stands, the induction of your acquaintance; you are a fighting fellow.

Long. How my Lord?

Ami. I think I too much grace you; rather you are a fellow dares not fight, but spit and puffe and make a noyse, whilst your trembling hand draws out your Sword, to lay it upon andirons, stools or tables, rather than on a man.

Long. Your honor may best speak this; yet —— with little safety, if I thought it serious.

Ami. Come, you are a verie braggart, and you have given me cause to tell you so: what weakness have you ever seen in me to prompt your self, that I could need you help; or what other reason[s] could induce you to it? you never yet had a meals meat from my Table, nor as I remember from my Wardrop any cast Suit.

Lon. 'Tis true, I never durst yet have such a servile spirit, to be the minion of a full swoln Lord; but alwaies did detest such slavery: a meals meat, or a cast Suit? I wou'd first eat the stones, and from such rags the dunghils doe afford, pick me a garment.

Ami. I have mistook the man, his resolute spirit
Proclaimes him generous, he has a noble heart
As free to utter good deeds as to act them;
For had he not been right, and of one piece,
He would have crumpled, curled, and struck himself
Out of the shape of man into a shaddow.
But prethee tell me, if no such fawning hope
Did lead thee on to hazard life for my sake;
What was it that incited thee?
Tell me; speak it without the imputation of a Sycophant.

Long. Your own desert, and with it was joyn'd the unfained friendship that I judged you ever held unto my former Lord.

Ami. The noble *Montague*?

Long. Yes, the noble and much injured *Montague.*

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Ami. To such a man as thou art, my heart shall be
A Casket: I will lock thee up there,
And esteem thee as a faithfull friend,
The richest Jewell that a man enjoyes;
And being thou didst follow once my friend,
And in thy heart still dost, not with his fortunes casting him off,
Thou shalt go hand in hand with me, and share
As well in my ability as love; 'tis not my end
To gain men for my use, but a true friend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duboys.

Dub. There's no such thriving way to live in grace,
As to have no sence of it; his back nor belly
Shall not want warming that can practise me mischief;
I walk now with a full purse, grow high and wanton,
Prune and briske my self in the bright shine
Of his good Lordships favours; and for what virtue?
For fashioning my self a murderer.
O noble *Montague*, to whom I owe my heart,
With all my best thoughts, though my tongue have promis'd
To exceed the malice of thy destiny,
Never in time of all my service knew I
Such a sin tempt thy bounty; those that did feed
Upon thy charge had merit or else need.

Enter Laverdine, and La-poope, with disguises.

Lav. *Duboys*, most prosperously met.

Dub. How now? will he come this way?

La. This way, immediately; therefore thy assistance, dear *Duboys.*

Dub. What have you cheated him of the money you spoke of?

Lav. Fough, as easily as a silly Countrey wench of her maydenhead; we had it in a twinkling.

Dub. 'Tis well Captain, let me help you, you must be our leader in this action.

La-p. Tut, fear not, I'll warrant you if my Sword hold, we'll make no sweating sickness of it.

Dub. Why that's well said, but let's retire a little, that we may come on the more bravely; this way, this way. [*Exeunt.*

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Enter Montague in the hands of three Officers, and three Creditors.

1 *Cre.* Officers look to him, and be sure you take good security before he part from you.

Mont. Why but my friends, you take a strange course with me; the sums I owe you are rather forgetfulness, they are so slight, than want of will or honesty to pay you.

1 *Cred.* I Sir, it may be so; but we must be paid, and we will be paid before you scape: we have wife and children, and a charge, and you are going down the wind, as a man may say; and therefore it behooves us to look to't in time.

2 *Cred.* Your cloak here wou'd satisfie me, mine's not above a three pound matter, besides the arrest.

3 *Cred.* 'Faith and mine is much about that matter too; your Girdle and Hangers, and your Beaver, shall be sufficient bail for't.

1 *Cred.* If you have ever a plain black sute at home, this Silken one, with your Silke-stockings, Garters, and Roses shall pacifie me too; for I take no delight, if I have a sufficient pawn, to cast any Gentleman in prison; therefore 'tis but an untrussing matter: and you are free, we are no unreasonable creatures you see; for mine own part, I protest I am loth to put you to any trouble for security.

Mont. Is there no more of you? he wou'd next demand my skin.

1 *Cred.* No Sir, here's no more of us, nor do any of us demand your skin, we know not what to do with it: but it may be if you ow'd your Glover any money, he knew what use to make of it.

Mont. Ye dregs of baseness, vultures amongst men,
That tyre upon the hearts of generous spirits.

1 *Cred.* You do us wrong Sir, we tyre no generous spirits, we tyre nothing but our hackneys.

Enter Mallicorne.

Mont. But here comes one made of another piece;
A man well meriting that free born name
Of Citizen; welcome my deliverer, I am falen
Into the hands of blood-hounds, that for a sum

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Lesser than their honesties, which is nothing,
Wou'd tear me out of my skin.

Mal. Why Sir, what's the matter?

1 *Cre.* Why Sir the matter is, that we must have our money, which if we cannot have, we'll satisfie our selves with his carcass, and be payd that wayes: you had as good Sir, not have been so peremptory. Officer, hold fast.

1 *Offi.* The strenuous fist of vengeance now is clutcht; therefore fear nothing.

Mal. What may be the debt in gross?

Mont. Some forty Crowns, nay rather not so much, 'tis quickly cast.

Mal. 'Tis strange to me, that your estate shou'd have so low an ebb, to stick at such sleight sums: why my friends, you are too strict in your accounts, and call too sudden on this Gentleman, he has hopes left yet to pay you all.

1 *Cred.* Hopes? I marry; bid him pay his friends with hopes, and pay us with currant Coyn: I knew a gallant once that fed his creditors still with hopes, and bid 'em they shou'd fear nothing, for he had 'em tyed in a string; and trust me so he had indeed, for at last he and all his hopes hopt in a halter.

Mont. Good Sir, with what speed you may, free me out of the company of these slaves, that have nothing but their names to show 'em men.

Mal. What wou'd you wish me do Sir? I protest I ha' not the present sum (small as it is) to lay down for you; and for giving my word, my friends no later than yesternight made me take bread and eat it, that I shou'd not do it for any man breathing i'th' world; therefore I pray hold me excused.

Mont. You do not speak this seriously?

Mal. As ever I said my prayers, I protest to you.

Mont. What may I think of this?

Mal. Troth Sir thought is free for any man; we abuse our betters in it, I have done it my self.

Mont. Trust me, this speech of yours doth much amaze me; pray leave this language, and out of that same sum you lately did receive of me, lay down as much as may discharge me.

Mal. You are a merry man Sir, and I am glad you take your crosses so temperately; fare you well Sir, and yet I have

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something more to say to ye, a word in your ear I pray; to be plain with you I did lay this plot to arrest you to enjoy this money I have of yours, with the more safety. I am a fool to tel[l] you this now; but in good faith I could not keep it in. And the money wou'd a done me little good else. An honest Citizen cannot wholly enjoy his own wife for you, they grow old before they have true use of them, which is a lamentable thing, and truely much hardens the hearts of us Citizens against you: I can say no more, but am heartily sorry for your heaviness, and so I take my leave. [*Exit Mallycorne.*

1 *Cred.* Officers take hold on him again, for Mounsier *Mallycorne* will do nothing for him I perceive.

Enter Duboys, Lapoope, and Laverdine.

Dub. Nay come my masters, leave dancing of the old measures, and let's assault him bravely.

Lav. By no means; for it goes against my stomach to kill a man in an unjust quarrell.

La-p. It must needs be a clog to a mans conscience all his life time.

Lav. It must indeed Captain: besides doe ye not see he has gotten a guard of friends about him, as if he had some knowledge of our purpose?

Dub. Had he a guard of Devils, as I think them little better, my Sword should doe the message that it came for.

Lav. If you will be so desperate, the blood lie upon your own neck, for we'll not meddle in't.

Duboys runs upon Montague, and strugling yields him his Sword; the Officers draw, Laverdine and La-poope in the scuffling retire, Montague chaseth them off the Stage, himself wounded.

Dub. I am your friend and servant.
Struggle with me and take my Sword;
Noble Sir, make your way, you have slain an Officer.

Mont. Some one of them has certainly
Requited me; for I doe lose much blood.

1 *Offic.* Udsprecious, we have lost a brother, pursue the Gentleman.

2 *Offic.* I'll not meddle with him: you see what comes on't; besides I know he will be hang'd ere he be taken.

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1 *Offic.* I tell thee yeoman he must be taken ere he be hanged; he is hurt in the guts, run afore therefore and know how his wife will rate his Sawsages a pound.

3 *Offic.* Stay brother, I may live, for surely I find I'm but hurt in the leg, a dangerous kick on the shin-bone. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Madam Lamira, Madam le Orleans, Veramour.

Lam. YOU see Lady
What harmless sports ou[r] Countrey life affords;
And though you meet not here with City dainties,
Or Courtly entertainment, what you have
Is free and hearty.

L. Orl. Madam, I find here
What is a stranger to the Court, content,
And receive curtesies done for themselves,
Without an expectation of return,
Which binds me to your service.

Lam. Oh your love;
My homely house built more for use than shew
Observes the Golden mean equally distant
From glittering pomp, and sordid avarice;
For Maskes, we will observe the works of nature,
And in the place of visitation, read:
Our Physick shall be wholsome walks, our viands,
Nourishing, not provoking: for I find
Pleasures are tortures that leave stings behind.

L. Orl. You have a great estate.

Lam. A competency
Sufficient to maintain me and my rank,
Nor am I, I thank Heaven, so Courtly bred
As to imploy the utmost of my Rents
In paying Tailors for phantastick Robes;
Or rather than be second in the fashion,
Eat out my Officers and my Revenues
With grating usury; my back shall not
Be the base on which your soothing Citizen
Erects his Summer-houses; nor on th' other side

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Will I be so penuriously wise,
As to make money (that's my slave) my Idoll,
Which yet to wrong, merits as much reproof,
As to abuse our servant.
L. Orl. Yet with your pardon
I think you want the Crown of all contentment.
Lam. In what good Madam?
L. Orl. In a worthy husband.
Lam. —— It is strange the galley-slave should praise
His Oar, or stroaks; or you, that have made shipwrack
Of all delight upon this Rock, cal'd marriage,
Should sing *Encomions* on't.
L. Orl. Madam, though one fall
From his horse and break his neck, will you
Conclude from that it is unfit to ride?
Or must it follow, because *Orleans*
My Lord's pleased to make his passionate triall
Of my suspected patience, that my brother,
(Were he not so, I might say, worthy *Amiens*)
Will imitate his ills, that cannot fancy
What's truely Noble in him?
Lam. I must grant
There's as much worth in him as can be lookt for
From a young Lord, but not enough to make
Me change my golden liberty and consent
To be a servant to it, as wives are
To the Imperious humors of their Lords:
Me thinks I'm well, I rise and goe to bed
When I think fit, eat what my appetite
Desires without controle, my servants study
Is my contentment, and to make me merry
Their farthest ayms; my sleeps are enquired after,
My rising up saluted with respect:
Command and liberty now wait upon
My Virgin state; what would I more; change all,
And for a husband? no; these freedoms die,
In which they live with my Virginity;
'Tis in their choice that's rich to be a wife,
But not being yoakt to chuse the single life.
Ver. Madam.

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Lam. How like you the Countrey?

Ver. I like the ayr of it well Madam, and the rather because, as on *Irish* Timber your Spider will not make his web, so for ought I see yet your Cheater, Pander, and Informer being in their dispositions too foggy for this piercing climate, shun it, and chose rather to walk in mists in the City.

Lam. Who did you serve first boy?

Ver. A rich Merchants widow, and was by her preferred to a young Court-Lady.

L. Orl. And what difference found you in their service?

Ver. Very much: for look how much my old City Madam gave to her young visitants, so much my Lady received from her hoary Court-servants.

Lam. And what made you to leave her?

Ver. My father (Madam) had a desire to have me a tall-man, took me from thence.

Lam. Well, I perceive you inherit the wag, from your father.

Ver. Doves beget Doves; and Eagles, Eagles, Madam: A Citizen here, tho left never so rich, seldome at the best proves a Gentleman: the son of an Advocate, tho dub'd like his father, will shew a relish of his descent, and the fathers thriving practice, as I have heard: she that of a Chambermayd is metamorphosed into a Madam, will yet remember how oft her daughter by her mother ventured to lie upon the rushes before she could get in that which makes many Ladyes.

L. Orl. But what think you of your late Master?

Ver. Oh Madam— [*Sighs.*

Lam. Why doe you sigh? you are sorry that you left him, He made a wanton of you.

Ver. Not for that:
Or if he did, for that my youth must love him.
Oh pardon me, if I say liberty
Is bondage, if compar'd with his kind service;
And but to have power now to speak his worth
To its desert; I should be well content
To be an old man when his praise were ended:
And yet, if at this instant you were pleased,
I should begin, the livery of age
Would take his lodging upon this head

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Ere I should bring it to a period.
In brief he is a man (for [God] forbid
That I should ever live to say he was
Of such a shape as would make one beloved,
That never had good thought;) and to his body
He hath a mind of such a constant temper
In which virtues throng to have a room:
Yet 'gainst this noble Gentleman, this *Montague*,
For in that name I comprehend all goodness,
Wrong, and the wrested law, false witnesses,
And envy sent from hell, have rose in Armes,
And though not pierc'd, batter'd his honor'd shield.
What shall I say? I hope you will forgive me,
That if you were but pleas'd to love,
I know no *Juno* worthy such a *Jove*.

Enter Charlot with a letter.

Lam. 'Tis well yet that I have the second place
In your affection: From whence?
Charl. From the Lord *Amiens*, Madam.
Lam. 'Tis wellcome, though it bear his usual language:
I thought so much, his love-suit speaks his health.
What's he that brought it?
Charl. A Gentleman of good rank, it seems.
Lam. Where is he?
Charl. Receiving entertainment in your house
Sorting with his degree.
Lam. 'Tis well.
Charl. He waits your Ladyships pleasure.
Lam. He shall not wait long:
I'll leave you for a while; nay stay you boy,
Attend the Lady. [*Exeunt Lam. Charl.*
Vir. Would I might live once
To wait on my poor Master.
L. Orl. That's a good boy:
This thankfulness looks lovely on thy forehead,
And in it, as a book, me thinks I read
Instructions for my self, that am his debtor,
And wou'd do much that I might be so happy
To repair that which to our grief is ruin'd.

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Vir. It were a work a King might glory in,
If he saw with my eyes: If you please Madam,
For sure to me you seem unapt to walk,
To sit, although the churlish Birds deny
To give us musick in this grove, where they
Are prodigall to others: I'll strain my voyce
For a sad Song, the place is safe and private.
L. Orl. 'Twas my desire; begin good *Viramour.*

Musick, a Song, at the end of it enter Montague, fainting, his Sword drawn.

L. Orl. What's he *Viramour?*
Vir. A goodly personage.
Mont. Am I yet safe? or is my flight a dream?
My wounds and hunger tell me that I wake:
Whither have my fears born me? no matter where,
Who hath no place to goe to, cannot err:
What shall I do? cunning calamity!
That others gross wits uses to refine,
When I most need it duls the edg of mine.
L. Orl. Is not this *Montagues* voyce?
Vir. My Masters? fie.
Mont. What sound was that, 'pish,
Fear makes the wretch think every leaf oth' Jury:
What course to live, 'beg? better men have done it,
But in another kind: steal? *Alexander*
Though stil'd a Conqueror, was a proud thief,
Though he rob'd with an Army; fie how idle
These meditations are: though thou art worse
Than sorrows tongue can speak thee, thou art still,
Or shouldst be, honest *Montague.*
L. Orl. 'Tis too true. (flesh
Vir. 'Tis he: what villains hands did this? oh that my
Were Balm; in faith Sir, I would pluck it off
As readily as this; pray you accept
My will to do you service: I have heard
The Mouse once sav'd the Lyon in his need,
As the poor Scarab spild the Eagles seed.
L. Orl. How do you?
Mont. As a forsaken man.

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L. Orl. Do not say so, take comfort,
For your misfortunes have been kind in this,
To cast you on a hospitable shoar,
Where dwels a Lady—
Vir. She to whom, good Master,
You prefer'd me.
L. Orl. In whose house, whatsoere
Your dangers are, I'll undertake your safety.
Mont. I fear that I am pursued, and doubt that I,
In my defence have kild an Officer.
Vir. Is that all? there's no law under the Sun
But will I hope confess, one drop of blood
Shed from this arme is recompence enough
Though you had cut the throats of all the Catchpoles
In *France*, nay in the world.
Mont. I would be loth
To be a burthen, or feed like a drone
On the industrious labor of a Bee,
And baser far I hold it to owe for
The bread I eat, what's not in me to pay;
Then since my full fortunes are declin'd,
To their low ebb I'll fashion my high mind.
It was no shame to *Hecuba*, to serve
When Troy was fir'd: if't be in your power
To be a means to make her entertainment,
And far from that I was; but to supply
My want with habit fit for him that serves,
I shall owe much to you.
L. Orl. Leave that care to me.
Vir. Good Sir, lean on my shoulder; help good Madam: oh that I were a horse for half an hour, that I might carry you home on my back: I hope you w[i]ll love me still?
Mont. Thou dost deserve it boy, that I should live
To be thus troublesome.
L. Orl. Good Sir, 'tis none.
Vir. Trouble? most willingly I would be chang'd
Like *Apuleius*, weare his Asses ears,
Provided I might still this burthen bear.
L. Orl. 'Tis a kind boy.
Mont. I find true proof of it. [*Exeunt.*

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Enter Amiens, and Longeville, with a Paper.

Ami. You'll carry it.

Long. As I live although my packet were like *Bellerophon's*, what have you seen in me or my behavior since your favors so plentifully showr'd upon my wants, that may beget distrust of my p[er]formance?

Ami. Nay, be not angry, if I entertained
But the least scruple of your love, or courage,
I would make choyce of one which my estate
Should do me right in this, nor can you blame me
If in a matter of such consequence
I am so importunate.

Long. Good my Lord let me prevent your farther conjurations
To rayse my spirit, I know this is a challenge
To be delivered unto *Orlean*[*c*]*e* hand,
And that my undertaking ends not there,
But I must be your second, and in that
Not alone search your enemy, measure weapons,
But stand in all your hazards, as our blouds
Ran in the self-same veins, in which if I
Better not your opinion, as a limb
That's putrifi'd and useless, cut me off,
And underneath the Gallows bury it.

Ami. At full you understand me, and in this
Bind me, and what's mine to you and yours,
I will not so much wrong you as to add
One syllable more, let it suffice I leave
My honor to your guard: and in that prove,
You hold the first place in my heart and love. [*Ex. Ami.*

Long. The first place in a Lords affection? very good; and how long doth that last? perhaps the changing of some three shirts in the Tennis-Court; well, it were very necessary that an order were taken (if it were possible,) that younger brothers might have more wit, or more money: for now, however the fool hath long been put upon him that inherits, his revenue hath bought him a spunge, and wip't off the imputation, and for the understanding of the younger, let him get as much Rhetorick as he can, to grace his language.

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Enter Dubois.

They will see, he shall have gloss little enough to set out his Bark; stand *Dubois*, look about, 's all safe?

Dub. Approach not near me but with reverence
Lawrel and adorations, I have done more than deserves a hundred thanks.

Long. How now, what's the matter?

Dub. With this hand, only aided by this brain,
Without an *Orpheus* Harp redeem'd from Hells
Three headed Porter, our *Euridice.*

Long. Nay, prethee speak sence, this is like the stale bragart in a Play.

Dub. Then in plain Prose thus, and with as little action as thou canst desire, the three headed Porter, were three unexorable Catch-poles, out of whose jaws without the help of *Orpheus* Harp, bait or bribe; for those two strings make the Musick, that molifies those flinty furies, I rescued our *Euridice*, I mean my old Master *Montague.*

Long. And is this all? a poor rescue; I thought thou hadst revers'd the judgement for his overthrow in his sute, or wrought upon his adversary *Orleance*, taken the shape of a Ghost, frighted his mind into distraction, and for the appeasing of his conscience, forc'd him to make restitution of *Montague's* Lands, or such like rescue; S'light I would have hired *Acrocheture* for two *Cardekues*, to have done so much with his whip.

Dub. You wood Sir, and yet 'tis more than three on their foot-cloaths durst do for a sworn Brother, in a Coach.

Long. Besides, what proof's of it? for ought I know, this may be a trick, I had rather have him a prisoner, where I might visit him, and do him service, than not at all, or I know not where.

Dub. Well Sir, the end will shew it, what's that, a challenge?

Long. Yes, where's *Orleance*? though we fight in jest, he must meet with *Amiens* in earnest,—fall off, we are discovered; my horse *garson*; ha!

Dub. Were it not in a house, and in his presence,
To whom I owe all duty—

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Long. What would it do? prate as it does? but be as far from striking, as he that owes it *Orleance.*

Dub. How?

Long. I think thou art his Porter,
Set here to answer creditors, that his Lordship
Is not within, or takes the diet: I am sent,
And will grow here until I have an answer,
Not to demand a debt of money, but
To call him to a strict account for wrong
Done to the honors of a Gentleman,
Which nothing but his heart-bloud shall wash off.

Dub. Shall I hear this?

Long. And more, that if [I] may not
Have access to him, I will fix this here
To his disgrace and thine.

Dub. And thy life with it.

Long. Then have the copies of it pasted on posts,
Like Pamphlet Titles, that sue to be sold;
Have his disgrace talk for Tobacco-shops,
His picture baffled.

Dub. All respect away, wer't in a Church— [*draw both.*

Long. This is the Book I pray with.

Enter Orleance.

Orl. Forbear upon your lives.

Long. What are you rouz'd? I hope your Lordship can read (though he stain not his birth with Scholar-ship) doth it not please you now? if you are a right *Mounsieur*, muster up the rest of your attendance, which is a Page, a Cook, a Pander, Coach-man, and a Footman, in these days a great Lords train, pretending I am unworthy to bring you a challenge, instead of answering it, have me kick'd.

Dub. If he does, thou deserv'st it.

Long. I dare you all to touch me, I'll not stand still, What answer?

Orl. That thou hast done to *Amiens*
The office of a faithful friend, which I
Would cherish in thee, were he not my foe,
How ever since on honourable terms
He calls me forth, say I will meet with him,

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And by *Dubois* e'r Sun-set make him know
The time and place, my swords length, and what ever
Scruple of circumstance he can expect.

Long. This answer comes unlookt for, fare you well,
Finding your temper thus, wou'd I had said less. [*Exit.*

Orl. Now comes thy love to the test.

Dub. My Lord, 'twill hold,
And in all dangers prove it self true Gold. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Laverdine, La-poop, Malicorn, *servant.*

Ser. I will acquaint my Lady with your coming.
Please you repose your selves here.

Mal. There's a Tester, nay, now I am a wooer, I must be bountiful.

Ser. If you would have two three-pences for it Sir,
To give some of your kindred as you ride, I'll see if I can get them; we use not (tho servants) to take bribes. [*Ex.*

Lav. Then thou art unfit to be in office, either in Court or City.

La-p. Indeed, corruption is a Tree, whose branches are of an unmeasurable length, they spread every where, and the dew, that drops from thence, hath infected some chairs and stools of authority.

Mal. Ah Captain! lay not all the fault upon Officers, you know you can shark, tho you be out of action, witness *Montague.*

Lav. Hang him, he's safe enough; you had a hand in it too, and have gained by him; but I wonder you Citizens, that keep so many books, and take such strict accounts for every farthing due to you from others, reserve not so much as a memorandum for the courtesies you receive.

Mal. Would you have a Citizen book those? thankfulness is a thing, we are not sworn to in our Indentures: you may as well urge conscience.

Lav. Talk no more of such vanities, *Mountague* is irrecoverably sunk, I would we had twenty more to send after him; the Snake that would be a Dragon, and have wings, must eat; and what implies that, but this, that in this *Cannibal* age, he that would have the sute of wealth, must not care —— whom he feeds on? and as I have heard, no

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flesh battens better, then that of a profest friend; and he that would mount to honor, must not make dainty to use the head of his mother, back of his Father, or neck of his Brother, for ladders to his preferment; for, but observe, and you shall find for the most part, cunning villany sit at a Feast as principal guest, and innocent honesty wait as a contemn'd servant with a trencher.

La-p. The Ladies.

Enter Montague *bare-headed*, Lamira, *Lady* Orleance, Charlotte *a*[*n*]*d* V[e]ramour.

Mont. Do ye smell nothing?

Char. Not I Sir.

Mont. The carrion of knaves is very strong in my nostrils.

Lav. We came to admire, and find Fame was a niggard,
Which we thought prodigal in our report
Before we saw you.

Lam. Tush Sir, this Courtship's old.

La-p. I'll fight for thee, sweet wench,
This is my tongue, and woes for me.

Lam. Good man of War,
Hands off; if you take me, it must be by siege,
Not by an onset; and for your valour, I
Think that I have de[ser]ved few enemies,
And therefore need it not.

Mal. Thou need'st nothing, sweet Lady, but an obsequious husband, and where wilt thou find him, if not in the City? We are true *Muscovites* to our Wives, and are never better pleased, than when they use us as slaves, bridle and Saddle us; Have me, thou shalt command all my wealth as thine own, thou shalt sit like a Queen in my Ware-house; And my Factors at the return with my ships, shall pay thee tribute of all the rarities of the earth; thou shalt wear gold, feed on delicates, the first Peascods, Strawberries, Grapes, Cherries shall—

Lam. Be mine; I apprehend what you would say,
Those dainties which the City pays so dear for,
The Countrey yields for nothing, and as early;
And, credit me, your far-fet viands please not
My appetite better than those that are near hand.

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Then for your promis'd service and subjection
To all my humors, when I am your wife,
Which [as] it seems, is frequent in the City,
I cannot find what pleasure they receive
In using their fond Husbands like their Maids;
But of this, more hereafter: I accept
Your proffer kindly, and yours; my house stands open
To entertain you, take your pleasure in it,
And ease after your journey.

La. Orl. Do you note the boldness of the fellows?

Lam. Alas Madam, a Virgin must in this be like a Lawyer, And as he takes all Fees; she must hear all suitors; the One for gain, the other for her mirth; stay with the Gentlemen, we'll to the Orchards.

[*Exeunt* Lamira, *Lady* Orleance, Vera. *and* Charl.

La-p. —— What art thou?

Mont. An honest man, though poor; And look they like to monsters, are they so rare?

Lav. Rose from the dead.

Mal. Do you hear Monsieur *Serviture*, didst thou never hear of one *Montague*, a prodigal gull, that lives about *Paris*?

Mont. So Sir.

Lav. One that after the loss of his main estate in a Lawsute, bought an Office in the Court.

La-p. And should have Letters of *Mart*, to have the *Spanish* treasure as it came from the *Indies*; were not thou and he twins? put off thy Hat, let me see thy Fore-head.

Mont. Though you take priviledge to use your tongue[s], I pray you hold your fingers,
'Twas your base cozenag[e] made me as I am:
And were you somewhere else, I would take off
This proud film from your eyes, that will not let you,
Know I am *Montague.*

Enter Lamira *behind the Arras.*

Lam. I will observe this better.

Lav. And art thou he? I will do thee grace; give me thy hand: I am glad thou hast taken so good a course; serve God, and please thy Mistriss; if I prove to be thy Master, as I am very like[l]y, I will do for thee.

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Mal. Faith the fellow's well made for a Serving-man, and will no doubt, carry a chine of Beef with a good grace.

La-p. Prethee be careful of me in my chamber, I will remember thee at my departure.

Mont. All this I can endure under this roof,
And so much owe I her, whose now I am,
That no wrong shall incense me to molest,
Her quiet house, while you continue here,
I will not be ashamed to do you service
More than to her, because such is her pleasure.
But you that have broke thrice, and fourteen times
Compounded for two shillings in the pound,
Know I dare kick you in your shop; do you hear?
If ever I see *Paris*, though an Army
Of musty Murrions, rusty brown Bills and Clubs,
Stand for your guard—I have heard of your tricks,
And you that smell of Amber at my charge,
And triumph in your cheat; well, I may live
To meet thee, be it among a troop of such
That are upon the fair face of the Court
Like running Ulcers, and before thy whore
Trampel upon thee.

La-p. This a language for a Livery? take heed, I am a Captain.

Mont. A Coxcomb are you not? that thou and I,
To give proof, which of us dares most, were now
In midst of a rough Sea, upon a piece
Of a split Ship, where only one might ride,
[Lamira *from the Arras.*
I would—but foolish anger makes me talk
Like a Player.

Lam. Indeed you act a part
Doth ill become you my servant; is this your duty?

Mont. I crave your pardon, and will hereafter be more circumspect.

Lav. Oh the power of a Womans tongue: it hath done more than we three with our swords durst undertake; put a mad man to silence.

Lam. Why sirrah, these are none of your comrades
To drink with in the Cellar; one of them

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For ought you know, may live to be your Master.

La-p. There's some comfort yet.

Lam. Here's choice of three, a wealthy Merchant.

Mal. Hem, she's taken, she hath spy'd my good Calf,
And many Ladies chuse their Husbands by that.

Lam. A Courtier that's in grace, a valiant Captain,
And are these mates for you, away, begone.

Mont. I humbly pray you will be pleased to pardon,
And to give satisfaction to you Madam,
(Although I break my heart) I will confess
That I have wrong'd them too, and make submission.

Lam. No I'll spare that; go bid the Cook haste supper.
[*Exit* Mont.

La-p. Oh brave Lady, thou art worthy to have servants, to be commandress of a Family, that knowest how to use and govern it.

Lav. You shall have many Mistresses that will so mistake, as to take their Horse-keepers, and Footmen instead of their Husbands, thou art none of those.

Mal. But she that can make distinction of men, and knows when she hath gallants, and fellows of rank and quality in her house—

Lam. Gallants indeed, if it be the Gallants fashion
To triumph in the miseries of a man,
Of which they are the cause: one that transcends
(In spight of all that fortune hath, or can be done)
A million of such things as you, my doors
Stand open to receive all such as wear
The shape of Gentlemen, and my gentl[i]er nature
(I might say weaker) weighs not the expence
Of entertainment; think you I'll forget yet
What's due unto my self? do not I know,
That you have dealt with poor *Montague*, but like
Needy Commanders, cheating Citizens,
And perjur'd Courtiers? I am much mov'd, else use not
To say so much, if you will bear your selves
As fits such, you would make me think you are,
You may stay; if not, the way lies before you. [*Exit.*

Mal. What think you of this Captain?

La-p. That this is a bawdy-house, with Pinacles and

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Turrets, in which this disguised *Montague* goes to Rut *gratis*, and that this is a landed pandress, and makes her house a brothel for charity.

Mal. Come, that's no miracle; but from whence derive you the supposition?

Lav. Observe but the circumstance; you all know that in the height of *Mountagues* prosperity, he did affect, and had his love return'd by this Lady *Orleans*; since her divorcement, and his decay of estate, it is known they have met, not so much as his boy [is] wanting; and that this can be any thing else than a meer plot for their night-work, is above my imagination to conceive.

Mal. Nay, it carries probability, let us observe it better, but yet with such caution, as our prying be not discovered; here's all things to be had without cost, and therefore good staying here.

La-p. Nay, that's true, I would we might wooe her twenty years, like *Penelopes* sutors; come *Laverdine*.

[*Exeunt* Malli. La Poop.

Lav. I follow instantly, yonder he is.

Enter Viramor.

The thought of this boy hath much cool'd my affection to his Lady, and by all conjectures, this is a disguised whore; I will try if I can search this Mine, Page—

Ver. Your pleasure, Sir?

Lav. Thou art a pretty boy.

Ver. And you a brave man: now I am out of your debt.

Lav. Nay, prethee stay.

Ver. I am in haste, Sir.

Lav. By the faith of a Courtier.

Ver. Take heed what you say, you have taken a strange oath.

Lav. I have not seen a youth that hath pleased me better; I would thou couldst li[k]e me, so far as to leave thy Lady and wait on me, I would maintain thee in the bravest cloaths.

Ver. Though you took them up on trust, or bought 'em at the Brokers.

Lav. Or any way: then thy imployments should be so

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neat and cleanly, thou shouldst not touch a pair of pantables in a month, and thy lodging—

Ver. Should be in a brothel.

Lav. No, but in mine arms.

Ver. That may be the circle of a Bawdy-house, or worse.

Lav. I mean thou should'st lye with me.

Ver. Lie with you? I had rather lye with my Ladies Monkey; 'twas never a good world, since our French Lords learned of the *Neapolitans*, to make their Pages their Bedfellows, doth more hurt to the Suburb Ladies, than twenty dead vacations; 'Tis supper time, Sir. [*Exit* Veram.

Lav. I thought so, I know by that 'tis a woman, for because, peradventure she hath made trial of the Monkey, she prefers him before me, as one unknown; well, these are standing creatures, and have strange desires; and men must use strange means to quenc[h] strange fires. [*Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Montague *alone in mean habit.*

Mont. NOw *Montague*, who discerns thy spirit now?
Thy breeding, or thy bloud? here's a poor cloud
Eclipseth all thy splendor; who can read
In thy pale face, dead eye, or *lenten shute*,
The liberty thy ever-giving hand
Hath bought for others, manacling it self
In gyves of parchment indissoluble?
The greatest hearted man supplyed with means,
Nobility of birth and gentlest parts,
I thought the right hand of his Sovereign,
If virtue quit her seat in his high soul,
Glitters but like a Palace set on fire,
Whose glory whilst it shines, but ruins him,
And his bright show each hour to ashes tending
Shall at the last be rak'd up like a sparkle,
Unless mens lives and fortunes feed the flame.
Not for my own wants, though blame I my Stars,
But suffering others to cast love on me,
When I can neither take, nor thankful be.

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My Ladies woman, fair and virtuous
Young as the present month, sollicites me
For love and marriage now being nothing worth—

Enter Veramour.

Ver. Oh! Master, I have sought you a long hour,
Good faith, I never joy'd out of your sight;
For Heavens sake, Sir, be merry, or else bear
The buffets of your fortunes with more scorn;
Do but begin to rail, teach me the way,
And I'll sit down, and help your anger forth:
I have known you wear a suit; full worth a Lordship,
Give to a man whose need ne'er frighted you
From calling of him friend, five hundred Crowns
E'er sleep had left your sences to consider
Your own important present uses; yet
Since I have seen you with a t[r]encher wait,
Void of all scorn, therefore I'll wait on you.

Mont. Would [God] thou wert less honest. (w'e Sir.

Ver. Would to [God] you were less worthy: I am ev'n

Mon. Is not thy Master strangely fall'n, when thou
Servest for no wages, but for charity?
Thou dost surcharge me with thy plenteous love:
The goodness of thy virtue shown to me,
More opens still my disability
To quit thy pains: credit me loving boy,
A free and honest nature may be opprest,
Tir'd with courtesies from a liberal spirit,
When they exceed his means of gratitude.

Ver. But 'tis a due in him that to that end
Extends his love or duty.

Mont. Little world
Of virtue, why dost love and follow me?

Ver. I will follow you through all Countreys,
I'll run (fast as I can) by your horse side,
I'll hold your stirrop when you do alight,
And without grudging, wait till you return:
I'll quit offer'd means, and expose my self
To cold and hunger, still to be with you;
Fearless I'll travel through a wilderness,

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And when you are weary, I will lay me down
That in my bosom you may rest your head,
Where whilst you sleep, I'll watch, that no wild beast
Shall hurt or trouble you: and thus we'll breed a story
To make every hearer weep,
When they disco[u]rse our fortunes and our loves.

Mont. Oh what a scoff might men of women make,
If they did know this boy? but my desire
Is, that thou wouldest not (as thou usest still:
When like a servant, I 'mong servants sit)
Wait on my Trencher, fill my cups with Wine:
Why should'st thou do this boy? prethee consider,
I am not what I was.

Ver. Curst be the day when I forget that *Montague* was my Lord, or not remember him my Master still.

Mont. Rather curse me, with whom thy youth hath spent,
So many hours, and yet untaught to live
By any worldly quality.

Ver. Indeed you never taught me how to handle Cards
To cheat and cozen men with oaths and lies:
Those are the worldly qualities to live:
Some of our scarlet Gallants teach their boys
These worldly qualities.
Since stumbling fortune then leaves virtue thus
Let me leave fortune, e'r be vicious.

Mon. Oh lad, thy love will kill me.

Ver. In truth, I think in conscience [I] shall dye for you:
Good Master weep not, do you want aught, Sir?
Will you have any money, here's some Silver;
And here's a little Gold, 'twill serve to play,
And put more troublesome thoughts out of your mind:
I pray Sir take it, I'll get more with singing.
And then I'll bring it you, my Lady ga't me,
And—it was not covetousness,
But I forgot to tell you sooner on't.

Mont. Alas boy, thou art not bound to tell it me,
And less to give it, buy thee Scarfs and Garters,
And when I have money, I will give thee a sword:
Nature made thee a beauteous Cabinet
To lock up [all] the goodness of the earth.

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Enter Charlote.

Ver. I have lost my voice with the very sight of this Gentlewoman: good Sir steal away, you were wont to be a curious avoider of womens company.

Mont. Why boy, thou dar'st trust me any where, dar'st thou not?

Ver. I had rather trust you by a roaring Lion, than a ravening woman.

Mont. Why boy?

Ver. Why truly she devours more mans flesh—

Mont. I, but she roars not boy. (is full.

Ver. No Sir, why she is never silent but when her mouth

Charl. Monsieur *Montague.*

Mont. My sweet fellow, since you please to call me so,

Ver. Ah my conscience, she wou'd be pleas'd well enough to call you bed-fellow: oh Master, do not hold her by the hand so: a woman is a Lime-bush, that catcheth all she toucheth.

Charl. I do most dangerously suspect this boy to be a wench; art thou not one? come hither, let me feel thee.

Ver. With all my heart.

Charl. Why dost thou pull off thy Glove?

Ver. Why, to feel whether you be a boy, or no.

Charl. Fie boy, go too. I'll not look your head, nor comb your locks any more, if you talk thus.

Ver. Why, I'll sing to you no more then.

Charl. Fie upon't, how sad you are! a young Gentleman that was the very Sun of *France.*

Mont. But I am in the eclipse now.

Cha[r]l. Suffer himself to be over-run with a Lethargy of melancholy and discontent! rouze up thy spirit, man, and shake it off:

A Noble Soul is like a Ship at Sea,
That sleeps at Anchor when the Ocean's calm;
But when she rages, and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill and Majesty.

I would turn a Fool, or Poet, or any thing, or marry, to make you merry; prethee let's walk: good *Veramour*, leave thy Master and me, I have earnest business with him.

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Ver. Pray do you leave my Master, and me: we were very merry before you came, he does not covet womens company.
What have you to do with him? come Sir will you go?
And I'll sing to you again:
I'faith his mind is stronger than to credit Womens vows, and too pure to be capable of their loves.

Charl. The boy is jealo[u]s, sweet lad leave us: my Lady call'd for you I swear: that's a good child, there's a piece of Gold for thee, go buy a Feather.

Ver. There's two pieces for you, do you go and buy one, or what you will, or nothing, so you go. Nay then I see you would have me go, Sir; why, I'faith I will, now I perceive you love her better than you do me; but [God] bless you whatever you do, or intend, I know you are a very honest man. [*Exit.*

Charl. Still [shall] I wooe thee, whilst thy ears reply
I cannot, or I will not marry thee?
Why hast thou drawn the bloud out of my cheeks,
And given a quicker motion to my heart?
Oh thou hast bred a Feaver in my veins
Call'd love, which no Physitian can cure;
Have mercy on a Maid, whose simple youth—

Mont. How your example, fairest, teacheth me
A ceremonious Idolatry! [*Kneels.*
By all the joy of love, I love thee better,
Than I or any man can tell another;
And will express the mercy which thou crav'st,
I will forbear to marry thee: consider
Thou art Nature's heir in feature, and thy parents,
In fair Inheritances; rise with these thoughts,
And look on me; but with a womans eye,
A decaid fellow, void of means and spirit.

Charl. Of spirit?

Mont. Yes, could I tamely live,
Forget my Fathers bloud, wait, and make legs,
Stain my best breeches, with the servile drops
That fall from others draughts. (spirit,

Charl. This vizard wherewith thou wouldst hide thy
Is perspective, to shew it plainlier.

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This undervalue of thy life, is but
Because I should not buy thee, what more speaks
Greatness of man, than valiant patience,
That shrinks not under his fates strongest strokes?
These *Roman* deaths, as falling on a sword,
Opening of veins, with poison quenching thirst,
(Which we erroneously do stile the deeds
Of the heroick and magnanimous man)
Was dead-ey'd cowardize, and white-cheek'd fear,
Who doubting tyranny, and fainting under
Fortunes false Lottery, desperately run
To death, for dread of death; that soul's most stout,
That bearing all mischance, dares last it out;
Will you perform your word, and marry me,
When I shall call you to't?

Enter Longueville *with a riding-rod.*

Mont. I'faith I will.

Charl. Who's this alights here?

Long. With leave, fair creature, are you the Lady Mistriss of the house?

Charl. Her servant, Sir.

Long. I pray then favour me, to inform your Lady, and Duke *Orleans* wife,
A business of import awaits 'em here,
And craves for speedy answer.

Charl. Are you in post, Sir?

Long. No, I am in Satin, Lady; I would you would be in post.

Charl. I will return, Sweet. [*Exit.*

Long. Honest friend, do you belong to the house? I pray be covered.

Mont. Yes Sir, I do.

Long. Ha, dream'st thou *Longaville*? sure 'tis not he: Sir I should know you.

Mont. So should I you, but that I am asham'd.
But though thou know'st me, prethee *Longaville*,
Mock not my poverty, pray remember your self;
Shows it not strangely for thy cloaths to stand
Without a Hat to mine? mock me no more.

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Long. The —— embroider me all over, Sir,
If ever I began to mock you yet.
The —— on me, why should I wear Velvet
And Silver Lace? —— I will tear it off.
Mont. Why Mad-man?
Long. Put on my Hat? yes, when I am hang'd I will:
—— I could break my head.
For holding eyes that knew not you at first:
But time and fortune run your courses with him,
He'll laugh and storm you, when you shew most hate.

Enter Lamira, Orlean's *Lady*, Laverdine, La Poop, Malycorn, Veramour, Charlot.

Lam. You're a fair Mounsieur.
Long. Do you mock me, Lady?
Lam. Your business, Sir, I mean.
Lady. Regard your self good Mounsieur *Longueville.*
Lam. You are too negligent of your self and place,
Cover your head sweet Mounsieur.
Long. Mistake me not fair Ladies,
'Tis not to you, nor you, that I stand bare.
Lav. Nay sweet dear Mounsieur, let it not be to us then.
La Poop. —— A compliment.
Mal. And —— of manners.
Pray hide your head, your gallants use to do't.
Long. And you your foreheads, why you needful accessary rascals,
That cannot live without your mutual knaveries,
More than a Bawd, a Pandor, or a Whore
From one another; how dare you suspect
That I stand bare to you? what make you here?
Shift your house, Lady of 'em, for I know 'em,
They come to steal Napkins, and your Spoons;
Look to your Silver-bodkin, (Gentlewoman)
'Tis a dead *Utensil*, and Page 'ware your pockets;
My reverence is unto this man, my Master,
Whom you, with protestations, and oaths
As high as Heaven, as deep as Hell, which would
Deceive the wisest man of honest nature,
Have cozen'd and abus'd; but I may meet you,

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And beat you one with th' other.

Mont. Peace, no more.

Long. Not a word, Sir.

Lav. I am something thick of hearing; what said he?

La poop. I hear him, but regard him not.

Mal. Nor I, I am never angry fasting.

Long. My love keeps back my duty, noblest Lady;
If Husband or brother merit love from you,
Prevent their dangers, this hour brings to trial
Their hereto sleeping hates; by this time each
Within a yard is of the others heart,
And met to prove their causes and their spirits
With their impartial swords points; haste and save,
Or never meet them more, but at the grave.

Lady. Oh my distracted heart, that my wrackt honor
Should for a Brothers, or a Husbands life, through thy undoing, die.

Lam. *Amiens* engag'd; if he miscarry all my hopes and joys,
I now confess it loudly, are undone:
Caroch, and haste, one minute may betray
A life more worth than all time can repay.

[*Exeunt Ladies and* Mont.

Mal. Hump: Monsieur *Laverdine* pursues this boy extreamly, Captain, what will you do?

La p. Any thing but follow to this Land-service; I am a Sea-Captain you know, and to offer to part 'em, without we could do't like Watermen with long staves, a quarter of a mile off, might be dangerous.

Mal. Why then let's retire and pray for 'em, I am resolv'd to stop your intent; abus'd more than we have been we cannot be, without they fall to flat beating on's.

[*Exeunt* Maly, La-poop.

Lav. And that were unkindly done i'faith.

Ver. But you are the trou[b]lesomest Ass that e'er I met with; retire, you smell like a womans chamber, that's newly up, before she have pinsht her vapours in with her cloaths.

Lav. I will haunt thee like thy Grandames Ghost, thou shalt never rest for me.

Ver. Well, I perceive 'tis vain to conceal a secret from you: believe it Sir, indeed I am a woman.

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Lav. Why la; I knew't, this Prophetical tongue of mine never fail'd me; my mother was half a witch, never any thing that she forespake, but came to pass: a woman? how happy am I! now we may lawfully come together without fear of hanging; sweet wench, be gracious, in honourable sort I woe, no otherwise.

Ver. Faith, the truth is, I have loved you long.

Lav. See, see.

Ver. But durst not open it.

Lav. —— I think so.

Ver. But briefly, when you bring it to the test, if there be not one Gentleman in this house, will challenge more interest in me, than you can, I am at your disposure. [*Exit.*

Lav. Oh *Fortunatus*, I envy thee not
For Cap, or pouch, this day I'll prove my Fortune,
In which your Lady doth elect her Husband,
Who will [b]e *Amiens*, 'twill save my wedding dinner,
Povera, *La Poop*, and *Malicorn*: if all fail,
I will turn Citizen, a beauteous wife
Is the Horn-book to the richest Tradesmans life. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duboys, Orleans, Longueville, Amiens, *two Lacques, a Page with two Pistols.*

Dub. Here's a good even piece of ground my Lords: Will you fix here?

Orl. Yes, any where; Lacquey, take off my spurs; Upon a bridge, a rail, but my swords breadth upon a battlement, I'll fight this quarrel.

Dub. O' the Ropes, my Lord.

Orl. Upon a Line.

Dub. So all our Countrey Duels are carried, like a firework on a thred.

Orl. Go now, stay with the horses, and, do you hear? Upon your lives, till some of us come to you,
Dare not to look this way.

Dub. Except you see strangers or others that by chance or purpose are like to interrupt us.

Orl. Then give warning.

Long. Who takes a sword? the advantage is so small,
As he that doubts, hath the free leave to choose.

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Orl. Come, give me any, and search me; 'tis not
The ground, weapon, or seconds that can make
Odds in those fatal trials: but the cause.
Ami. Most true, and, but it is no time to wish
When men are come to do, I would desire
The cause 'twixt us were other than it is;
But where the right is, there prevail our Swords.
And if my Sister have out-liv'd her honor,
I do not pray I may out-live her shame.
Orl. Your Sister *Amiens*, is a whore, at once.
Ami. You oft have spoke that sence to me before,
But never in th[i]s language *Orleance*;
And when you spoke it fair, and first, I told you
That it was possible you might be abus'd:
But now, since you forget your manners, you shall find,
If I transgress my custom, you do lye,
And are a villain, which I had rather yet
My sword had prov'd, than I been forc'd to speak:
Nay, give us leave, and since you stand so haughtily
And highly on your cause, let you and I,
Without engaging these two Gentlemen, singly determine it.
Long. My Lord, you'll pardon us.
Dub. I trust your Lordships may not do us that affront.
Ami. As how?
Dub. We kiss your Lordships hand, and come to serve you here with swords.
Long. My Lord, we understand our selves.
Dub. We have had the honor to be call'd unto the business, and we must not now quit it on terms.
Ami. Not terms of reason?
Long. No, no [r]eason for the quitting of our calling.
Dub. True, if I be call'd to't I must ask no reason.
Long. Nor hear none neither, which is less:
It is a favour, if my throat be cut,
Your Lordship does me; which I never can,
[*A noise within, crying down with your swords.*
Nor must have hope how to requite: what noise?
What cry is that my Lord upon your guard?
So[me] treachery is a foot.

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Enter Lady Orleans, Lamira, Montague.

Lady. Oh here they are:
My Lord (dear Lady help me) help me all;
I have so woful interest in both,
I know not which to fear for most: and yet
I must prefer my Lord. Dear brother,
You are too understanding, and too noble
To be offended, when I know my duty,
Though scarce my tears will let me so to do it.
Orl. Out loathed strumpet.
Lady. Oh my dearest Lord,
If words could on me cast the name of whore,
I then were worthy to be loath'd; but know,
Your unkindness cannot make me wicked;
And therefore should less use that power upon me.
Orl. Was this your Art to make these Actors come,
To make this interlude? withdraw, cold man,
And if thy spirit be not frozen up,
Give me one stroke yet at thee for my vengeance.
Ami. Thou shalt have strokes, and strokes, thou glorious man,
Till thou breath'st thinner air than that thou talkest.
Lam. My Lord, Count *Amiens.*
Lady. Princely Husband.
Orl. Whore. (the bulk
[*Lam.*] You wrong her impudent Lord; oh that I had
Of those dull men; look how they stand, and no man
Will revenge an innocent Lady.
Ami. You hinder it Madam.
Lam. I would hinder you; is there none else to kill him?
Lady. Kill him, Madam? have you learn'd that bad language? oh repent,
And be the motive, rather both kill me.
Orl. Then d[i]e my infamy.
Mont. Hold bloody man.
Orl. Art thou there Basilisk?
Mont. To strike thee dead, but that thy fate deserves some weightier hand.
Dub. Sweet my Lord.

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Orl. Oh here's a plot; you bring your champions with you; the adultress with the adulterer: Out howling—

Dub. Good my Lord.

Orl. Are you her Graces countenancer, Lady, the receiver to the poor vicious couple.

Dub. Sweet my Lord.

Orl. Sweet rascal, didst not tho[u] tell me, false fellow, This *Montague* here was murdered?

Dub. I did so; but he was falser, and a worthless Lord, Like thy foul self that would have had it so.

Long. *Orleance* 'tis true, and shall be prov'd upon thee.

Mont. Thy malice Duke, and this thy wicked nature, are all as visible as thou; but I born to contemn thy injuries, do know, that though thy greatness may corrupt a Jury, and make a Judge afraid, and carry out a world of evils with thy Title: yet thou art not quiet at home, thou bearest about thee that, that doth charge thee, and condemn thee too. The thing that grieves me more, and doth indeed displease me, is, to think that so much baseness stands here to have encountred so much honor: Pardon me my Lord, what late my passion spake, when you provok'd my innocence.

Orl. Yes, do, oh! flattery becomes him better than the suit he wears; give him a new one, *Amiens.*

Ami. *Orleance*, 'tis here no time nor place, to jest or rail Poorly with you, but I will find a time to
Whisper you forth to this, or some fit place,
As shall not hold a second interruption.

Mont. I hope your Lordships honor, and your life
Are destined unto higher hazards; this is of
A meaner arm.

Dub. Yes faith, or none.

Long. He is not fit to fall by an honest Sword,
A Prince and lye!

Dub. And slander, and hire men
To publish the false rumours he hath made.

Long. And stick 'em on his friends, and innocents.

Dub. And practice against their lives after their fames.

Long. In men that are the matter of all lewdness,
Bawds, Thieves, and Cheaters, it were monstrous.

Dub. But in a man of bloud, how more conspicuous!

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Ami. Can this be?
Lady. They do slander him.
Orl. Hang them, a pair of railing hangbies.
Long. How? stand *Orleance*; stay, give me my Pistols boy,
Hinder me not, by——
I will kill him.
Lady. Oh, stay his fury.
Ami. *Longueville*, my friend.
Long. Not for my self, my Lord, but for mankind,
And all that have an interest to virtue,
Or title unto innocence.
Ami. Why hear me.
Long. For justice sake.
Ami. That cannot be.
Long. To punish his wives, your honor, and my Lords wrongs here, whom I must ever call so; for your loves I'll swear I'll sacrifice—
Ami. *Longueville*, I did not think you a murtherer before.
Long. I care not what you thought me.
Ami. By —— If thou attempt
His life, thy own is forfeit.
Mont. Foolish frantick man, the murder will be of us, not him.
Lady. Oh [God]!
Mont. We could have kill'd him, but we would not take
The justice out of fates.—
Sindge but a hair of him, thou diest.
Long. No matter, shoot.
Ami. Villain.
Dub. My Lord, your Sister is slain.
Ami. *Biancha*?
Mont. Oh hapless, and most wretched chance. (made?
Lam. Standst thou looking upon the mischief thou hast
Thou godless man, feeding thy blood-shot eyes
With the red spectacle, and art not turn'd to stone
With horror? Hence, and take the wings of thy black
Infamy, to carry thee beyond the shoot of looks,
Or sound of curses, which will pursue thee still:
Thou hast out-fled all but thy guilt.

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Orl. Oh wish it off again, for I am crack'd
Under the burden, and my heart will break.
How heavy guilt is, when men come to feel
If you could know the mountain I sustain
With horror, you would each take off your part,
And more, to ease me: I cannot stand,
Forgive where I have wrong'd, I pray.
Ami. Look to him *Montague.* (for fear,
Long. My Lords and Gentlemen, the Lady is well, but
Unless that have shot her;
I have the worst on't, that needs would venture
Upon a trick had like to ha' cost my guts:
Look to her, she'll be well, it was but Powder
I charg'd with, thinking that a guilty man
Would have been frighted sooner; but I'm glad
He's come at last.
La[*m*]. How is *Byancha*? well?
Ami. Lives she? see Sister, doth she breathe?
Lady. Oh Gentlemen, think you I can breathe,
That am restored to the hateful sense
Of feeling in me my dear husbands death?
Oh no, I live not; life was that I left;
And what you have call'd me to, is death indeed:
I cannot weep so fast as he doth bleed.
Dub. Pardon me, Madam, he is well.
Lady. Ha my Husband.
Orl. I cannot speak whether my joy or shame
Be greater, but I thank the Heavens for both.
Oh look not black upon me, all my friends,
To whom I will be reconcil'd, or grow unto
This earth, till I have wept a trench
That shall be great enough to be my grave,
And I will think them too most manly tears,
If they do move your pities: it is true,
Man should do nothing that he should repent;
But if he have, and say that he is sorry,
It is a worse fault, if he be not truly.
Lam. My Lord, such sorrow cannot be suspected:
Here take your honoured wife, and joyn your hands.
——She hath married you again:

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And Gentlemen, I do invite you all,
This night to take my house, where on the morrow,
To heighten more the reconciling feast,
I'll make my self a Husband and a guest. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Montague, *and* Charlotte.

Charl. WEll now I am sure you are mine.
Mont. I am sure I am glad
I have one to own then; you'll find me honest
As these days go, enough; poor without question,
Which beggars hold a virtue; give me meat, and I
Shall do my work, else knock my shooes off,
And turn me out again.
Char. You are a merry fellow.
Mont. I have no great cause.
Char. Yes, thy love to me.
Mont. That's as we make our game.
Char. Why, you repent then?
Mont. Faith no worse than I am I cannot be;
Much better I expect not: I shall love you,
And when you bid me go to bed, obey,
Lie still or move, as you shall minister;
Keep a four-Nobles Nag, and a *Jack*
Merling, learn to love Ale, and play at Two-hand *Irish*,
And there's then all I aim at.
Char. Nay sweet fellow, I'll make it something better.
Mont. If you do, you'll make me worse:
Now I am poor, and willing to do well,
Hold me in that course; of all the Kings creatures,
I hate his coin, keep me from that, and save me;
For if you chance out of your housewivery
To leave a hundred pound or two, bestow it
In Plumb-broth e'r I know it, else I take it;
Seek out a hundred men that want this money,
Share it among 'em, they'll cry noble *Montague*,
And so I stand again at livery.
Char. You have pretty fancies, Sir, but married once,

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This charity will fall home to your self.
Mont. I would it would, I am afraid my looseness
Is yet scarce stopt, though it have nought to work on
But the meer air of what I have had.
Char. Pretty.
Mont. I wonder sweet heart why you'll marry me,
I can see nothing in my self deserves it,
Unless the handsome wearing of a band,
For that's my stock now, or a pair of garters;
Necessity will not let me loose.
Char. I see Sir, a great deal more, a handsome man, a Husband,
To make a right good woman truly happy.
Mont. Lord, where are my eyes, either you are foolish
As wenches once a year are, or far worse,
Extreamly virtuous, can you love a poor man
That relies on cold meat, and cast stockings,
One only suit to his back, which now is mewing?
But what will be the next coat will pose *Tristram.*
If I should leavy from my friends a fortune:
I could not raise ten groats to pay the Priest now.
Char. I'll do that duty; 'tis not means nor money
Makes me pursue your love; were your mind bankrupt,
I would never love you.

Enter Lamira.

Mont. Peace wench, here's my Lady.
Lam. Nay, never shrink i'th' wetting, for my presence;
D'ye find her willing *Montague*?
Mont. Willing Madam?
Lam. How dainty you make of it, do not I know
You two love one another?
Mont. Certain Madam, I think ye'ave revelations of these matters:
Your Ladyship cannot tell me when I kist her.
Lam. But she can, Sir.
Mont. But she will not Madam;
For when they talk once, 'tis like Fairy-Money,
They get no more close kisses.
Lam. Thou art wanton.

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Mont. [God] knows I need not, yet I would be lusty:
But —— my Provender scarce pricks me.
Lam. It shall be mended *Montague*, I am glad you are grown so merry.
Mont. So am I too Madam.
Lam. You two will make a pretty handsome Consort.
Mont. Yes Madam, if my Fiddle fail me not.
Lam. Your Fiddle? why your Fiddle? I warrant thou meanest madly:
Mont. Can you blame me? alas I am in love.
Char. 'Tis very well, Sir.
Lam. How long have you been thus?
Mont. How thus in love?
Lam. You are very quick, Sir: no, I mean thus pleasant.
Mont.—Ever since I was poor.
Lam. A little wealth would change you then?
Mont. Yes Lady, into another suit, but never more
Into another man: I'll bar that mainly,
The wealth I get hence-forward shall be charm'd
For ever hurting me, I'll spend it fasting:
As I live noble Lady, there is nothing
I have found directly, cures the melancholy,
But want and wedlock; when I had store of money,
I simper'd sometime, and spoke wondrous wise,
But never laught out-right; now I am empty,
My heart sounds like a Bell, and strikes at both sides.
Lam. You are finely temper'd, *Montague.*
Mont. Pardon Lady, if any way my free mirth have offended,
'Twas meant to please you: if it prove too saucy,
Give it a frown, and I am ever silenc'd.
Lam. I like it passing well; pray follow it:
This is my day of choice, and shall be yours too,
'Twere pity to delay ye: call to the Steward,
And tell him 'tis my pleasure he should give you
Five hundred Crowns: make your self handsome *Montague*,
Let none wear better cloaths, 'tis for my credit;
But pray be merry still.
Mont. If I be not, and make a fool of twice as many (hundreds,
Clap me in Canvas, Lady. [*Exeunt.*

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Enter La-poop, Laverdine, *and* Malycorne.

Lav. I am strangely glad, I have found the mystery
Of this disguised boy out: I ever trusted
It was a woman; and how happily
I have found it so; and for my self, I am sure,
One that would offer me a thousand pound now
(And that's a pretty sum to make one stagger)
In ready Gold for this concealment, could not
Buy my hope of her, she's a dainty wench,
And such a one I find I want extreamly,
To bring me into credit: beauty does it.

Mal. Say we should all meach here, and stay the Feast, now, what can the worst be? we have plaid the knaves, that's without question.

La-p. True, and as I take it, this is the first truth
We told these ten years, and for any thing
I know, may be the last: but grant we are knaves,
Both base and beastly knaves—

Mal. Say so then.

Lav. Well.

La-p. And likewise let it be considered, we have wrong'd,
And most maliciously, this Gentlewoman
We cast to stay with, what must we expect now?

Mal. I, there's the point, we would expect good eating.

La-p. I know we would, but we may find good beating.

Lav. You say true Gentlemen, and by ——
Though I love meat as well as any man,
I care not what he be, if a eat a Gods name;
Such a crab-sauce to my meat will turn my pallate.

Mal. There's all the hazard, for the frozen *Montague*
Has now got spring again, and warmth in him,
And without doubt, dares beat us terribly.
For not to mint the matter, we are cowards,
And have, and shall be beaten, when men please
To call us into cudgeling.

La-p. I feel we are very prone that way.

Lav. The sons of *Adam*.

La-p. Now, here then rests the state o'th' question;
Whether we yield our bodies for a dinner

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To a sound dog-whip, for I promise ye,
If men be given to correction,
We can expect no less; or quietly
Take a hard Egg or two, and ten mile hence
Bait in a ditch, this we may do securely;
For, to stay hereabout will be all one,
If once our moral mischiefs come in memory.

Mal. But pray ye hear me, is not this the day
The Virgin Lady doth elect her Husband?

Lav. The dinner is to that end.

Mal. Very well then, say we all stay, and say we all scape this whipping, and be well entertained, and one of us carry the Lady. (stay, how fitly

La-p. 'Tis a seemly saying, I must confess, but if we We may apply it to our selves (i'th' end)
Will ask a *Christian* fear; I cannot see,
If I say true, what special ornaments
Of Art or Nature, (lay aside our lying
Whoring and drinking, which are no great virtues)
We are endued withal, to win this Lady.

Mal. Yet Women go not by the best parts ever; that I have found directly.

Lav. Why should we fear then? they choose men
As they feed; sometimes they settle
Upon a White broth'd face, a sweet smooth gallant,
And him they make an end of in a night;
Sometimes a Goose, sometimes a grosser meat,
A rump of Beef will serve 'em at some season,
And fill their bellies too, though without doubt
They are great devourers: Stock-fish is a dish,
If it be well drest, for the tuffness sake
Will make the proud'st of 'em long and leap for't.
They'll run mad for a Pudding, e'r they'll starve.

La-p. For my own part I care not, come what can come,
If I be whipt, why so be it; if cudgell'd,
I hope I shall out-live it, I am sure
'Tis not the hundredth time I have been serv'd so,
And yet I thank [God] I am here.

Mal. Here's resolution.

La-p. A little patience, and a rotten Apple

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Cures twenty worse diseases; what say you, Sir?

Lav. Marry I say Sir, if I had been acquainted
With lamming in my youth, as you have been
With whipping, and such benefits of nature,
I should do better: as I am, I'll venture,
And if it be my luck to have the Lady,
I'll use my fortune modestly; if beaten,
You shall not hear a word, one I am sure of,
And if the worst fall, she shall be my Physick.
Lets go then, and a merry wind be with us.

Mal. Captain, your shooes are old, pray put 'em off,
And let one fling 'em after us; be bold, Sirs,
And howsoever our fortune falls, lets bear
An equal burden; if there be an odd lash,
We'll part it afterwards.

La-p. I am arm'd at all points. [*Exeunt.*

Enter four serving in a Banquet.

1. Then my Lady will have a bedfellow to night.

2. So she says; Heaven! what a dainty arm-full shall he enjoy, that has the launching of her, what a fight she'll make.

3. I marry boys, there will be sport indeed, there will be grapling, she has a murderer lies in her prow,
I am afraid will fright his main Mast, *Robin.*

4. Who dost thou think shall have her of thy conscience, thou art a wise man?

3. If she go the old way, the way of lot, the longest cut sweeps all without question.

1. She has lost a friend of me else; what think ye of the Courtier?

2. Hang him Hedge-hog: h'as nothing in him but a piece of *Euphues*, and twenty dozen of twelvepenny ribond, all about him, he is but one *Pedlers* shop of Gloves and Garters, pick-teeth and pomander.

3. The Courtier, marry God bless her *Steven*, she is not mad yet, she knows that trindle-tail too well, he's crestfall'n, and pin-buttock't, with leaping Landresses.

4. The Merchant, sure she will not be so base to have him.

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1. I hope so *Robin*, he'll sell us all to the Moors to make Mummy; nor the Captain.

4. Who *Potgun*? that's a sweet youth indeed, will he stay, think ye?

3. Yes, without question, and have halfe din'd too, e'r the Grace be done; he's good for nothing in the world but eating, lying and sleeping; what other men devour in drink, he takes in potage, they say h'as been at Sea, a Herring-fishing, for without doubt he dares not hale an Eel-boat i'th' way of War.

2. I think so, they would beat him off with Butter.

3. When he brings in a prize, unless it be Cockles, or *Callis* sand to scour with, I'll renounce my Five Mark a year, and all the hidden Art I have in carving, to teach young Birds to whistle *Walsingham*; leave him to the Lime-Boats; now, what think you of the brave *Amiens*?

1. That's a thought indeed.

2. I marry, there's a person fit to feed upon a dish so dainty, and he'll do't I warrant him i'th' nick boys, has a body world without end.

4. And such a one my Lady will make no little of; but is not *Montague* married to day?

3. Yes faith, honest *Montague* must have his bout too.

2. He's as good a lad as ever turn'd a trencher; must we leave him?

3. He's too good for us, *Steven*, I'll give him health to his good luck to night i'th' old Beaker, and it shall be Sack too.

4. I must have a Garter; and boys I have bespoke a Posset, some body shall give me thanks fort, 'tas a few toys in't will rase commotions in a bed, lad.

1. Away; my Lady. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Orleance *and his Lady, arm in arm*, Amiens, Lamira, Charlotte, *like a Bride*, Montague *brave*, Laverdine, Longaville, Dubois, Mallycorn, La-poop.

Lam. Seat your selves noble Lords and Gentlemen,
You know your places; many royal welcomes
I give your Grace; how lovely shews this change!
My house is honor'd in this reconcilement.

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Orl. Thus Madam must you do, my Lady now shall see
You made a Woman;
And give you some short lessons for your voyage.
Take her instructions Lady, she knows much.

Lam. This becomes you, Sir.

L[*a*]. My Lord must have his Will.

Orl. 'Tis all I can do now, sweet-heart, fair Lady;
This to your happy choice, brother *Amiens*,
You are the man I mean it to.

Ami. I'll pledge you.

Orl. And with my heart.

Ami. With all my love I take it.

Lam. Noble Lords, I am proud ye have done this day, so much content, and me such estimation, that this hour (In this poor house) shall be a league for ever,
For so I know ye mean it.

Ami. I do Lady.

Orl. And I my Lord.

Omnes. Y'ave done a work of honor.

Ami. Give me the Cup, where this health stops, let
That man be either very sick, or very simple;
Or I am very angry; Sir, to you;
Madam, methinks this Gentleman might sit too;
He would become the best on's.

Orl. Pray sit down, Sir, I know the Lady of the Feast expects not this day so much old custom.

Ami. Sit down *Montague*; nay, never blush for the matter.

Mont. Noble Madam, I have t[w]o reasons [a]gainst it, and I dare not; duty to you first, as you are my Lady, and I your poorest servant; next the custom of this days ceremony.

Lam. As you are my servant, I may command you then.

Mont. To my life, Lady.

Lam. Sit down, and here, I'll have it so.

Ami. Sit down man, never refuse so fair a Ladies offer.

Mont. It is your pleasure, Madam, not my pride,
And I obey; I'll pledge ye now my Lord, Monsieur *Longaville*.

Long. I thank you, Sir.

Mont. This to my Lady, and her fair choice to day, and happiness.

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Lon. 'Tis a fair health, I'll pledge you though I sink for't.

Lam. *Montague* you are too modest; come, I'll add a little more wine t'yee, 'twill make you merry, this to the good I wish.——

Mont. Honour'd Lady, I shall forget my self with this great bounty.

Lam. You shall not Sir, give him some Vine.

Ami. By Heaven you are a worthy woman, and that Man is blest can come near such a Lady.

Lami. Such a blessing wet weather washes.

Mont. At all, I will not go a lip less, my Lord.

Orl. 'Tis well cast, Sir.

Mal. If *Montague* get more Wine, we are all like to hear on't.

Lav. I do not like that sitting there.

Mal. Nor I, methinks he looks lik[e] a Judge.

La-p. Now have I a kind of grudging of a beating on me, I fear my hot fit:

Mal. Drink apace, there's nothing allays a cudgel like it.

Lami. *Montague*, now I'll put my choice to you; who do you hold in all this honor'd company a Husband fit to enjoy thy Lady? speak directly.

Mont. Shall I speak, Madam?

Lami. *Montague* you shall.

Mont. Then as I have a soul, I'll speak my conscience,
Give me more Wine, in *vino veritas*,
Here's to my self, and *Montague* have a care.

Lami. Speak to th' cause.

Mont. Yes Madam, first I'll begin to thee.

Lav. Have at us.

La-p. Now for a Psalm of mercy.

Mont. You good Monsieur, you that belye the noble name of Courtier, and think your claim good here, hold up your hand; your Worship is endited here, for a vain glorious fool.

Lav. Good, oh Sir.

Mont. For one whose wit
Lies in a ten pound wastcoat; yet not warm;
Ye have travell'd like a Fidler to make faces,
And brought home nothing but a case of tooth-picks.

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You would be married, and no less than Ladies,
And of the best sort can serve you; thou Silk-worm,
What hast thou in thee to deserve this woman?
Name but the poorest piece of man, good manners,
There's nothing sound about thee, faith, th'ast none,
It lies pawn'd at thy Silk-man's, for so much Lace;
Thy credit with his wife cannot redeem it,
Thy cloaths are all the soul thou hast, for so
Thou sav'st them handsome for the next great tilting,
Let who will take the t'other, thou wert never christen'd
(Upon my conscience) but in Barbers water;
Thou art never out o'th' Bason, thou art rotten,
And if thou dar'st tell truth, thou wilt confess it;
—— Thy skin
Looks of a Chesnut colour, greaz'd with Amber,
All women that on earth do dwell, thou lov'st,
Yet none that understand love thee again,
But those that love the Spittle; get thee home
Poor painted Butter-flie, th[y] Summers past;
Go sweat, and eat dry Mutton, thou may'st live
To do so well yet; a bruis'd Chamber-Maid
May fall upon thee, and advance thy follies.
You have your sentence; now it follows Captain,
I treat of you.

La-p. Pray [God] I may deserve it.

Orl. Beshrew my heart, he speaks plain.

Ami. That's plain dealing.

Mont. You are a rascal Captain.

La-p. A fine Calling.

Mont. A Water-coward.

Ami. He would make a pretty stuff.

Mont. May I speak freely, Madam?

Lami. Here's none ties you. (thought

Mont. Why shouldst thou dare come hither with a
To find a wife here fit for thee? are all
Thy single money whores that fed on Carrots,
And fill'd the high Grass with familiars
Fall'n off to Footmen; prethee tell me truly,
For now I know thou dar'st not lie, couldst thou not
Wish thy self beaten well with all thy heart now,

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And out of pain? say that I broke a rib,
Or cut thy nose off, wer't not merciful for this ambition?
La-p. Do your pleasure, Sir, beggars must not be choosers.
Orl. He longs for beating.
Mont. But that I have nobler thoughts possess my soul,
Than such brown Bisket, such a piece of Dog-fish,
Such a most maungy Mackril eater as thou art,
That dares do nothing that belongs to th' Sea,
But spue, and catch Rats, and fear men of War,
Though thou hast nothing in the world to loose
Aboord thee, but one piece of Beef, one Musket
Without a cock for peace sake, and a Pitch-barrel,
I'll tell thee, if my time were not more pretious
Than thus to loose it, I would rattle thee,
It may be beat thee, and thy pure fellow,
The Merchant there of Catskins, till my words,
Or blows, or both, made ye two branded wretches
To all the world hereafter; you would fain to
Venture your Bils of lading for this Lady;
What would you give now for her? some five frayl
Of rotten Figs, good Godson, would you not, Sir?
Or a Parrot that speaks *High Dutch*? can all thou ever saw'st
Of thine own fraughts from Sea, or cosenage
(At which thou art as expert as the Devil)
Nay, sell thy soul for wealth to, as thou wilt do,
Forfeit thy friends, and raise a mint of Money,
Make thee dream all these double, could procure
A kiss from this good Lady? canst thou hope
She would lye with such a nook of Hell as thou art,
And hatch young Merchant-furies? oh ye dog-bolts!
That fear no [God] but *Dunkirk*, I shall see you
Serve in a lowsy Lime-boat, e'r I dye,
For mouldy Cheese and Butter, *Billingsgate*
Would not endure, or bring in rotten Pippins
To cure blew eyes, and swear they came from *China*.
Lami. Vex 'em no more, alas they shake:
Mont. Down quickly on your marrow-bones, and thank this Lady.
I would not leave you thus else, there are blankets,
And such delights for such knaves; but fear still;

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'Twill be revenge enough to keep you waking.
Ye have no mind of marriage, ha' ye?
La-p. Surely no great mind now.
Mont. Nor you.
Mal. Nor I, I take it.
Mont. Two eager suitors.
L[a]v. Troth 'tis wondrous hot, [God] bless us from him.
Lami. You have told me *Montag[u]e*
Who are not fit to have me, let me know
The man you would point out for me.
Mont. There he sits; my Lord of *Amiens*, Madam, is my choice, he's noble every way, and worthy a wife with all the dowries of—
Ami. Do you speak Sir, out of your friendship to me?
Mont. Yes my Lord, and out of truth, for I could never flatter.
Ami. I would not say how much I owe you for it,
For that were but a promise, but I'll thank ye,
As now I find you, in despite of fortune,
A fair and noble Gentleman. (made
Lami. My Lords, I must confess the choice this man hath
Is every way a great one, if not too great,
And no way to be slighted: yet because
We love to have our own eyes sometimes n[o]w,
Give me a little liberty to see,
How I could fit my self, if I were put to't.
Ami. Madam we must.
Lami. Are ye all agreed?
Omnes. We be.
Lami. Then as I am a Maid, I shall choose here.
Montague I must have thee.
Mont. Why Madam, I have learnt to suffer more
Than you can (out of pity) mock me with this way especially.
Lami. Thou think'st I jest now;
But by the love I bear thee, I will have thee.
Mont. If you could be so weak to love a fall'n man,
He must deserve more than I ever can,
Or ever shall (dear Lady;) look but this way
Upon that Lord, and you will tell me then

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Your eyes are no true choosers of good men.

Ami. Do you love him truly?

Lam. Yes my Lord, I will obey him truly, for I'll marry him, and justly think he that has so well serv'd me with his obedience, being born to greatness, must use me nobly of necessity, when I shall serve him.

Ami. 'Twere a deep sin to cross ye, noble *Montague*,
I wish ye all content, and am as happy
In my friends good as it were meerly mine.

Mont. Your Lordship does ill to give up your right;
I am not capable of this great goodness,
There sits my wife that holds my troth.

Cha. I'll end all, I wooed you for my Lady, and now give up my Title, alas poor wench, my aims are lower far.

Mont. How's this sweet-heart?

Lami. Sweet-heart 'tis so, the drift was mine to hide
My purpose till it struck home.

Omnes. [God g]ive you joy.

Lami. Prethee leave wondring, by this kiss I'll have thee.

Mont. Then by this kiss, and this, I'll ever serve ye.

Long. This Gentleman and I Sir, must needs hope once more to follow ye.

Mont. As friends and fellows, never as servants more.

Long. Dub. You make us happy.

Orl. Friend *Montague*, ye have taught me so much honor, I have found a fault in my self, but thus I'll purge my conscience of it, the late Land I took by false play, from you, with as much contrition, and entireness of affection to this most happy day again, I render; be master of your own, forget my malice, and make me worthy of your love, L. *Montague.*

Mont. You have won me and honor to your name.

Mal. Since your Lordship has begun good deeds, we'll follow; good Sir forgive us, we are now those men fear you for goodness sake; those sums of money unjustly we detain from you, on your pardon shall be restor'd again, and we your servants.

La-p. You are very forward Sir, it seems you have money, I pray you lay out, I'll pay you, or pray for you, as the Sea works.

Lav. Their pennance Sir, I'll undertake, so please ye

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To grant me one concealment.
Long. A right Courtier, still a begging.
Mont. What is it Sir?
Lav. A Gentlewoman.
Mont. In my gift?
Lav. Yes Sir, in yours.
Mont. Why, bring her forth, and take her.
Lami. What wench would he have?
Mont. Any wench I think.

Enter Laverdine *and* Veramour *like a woman.*

Lav. This is the Gentlewoman.
Mont. 'Tis my Page, Sir.
Ver. No Sir, I am a poor disguis'd Lady, (wot.
That like a Page have followed you full long for love god-
Omnes. A Lady—*Laverdine*—yes, yes, 'tis a Lady.
Mont. It may be so, and yet we have lain together,
But by my troth I never found her, Lady.
L. Orl. Why wore you boys cloaths?
Ver. I'll tell you, Madam,
I took example by two or three Plays, that methought
Concerned me.
Mont. Why made you not me acquainted with it?
Ver. Indeed Sir, I knew it not my self,
Until this Gentleman open'd my dull eyes,
And by perswasion made me see it.
Ami. Could his power in words make such a change?
Ver. Yes, as truly woman as your self, my Lord.
Lav. Why, but hark you, are not you a woman?
Ver. If hands and face make it not evident, you shall see
Mal. Breeches, breeches, *Laverdine.* (more.
La-p. 'Tis not enough, women may wear those cases.
Search further Courtier.
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.
La-p. Oh thou fresh-water Gudgeon, wouldst thou come
To point of Marriage with an *Ignoramus*?
Thou shouldst have had her Urin to the Doctors,
The foolishest Physitian could have made plain
The liquid *Epicæne*; a blind man by the hand
Could have discovered the ring from the stone.

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Boy, come, to Sea with me, I'll teach thee to climb,
And come down by the Rope, nay to eat Rats.
Ver. I shall devour my Master before the prison then,
Sir, I have began my Trade.
Mal. Trade? to the City, child, a flat-cap will become thee.
Mont. Gentlemen, I beseech you molest your selves no (further,
For his preferment it is determin'd.
Lav. I am much ashamed, and if my cheek
Gives not satisfaction, break my head.
Mont. Your shame's enough, Sir.
Ami. *Montague*, much joy attend thy marriage-bed;
By thy example of true goodness, envy is exil'd,
And to all honest men that truth intend,
I wish good luck, fair fate be still thy friend. [*Exeunt.*

Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.

By Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER.*

YOu that can look through Heaven, and tell the Stars,
Observe their kind conjunctions, and their wars;
Find out new Lights, and give them where you please,
To those men honors, pleasures, to those ease;
You that are God's Surveyers, and can show
How far, and when, and why the wind doth blow;
Know all the charges of the dreadful thunder,
And when it will shoot over, or fall under:
Tell me, by all your Art I conjure ye,
Yes, and by truth, what shall become of me?
Find out my Star, if each one, as you say,
Have his peculiar Angel, and his way;
Observe my fate, next fall into your dreams,
Sweep clean your houses, and new line your Sceames,
Then say your worst: or have I none at all?
Or is it burnt out lately? or did fall?

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Or am I poor? not able, no full flame?
My Star, like me, unworthy of a name?
Is it your Art can only work on those,
That deal with dangers, dignities, and cloaths?
With Love, or new Opinions? you all lye,
A Fish-wife hath a fate, and so have I,
But far above your finding; he that gives,
Out of his providence, to all that lives,
And no man knows his treasure, no, not you:
He that made Egypt *blind, from whence you grew*
Scabby and lowzie, that the world might see
Your Calculations are as blind as ye:
He that made all the Stars, you daily read,
And from thence filtch a knowledge how to feed;
Hath hid this from you, your conjectures all
Are drunken things, not how, but when they fall:
Man is his own Star, and the soul that can
Render an honest, and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our Acts our Angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still,
And when the Stars are labouring, we believe
It is not that they govern, but they grieve
For stuborn ignorance; all things that are
Made for our general uses, are at war,
Even we among our selves, and from the strife,
Your first unlike opinions got a life.
Oh man! thou Image of thy Makers good,
What canst thou fear, when breath'd into thy bloud,
His spirit is, that built thee? what dull sence
Makes thee suspect, in need, that Providence?
Who made the morning, and who plac'd the light
Guide to thy labours? who call'd up the night,
And bid her fall upon thee like sweet showers
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers?
Who gave thee knowledge, who so trusted thee,
To let thee grow so near himself, the Tree?
Must he then be distrusted? shall his frame
Discourse with him, why thus, and thus I am?

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He made the Angels thine, thy fellows all,
Nay, even thy servants, when Devotions call.
Oh! canst thou be so stupid then, so dim,
To seek a saving influence, and loose him?
Can Stars protect thee? or can poverty,
Which is the light to Heaven, put out his eye?
He is my Star, in him all truth I find,
All influence, all fate, and when my mind
Is furnish'd with his fullness, my poor story
Shall out-live all their age, and all their glory,
The hand of danger cannot fall amiss,
When I know what, and in whose power it is.
[N]or want, the cause of man, shall make me groan,
A Holy Hermit is a mind alone.
Doth not experience teach us all we can,
To work our selves into a glorious man?
Love's but an exhalation to best eyes
The matter spent, and then the fools fire dies?
Were I in love, and could that bright Star bring
Increase to Wealth, Honor, and every thing:
Were she as perfect good, as we can aim,
The first was so, and yet she lost the Game.
My Mistriss then be knowledge and fair truth;
So I enjoy all beauty and all youth,
And though to time her Lights, and Laws she lends,
She knows no Age, that to corruption bends.
Friends promises may lead me to believe,
But he that [is] his own friend, knows to live.
Affliction, when I know it is but this,
A deep allay, whereby man tougher is
To [b]ear the hammer, and the deeper still,
We still arise more image of his Will.
Sickness, an humorous cloud 'twixt us and light
And death, at longest but another night.
Man is his own Star, and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.

FINIS.

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THE

MASQUE of the Gentlemen

OF

GRAYS-INNE and the *INNER-TEMPLE*;

Performed before the KING in the Banqueting-House *in* White-Hall, at the Marriage of the Illustrious *Frederick* and *Elizabeth*, Prince and Princess Palatine of the *Rhine*.

Written by *FRANCIS BEAMONT* Gent.

Enter Iris *running*, Mercury *following, and catching hold of her.*

Mercury.

STay Light-[f]oot *Iris*, for thou striv'st in vain,
My wings are nimbler than thy feet.

Iris. Away,
Dissembling *Mercury*, my messages
Ask honest haste, not like those wanton ones,
Your thundering Father sends.

Mer. Stay foolish Maid,
Or I will take my rise upon a hill,
When I perceive thee seated in a cloud,
In all the painted glory that thou hast,
And never cease to clap my willing wing[s],
Till I catch hold o[f] thy discolour'd Bow,
And shiver it beyond the angry power
Of your [curst] Mistriss to make up again.

Iris. Hermes forbear, *Juno* will chide and strike;

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Is great *Jove* jealous that I am imploy'd
On her Love-errands? she did never yet
Claspe weak mortality in her white arms,
As he has often done; I only come
To celebrate the long wish'd Nuptials
Here in *Olympia*, which are now perform'd
Betwixt two goodly Rivers, [which] have mixt
Their gentle [ris]ing waves, and are to grow
Into a thousand streams, great as themselves.
I need not name them, for the sound is loud
In Heaven and Earth, and I am sent from her
The Queen of marriage, that was present here,
And smil'd to see them joyn, and hath not chid
Since it was done. Good *Hermes* let me goe.

Merc. Nay, you must stay, *Jove's* message is the same;
Whose eyes are lightning, and whose voice is thunder,
Whose breath is a[n]y wind, he will, who knows
How to be first [o]n Earth, as well as Heaven.

Iris. But what hath he to do with Nuptial rites?
Let him [keepe state] upon his Starry throne,
And fright poor mortals with his Thunder-bolts,
Leaving to us the mutual darts of eyes.

Merc. Alas, when ever offer'd he t'abridge
Your Ladies power, but only now in these,
Whose match concerns [his] general government?
Hath not each God a part in these high joyes?
And shall not he the King of gods presume
Without proud *Juno's* licence? let her know,
That when enamour'd *Jove* fir[st] gave her power
To link soft hearts in undissolv[ed] b[o]nds,
He then foresaw, and to himself reserv'd
The honor of this marriage: thou shalt stand
Still as a Rock, while I to bless this Feast
Will summon up with mine all-charming rod
The Nymphs of Fountains, from whose watry locks,
(Hung with the dew of blessing and increase)
The greedy Rivers take their nourishment.
Y[ou] Nymphs, who bathing in your loved Springs,
Beheld these Rivers in their infancy.
And joy'd to see them, when their circled heads

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Refresh'd the Air, and spread the ground with Flowers;
Rise from your Wells, and with your nimble feet
Perform that office to this happy pair,
Which in these Plains you to *Alpheus* did,
When passing hence, through many Seas unmixt,
He gain'd the favour of his *Arethuse.*

[*The Nymphs rise, and dance a little, and then make a stand.*

Iris. Is *Hermes* grown a Lover? by what power
Unknown to us, calls he the [Naiades]?

Merc. Presumptuous *Iris*, I could make thee dance,
Till thou forgetst thy Ladies messages,
And rann'st back crying to her; thou shalt know
My power is more, only my breath, and this
Shall move fix'd Stars, and force the Firmament
To yield the Hyades, who govern showers,
And dewy clouds, in whose dispersed drops
Thou form'st the shape of thy deceitful Bow.
Y[ou] Maids, who yearly at appointed times
Advance with kindly tears, the gentle floods
Discend, and pour your blessing on these streams,
Which rolling down from Heaven-aspiring hills,
And now united in the fruitful vales,
Bear all before them, ravish'd with their joy,
And swell in glory, till they know no bounds.

[*The Cloud discends with the Hyades, at which the Maids seem to be rejoyced; they all dance a while together, then make another stand, as if they wanted something.*

Iris. Great Wit and Power hath *Hermes* to contrive
A livel[esse] dance, which of one sex consists.

Merc. Alas poor *Iris! Venus* hath in store
A secret ambush of her winged boys,
Who lurking long within these pleasant groves,
First stuck these Lovers with their equal darts;
Those *Cupids* shall come forth, and joyn with these,
To honor that which they themselves began.

[*The* Cupids *come forth and dance, they are weary with their blind pursuing the Nymphs, and th*[*e*] *Nymphs weary with flying them.*

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Iris. Behold the Statues which wild Vulcan plac'd
Under the Altar of Olympian *Jove*,
And gave to them an artificial life:
[Shall daunce for joy of these great Nuptialls:]
See how they move, drawn by this Heavenly joy,
Like the wild Trees, which followed *Orpheus* Harp.

[*The Statues come down, and they all dance, till the Nymphs out-run them, and lose them, then the* Cupids *go off, and last the Statues.*

Merc. And what will *Juno*'s *Iris* do for her?

Iris. Just match this shew, or m[y] inventio[n] fail[es],
Had it been worthier, I would have invok'd
The blazing Comets, Clouds, and falling Stars,
And all my kindred Meteors of the air,
To have excell'd it; but I now must strive
To imitate confusion; therefore thou
Delightful *Flora*; if thou ever feltst
Increase of sweetness in those blooming Plants,
On which the horns of my fair Bow decline,
Send hither all th[e] rural company,
Which deck the May-games with their [Countrey] sports;
Juno will have it so.

[*The second Anti-Masque* [*rush*] *in*, [*dance*] *their measure, and as rudely depart.*

Merc. Iris, we strive
Like winds at liberty, who should do worst
E'r we return. If *Juno* be the Queen
Of Marriages, let her give happy way
To what is done in honor of the State
She governs.

Iris. Hermes, so it may be done
Meerly in honor of the State, and th[e]se
That now have prov'd it; not to satisfy
The lust of *Jupiter*, in having thanks
More than his *Juno*; if thy Snaky rod
Have power to search the Heaven, or sound the Sea,
Or call together all the ends of earth,
To bring [in] any thing that may do grace
To us, and these, do it, we shall be pleas'd.

Merc. Then know that from the mouth of *Jove* himself,

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Whose words have wings, and need not to be born,
I took a message, and I b[a]re it through
A thousand yielding clouds, and never staid
Till his high Will was done: the *Olympian* games,
Which long ha[ve] slept, at these wish'd Nuptials,
He pleas'd to have renew'd, and all his Knights
Are gather'd hither, who within their Tents
Rest on this hill, upon whose rising head
[*The Altar is discovered with the Pri*[*e*]*sts about it, and the Statues under it, and the Knights lying in their Tents on each side, near the top of the hill.*
Behold *Joves* Altar, and his blessed Priests
Moving about it; come you Holy men,
And with your voices draw these youths along,
That till *Joves* Musick call them to their games.
Their active sports may give a blest content
To those, for whom they are again begun.

The first Song, when the Priests descend, and the Knights follow them.

Shake off your heavy trance,
and leap into a dance,
Such as no mortals use to tread,
fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the Moon to lead,
And all the Stars to follow.

The second Song at the end of the first Dance.

On blessed youths, for Jove *doth pause,*
Laying aside his graver Laws
For this device:
And at the wedding such a pair,
Each dance is taken for a prayer,
Each Song a Sacrifice.

The third Song, after their many Dances, when they are to take out the Ladies.

Single.

More pleasing were these sweet delights,
If Ladies mov'd as well as Knights;

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Run every one of you and catch
A Nymph, in honor of his match;
And whisper boldly in her ear,
Jove *will but laugh, if you forswear.*

All.

And this days sins he doth resolve,
That we his Priests should all absolve.

The fourth Song, when they have parted with the Ladies, a shrill Musick sounds, supposed to be that which calls them to the Olympian games, at which they all make a seeming preparation to depart.

Y[e] should stay longer if we durst,
Away, alas! that he that first
Gave time wild wings to fly away,
H[ath] now no power to make him stay.
[But] though these games must needs be plaid,
I would th[is] pair, when they are laid,
And not a creature nigh 'em,
[Could] catch his sithe, as he doth pass,
And [cut] his wings, and break his glass,
And keep him ever by 'em.

The fifth Song, when all is done, as they ascend

Peace and silence be the guide
To the Man, and to the Bride:
If there be a joy y[e]t new
In marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the world may wonder:
If we should stay, we should do worse,
And turn our blessings to a curse,
By keeping you asunder.

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Four PLAYS in One.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Emanuel, *King of* Portugal, & Castile.
Isabella, *his Queen.*
Lords.

Frigoso, *a Courtier.*
Rinaldo, *his acquaintance.*
} *Spectators of the Play at the celebration of their Nuptials.*

The Triumph of Honor.

Martius, *a Roman General.*
Valerius, *his Brother.*
Nicodemus, *a cowardly Corporal.*
Cornelius, *a wittal Sutler.*
Captain.
Sophocles, *Duke of* Athens.

WOMEN.

Diana.
Dorigen, Sophocles *wife, the example of Chastity.*
Florence, *Wife to* Cornelius.

The Triumph of Love.

Cupid.
Rinaldo, *Duke of* Milan.
Benvoglio, Randulpho, } *Brothers, Lords of* Milan.
Gerard, Ferdinand, } *Sons of the Duke, supposed lost.*

WOMEN.

Angelina, *Wife to* Benvoglio.
Violante, *her Daughter,* Gerard's *Mistriss.*
Dorothea, Violante's *Attendant.*
Cornelia, *the obscured Duchess.*

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The Triumph of Death.

Duke *of* Anjou.
Lavall, *his lustful Heir.*
Gentille, *a Courtier, Father to* Perolot.
Perolot, *contracted to* Gabriella.
Two Gentlemen.
A Spirit.
Shalloone, *servant to* Lavall.

WOMEN.

Gabriella, *the despised wife of* Lavall.
Hellena, *his second wife.*
Casta, *Daughter to* Gentille.
Maria, *a servant attending on* Gabriella.

The Triumph of Time.

Jupiter.
Mercurie.
Plutus.
Time.
Atropos.
Desire.
Vain Delight.
Bounty.
Poverty.
Honesty.
Simplicity.
Fame.

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Four
PLAYS
OR
Moral Representations
IN ONE.

Enter Don Frigozo.

Frig. [*Noise within.*

AWay with those bald-pated Rascals there, their wits are bound up in Vellom, they are not currant here. Down with those City-Gentlemen, *&c.* Out with those —— I say, and in with their wives at the back door. Worship and place, I am weary of ye, ye lye on my shoulders lik a load of Gold on an Asses back. A man in Authority, is but as a candle in the wind, sooner wasted or blown out, than under a bushel. How now, what's the matter?
Who are you, Sir?

Enter Rinaldo.

Rin. Who am I, Sir? why, do y' not know me?
Frig. No by my —— do I not.
Rin. I am sure we din'd together to day.
Frig. That's all one: as I din'd with you in the City, and as you paid for my dinner there, I do know you, and am

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beholding to you: But as my mind is since transmigrated into my office, and as you come to Court to have me pay you again, and be beholding to me, I know you not, I know you not.

Rin. Nay, but look ye, Sir.

Frig. Pardon me: If you had been my bed-fellow these seven years, and lent me money to buy my place, I must not transgress principles: This very talking with you is an ill example.

Rin. Pish, you are too punctual a Courtier, Sir: why, I am a Courtier too, yet never understood the place or name to be so infectious to humanity and manners, as to cast a man into a burning pride and arrogance, for which there is no cure. I am a Courtier, and yet I will know my friends, I tell you.

Frig. And I tell you, you will thrive accordingly, I warrant you.

Rin. But hark ye, Signior *Frigozo*, you shall first understand, I have no friends with me to trouble you.

Frig. Humh: That's a good motive.

Rin. No[r] to borrow money of you.

Frig. That's an excellent motive.

Rin. No my sweet Don, nor to ask what you owe me.

Frig. Why, that is the very motive of motives, why I ought and will know thee: and if I had not wound thee up to this promise, I would not have known thee these fifteen years, no more than the errantst, or most founder'd *Castillian* that followed our new Queens Carriages a-foot.

Rin. Nor for any thing, dear Don, but that you would place me conveniently to see the Play to night.

Frig. That shall I, Signior *Rinaldo*: but would you had come sooner: you see how full the Scaffolds are, there is scant room for a Lovers thought here. Gentlewomen sit close for shame: Has none of ye a little corner for this Gentleman? I'll place ye, fear not. And how did our brave King of *Portugal*, *Emanuel*, bear himself to day? You saw the solemnity of the marriage.

Rin. Why, like a fit Husband for so gracious and excellent a Princess, as his worthy mate *Isabella*, the King of *Castiles* Daughter doth in her very external li[ne]aments, mixture of colours, and joyning Dove-like behaviour assure her self to be.

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And I protest (my dear Don) seriously, I can sing prophetically nothing but blessed Hymns, and happy occasions to this sacred union of *Portugal* and *Castile*, which have so wisely and mutually conjoyned two such virtuous and beautiful Princes as these are; and in all opinion like to multiply to their very last minute.

Frig. The King is entring: Signior, hover here about, and as soon as the Train is set, clap into me, we'll stand near the State. If you have any Creditors here, they shall renew bonds a Twelvemonth on such a sight: but to touch the pomel of the King's Chair in the sight of a Citizen, is better security for a thousand double Duckets, than three of the best Merchants in *Lisbon*. Besides, Signior, we will censure, not only the King in the Play here, that Reigns his two hours; but the King himself, that is to rule his life time: Take my counsel: I have one word to say to this noble Assembly, and I am for you.

Rin. Your method shall govern me.

Frig. *Prologues are bad Huishers before the wise;*
Why may not then an Huisher Prologize?
Here's a fair sight, and were ye oftner seen
Thus gather'd here, 'twould please our King and Queen
Upon my conscience, ye are welcome all
To Lisbon, *and the Court of* Portugal;
Where your fair eyes shall feed on no worse sights
Than preparations made for Kings delights.
We wish to men content, the manliest treasure,
And to the Women, their own wish'd for pleasure.
[Flourish.

Enter King and Queen, Emanuel and Isabella, Lords and attendants.

Em. Fair fountain of my life, from whose pure streams
The propagation of two Kingdoms flowes,
Never contention rise in eithers brest,
But contestation whose love shall be best.

Isab. Majestick Ocean, that with plenty feeds
Me, thy poor tributary Rivolet,
Sun of my beauty, that with radiant beams
Dost gild, and dance upon these humble streams,
Curst be my birth-hour, and my ending day,
When back your love-floods I forget to pay:

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Or if this brest of mine, your crystall brook,
Ever take other form in, other look
But yours, or ere produce unto your grace
A strange reflection, or anothers face,
But be your love-book clasp'd, open'd to none
But you, nor hold a storie, but your own;
A water fix'd, that ebbs nor floods pursue,
Frozen to all, onely dissolv'd to you.

Em. O, who shall tel the sweetness of our love
To future times, and not be thought to lye?
I look through this hour like a perspective,
And far off see millions of prosperous seeds,
That our reciprocall affection breeds.
Thus my white rib, close in my brest with me,
Which nought shall tear hence, but mortalitie.

Lords. Be Kingdoms blest in you, you blest in them.

Frig. Whist, Seignior; my strong imagination shews me Love (me thinks) bathing in milk, and wine in her cheeks: O! how she clips him, like a plant of Ivie.

Rin. I; Could not you be content to be an Owl in such an ivie-bush, or one of the Oaks of the City to be so clipt?

Frig. Equivocal Don, though I like the clipping well, I could not be content either to be your Owl, or your Ox of the City. The Play begins. [*Flourish.*

Enter a Poet with a garland.

Poet Prologue. *Low at your sacred feet our poor Muse layes*
Her, and her thunder-fearless virdant Bayes.
Four severall Triumphs *to your Princely eyes,*
Of Honor, Love, Death, *and* Time *do rise*
From our approaching subject, which we move
Towards you with fear, since that a sweeter Love,
A brighter Honor, *purer* Chastitie
March in your brests this day triumphantly,
Then our weak Scenes can show: then how dare we
Present like Apes and Zanies, things that be
Exemplifi'd in you, but that we know,
We ne'r crav'd grace, which you did not bestow?

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Enter in triumph with Drums, Trumpets, Colours, Martius, Valerius, Sophocles *bound*, Nicodemus, Cornelius, *Captains and Soldiers.*

Mar. What means proud *Sophocles?*
Soph. To go even with *Martius*,
And not to follow him like his Officer:
I never waited yet on any man.
Mar. Why poor *Athenian* Duke, thou art my slave,
My blows have conquerd thee.
Soph. Thy slave? proud *Martius*,
Cato thy countrey-man (whose constancie,
Of all the Romans, I did honor most)
Rip'd himself twice to avoid slavery,
Making himself his own Anatomie.
But look thee *Martius*, not a vein runs here
From head to foot, but *Sophocles* would unseame, and
Like a spring garden shoot his scornfull blood
Into their eyes, durst come to tread on him:
As for thy blows, they did [not] conquer me:
Seven Battailes have I met thee face to face,
And given thee blow for blow, and wound for wound,
And till thou taught'st me, knew not to retire;
Thy sword was then as bold, thy arm as strong;
Thy blows then *Martius*, cannot conquer me.
Val. What is it then?
Soph. Fortune.
Val. Why, yet in that
Thou art the worse man, and must follow him.
Soph. Young Sir, you erre: If Fortune could be call'd
Or his, or your's, or mine, in good or evill
For any certain space, thou hadst spoke truth:
But she but jests with man, and in mischance
Abhors all constancie, flowting him still
With some small touch of good, or seeming good
Midst of his mischief: which vicissitude
Makes him strait doff his armour, and his fence
He had prepar'd before, to break her strokes.
So from the very Zenith of her wheel,
When she has dandled some choice favorite,

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Given him his boons in women, honor, wealth,
And all the various delecacies of earth;
That the fool scorns the gods in his excess,
She whirls, and leaves him at th' *Antipodes*.

Mar. Art sure we have taken him? Is this *Sophocles?*
His fettred arms say no; his free soul, I.
This *Athens* nurseth Arts, as well as Arms.

Soph. Nor glory *Martius*, in this day of thine,
'Tis behind yesterday, but before to morrow:
Who knows what Fortune then will do with thee?
She never yet could make the better man,
The better chance she has: the man that's best
She still contends with, and doth favor least.

Mar. Me thinks a graver thunder then the skies
Breaks from his lips; I am amaz'd to hear,
And *Athens* words, more then her swords doth fear.

Soph. *Martius*, slave *Sophocles*, couldst thou acquire
(And did thy Roman gods so love thy prayers,
And solemn sacrifice, to grant thy suit)
To gather all the valour of the *Cæsars*
Thy Predecessors, and what is to come,
And by their influence fling it on thee now,
Thou couldst not make my mind go less, not pare
With all their swords one virtue from my soul:
How am I vassall'd then? Make such thy slaves,
As dare not keep their goodness past their graves.
Know General, we two are chances on
The die of Fate; now thrown, thy six is up,
And my poor one beneath thee, next th[y] throw
May set me upmost, and cast thee below.

Mar. Yet will I trie thee more: Calamitie
Is mans true touchstone: Listen insolent Prince,
That dar'st contemn the Master of thy life,
Which I will force here 'fore thy City walls
With barbarous crueltie, and call thy wife
To see it, and then after send her—

Soph. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. And then demolish *Athens* to the ground,
Depopulate her, fright away her fame,
And leave succession neither stone nor name.

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Soph. Ha, ha, ha.
Mar. Dost thou deride me?
Val. Kneel, ask *Martius*
For mercy, *Sophocles*, and live happy still.
Soph. Kneel, and ask mercie? (*Roman*) art a god?
I never kneel'd, or begg'd of any else.
Thou art a fool, and I will loose no more
Instructions on thee: now I find thy eares [*Solemn Musick.*

Enter Dorigen, Ladyes bearing a sword.

Are foolish, like thy tongue. My *Dorigen*?
Oh! must she see me bound?
1. *Cap.* There's the first sigh
He breath'd since he was born, I think.
2. *Cap.* Forbear,
All but the Lady his wife.
Soph. How my heart chides
The manacles of my hands, that let them not
Embrace my *Dorigen*.
Val. Turn but thy face.
And ask thy life of *Martius* thus, and thou
(With thy fair wife) shalt live; *Athens* shall stand,
And all her priviledges augmented be.
Soph. 'Twere better *Athens* perish'd, and my wife
Which (Romans) I do know a worthie one,
Then *Sophocles* should shrink of *Sophocles*,
Commit profane Idolatry, by giving
The reverence due to gods to thee blown man.
Mar. Rough, stubborn Cynick.
Soph. Thou art rougher far,
And of a couser wale, fuller of pride,
Less temperate to bear prosperity.
Thou seest my meer neglect hath rais'd in thee
A storm more boystrous then the Oceans,
My virtue, Patience, makes thee vitious.
Mar. Why, fair-ey'd Lady, do you kneel?
Dor. Great Generall,
Victorious, godlike *Martius*, your poor handmaid
Kneels, for her husband will not, cannot: speaks
Thus humbly, that he may not. Listen *Roman*,

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Thou whose advanced front doth speak thee *Roman*
To every Nation, and whose deeds assure 't;
Behold a Princess (whose declining head
Like to a drooping lilly after storms
Bowes to thy feet) and playing here the slave,
To keep her husbands greatness unabated:
All which doth make thy Conquest greater: For,
If he be base in ought whom thou hast taken,
Then *Martius* hath but taken a base prize.
But if this Jewell hold lustre and value,
Martius is richer then in that he hath won.
O make him such a Captive, as thy self
Unto another wouldst, great Captain, be;
Till then, he is no prisoner fit for thee.
Mar. *Valerius*, here is harmonie would have brought
Old crabbed *Saturn* to sweet sleep, when *Jove*
Did first incense him with Rebellion:
Athens doth make women Philosophers,
And sure their children chat the talk of gods.
Val. Rise beauteous *Dorigen*.
Dor. Not untill I know
The Generals resolution.
Val. One soft word
From *Sophocles* would calm him into tears,
Like gentle showres after tempestuous winds.
Dor. To buy the world, he will not give a word,
A look, a tear, a knee, 'gainst his own judgement,
And the divine composure of his minde:
All which I therefore doe, and here present
This Victors wreathe, this rich *Athenian* sword,
Trophies of Conqu[e]st, which, great *Martius*, wear,
And be appeas'd: Let *Sophocles* still live.
Mar. He would not live.
Dor. He would not beg to live.
When he shall so forget, then I begin
To command, *Martius*; and when he kneels,
Dorigen stands; when he lets fall a tear,
I dry mine eyes, and scorn him.
Mar. Scorn him now then,
Here in the face of *Athens*, and thy friends.

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Self-will'd, stiff *Sophocles*, prepare to die,
And by that sword thy Lady honor'd me,
With which her self shall follow. Romans, Friends,
Who dares but strike this stroke, shall part with me
Half *Athens*, and my half of Victorie.
Cap. By —— not we.
Nic. Cor. We two will do it, Sir.
Soph. Away, ye fish-fac'd Rascals.
Val. Martius,
To Eclipse this great Eclipse labours thy fame;
Valerius thy Brother shall for once
Turn Executioner: Give me the sword.
Now *Sophocles*, I'll strike as suddenly
As thou dar'st die.
Soph. Thou canst not. And *Valerius*,
'Tis less dishonour to thee thus to kill me,
Then bid me kneel to *Martius*: 'tis to murther
The fame of living men, which great ones do;
Their studies strangle, poyson makes away,
The wretched hangman only ends the Play.
Val. Art thou prepar'd?
Soph. Yes.
Val. Bid thy wife farewell.
Soph. No, I will take no leave: My *Dorigen*,
Yonder above, 'bout *Ariadnes* Crown
My spirit shall hover for thee; prethee haste.
Dor. Stay *Sophocles*, with this tie up my sight,
Let not soft nature so transform[e]d be
(And lose her gentle[r] sex'd humanitie)
To make me see my Lord bleed. So, 'tis well:
Never one object underneath the Sun
Will I behold before my *Sophocles*.
Farewell: now teach the Romans how to die.
Mar. Dost know what 'tis to die?
Soph. Thou dost not, *Martius*,
And therefore not what 'tis to live; to die
Is to begin to live: It is to end
An old stale weary work, and to commence
A newer and a better. 'Tis to leave
Deceitfull knaves for the societie

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Of gods and goodness. Thou thy self must part
At last from all thy garlands, pleasures, Triumphs,
And prove thy fortitude, what then 'twill do.
Val. But ar't not griev'd nor vex'd to leave life thus?
Soph. Why should I grieve, or vex for being sent
To them I ever lov'd best? now I'll kneel,
But with my back toward thee; 'tis the last duty
This trunk can doe the gods.
Mar. Strike, strike, *Valerius*,
Or *Martius* heart will leap out at his mouth.
This is a man, a woman! Kiss thy Lord,
And live with all the freedome you were wont.
O Love! thou doubly hast afflicted me,
With virtue, and with beauty. Treacherous heart,
My hand shall cast thee quick into my urne,
E're thou transgress this knot of pietie.
Val. What ails my Brother?
Soph. *Martius*, oh *Martius*!
Thou now hast found a way to conquer me.
Dor. O star of *Rome*, what gratitude can speak
Fit words to follow such a deed as this?
Mar. Doth *Juno* talk, or *Dorigen*?
Val. You are observ'd.
Mar. This admirable Duke (*Valerius*)
With his disdain of Fortune, and of Death,
Captiv'd himself, hath captivated me:
And though my arm hath ta'ne his body here,
His soul hath subjugated *Martius* soul:
By *Romulus*, he is all soul, I think;
He hath no flesh, and spirit cannot b[e] gyv'd;
Then we have vanquish'd nothing; he is free,
And *Martius* walks now in captivitie.
Soph. How fares the noble Roman?
Mar. Why?
Dor. Your blood
Is sunk down to your heart, and your bright eyes
Have lost their splendor.
Mar. Baser fires go out,
When the Sun shines on 'em: I am not well,
An Apoplectick fit I use to have

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After my heats in war carelesly coold.
Soph. *Martius* shall rest in *Athens* with his friends,
Till this distemper leave him: O! great Roman,
See *Sophocles* doe that for thee, he could not
Do for himself, weep. *Martius*, by the ——
It grieves me that so brave a soul should suffer
Under the bodies weak infirmitie.
Sweet Lady, take him to thy loving charge,
And let thy care be tender.
Dor. Kingly Sir,
I am your Nurse and servant.
Mar. O deer Lady,
My Mistris, nay my Deity; guide me heaven,
Ten wreathes triumphant *Martius* will give,
To change a *Martius* for a *Sophocles*:
Can't not be done (*Valerius*) with this boot?
Inseparable affection, ever thus
Colleague with *Athens Rome.*
Dor. Beat warlike tunes,
Whilest *Dorigen* thus honors *Martius* brow
With one victorious wreath more.
Soph. And *Sophocles*
Thus girds his Sword of conquest to his thigh,
Which ne'r be drawn, but cut out Victorie.
Lords. For ever be it thus. [*Exeunt.*
Corn. Corporall *Nichodemus*, a word with you.
Nic. My worthie Sutler *Cornelius*, it befits not *Nichodemus* the Roman Officer to parley with a fellow of thy rank: the affairs of the Empire are to be occupied.
Corn. Let the affaires of the Empire lie a while unoccupied, sweet *Nichodemus*; I doe require the money at thy hands, which thou doest owe me; and if faire means cannot attain, force of Armes shall accomplish.
Nic. Put up and live.
Corn. I have put up too much already, thou Corporall of Concupiscence, for I suspect thou hast dishonored my flock-bed, and with thy foolish Eloquence, and that bewitching face of thine drawn my Wife, the young harlotrie baggage to prostitute herself unto thee. Draw therefore, for thou shalt find thyself a mortall Corporall.

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Nichod. Stay thy dead-doing hand, and heare: I will rather descend from my honor, and argue these contumelies with thee, then clutch thee (poor flye) in these eaglet —— of mine: or draw my sword of Fate on a Pesant, a *Besognio*, a *Cocoloch*, as thou art. Thou shalt first understand this foolish eloquence, and intolerable beauty of mine (both which, I protest, are meerly naturall) are the gifts of the gods, with which I have neither sent baudy Sonnet, nor amorous glance, or (as the vulgar call it) sheeps eye to thy betrothed *Florence.*

Cor. Thou lyest.

Nich. O gods of *Rome*, was *Nichodemus* born
To bear these braveries from a poor provant?
Yet when dogs bark, or when the asses bray,
The lion laughs, not roars, but goes his way.

Cornel. A —— o' your poeticall veine: This versifying my wife has hornified me. Sweet Corporall codshead, no more standing on your punctilio's and punketto's of honor, they are not worth a lowse: the truth is, thou art the Generals Bygamie, that is, his fool, and his knave; thou art miscreant and recreant, not an horse-boy in the Legions, but has beaten thee; thy beginning was knap-sack, and thy ending will be halter-sack.

Nich. Me thinks I am now *Sophocles*, the wise, and thou art *Martius*, the mad.

Cornel. No more of your tricks good Corporall Lether-chops: I say, thou hast dishonour'd me, and since honor now adaies is only repaired by money, pay me, and I am satisfied: Even reckoning keeps long friends.

Nic. Let us continue friends then, for I have been even with thee a long time; and though I have not paid thee, I have paid thy wife.

Corn. Flow forth my tears, thou hast deflowred her *Tarquin*, the Garden of my delight, hedg'd about, in which there was but one bowling Alley for mine owne private procreation, thou hast, like a thief in the night, leap'd the hedge, entred my Alley, and without my privitie, plaid thine owne rubbers.

Nic. How long shall patience thus securely snore?
Is it my fault, if these attractive eyes,
This budding chin, or rosie-colour'd cheek,
This comely body, and this waxen leg,
Have drawn her into a fools paradise?

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By *Cupids* —— I do swear (no other)
She's chaster far then *Lucrece*, her grand-mother;
Pure as glass-window, ere the rider dash it,
Whiter then Ladyes smock, when she did wash it:
For well thou wotst (though now my hearts Commandress)
I once was free, and she but the Camps Landress.

Corn. I, she then came sweet to me; no part about her but smelt of Soap-suds, like a *Dryad* out of a wash-bowl. Pray, or pay.

Nich. Hold.

Corn. Was thy cheese mouldy, or thy peny-worths small?
Was not thy Ale the mightiest of the earth in Malt,
And thy stope fill'd like a tide: was not thy bed soft, and
Thy Bacon fatter then a dropsie? Come, Sir.

Nich. *Mars* then inspire me with the fencing skill
Of our Tragedi[a]n Actors. Honor pricks;
And Sutler, now I come with thwacks and thwicks.
Grant us one crush, one pass, and now a high, Cavalto fall:
Then up again, now down again, yet do no harm at all.

Enter Wife.

Wife. O that ever I was born: why Gent?

Corn. *Messaline* of *Rome*, away, disloyal Concubine: I will be deafer to thee, then thou art to others: I will have my hundred drachma's he owes me, thou arrant whore.

Wife. I know he is an hundred drachmaes o'the score; but what o' that? no bloodshed, sweet *Cornelius.* O my heart; o' my conscience 't is faln thorow the bottom of my bellie. O my sweet Didimus, if either of ye miskil one another, what will become of [p]oor *Florence*? Pacifie your selves, I pray.

Corn. Go to, my heart is not stone; I am not marble: drie your eyes, *Florence*; the scurvie apes-face knows my blinde side well enough: leave your puling; will this content ye? let him tast thy nether lip, which in signe of amitie I thus take off again: go thy ways, and provide the Cows udder.

Nich. Lilie of Concord. And now, honest Sutler, since I have had proof as well of thy good nature, as of thy wives before, I will acquaint thee with a project shall fully satisfie thee for thy debt. Thou shalt understand I am shortly to be knighted.

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Corn. The devil thou art.

Nich. Renounce me else; for the sustenance of which Worship (which Worship many times wants sustenance) I have here the Generals grant to have the leading of two hundred men.

Corn. You jest, you jest.

Nich. Refuse me else to the pit.

Corn. Mercie on us: ha you not forgot your self? by you[r] swearing you should be knighted already.

Nich. Damn me, Sir, here's his hand, read it.

Corn. Alas, I cannot.

Nich. I know that.

It has pleas'd the General to look upon my service. Now, Sir, shall you joyn with me in petitioning for fifty men more, in regard of my arrearages to you; which if granted, I will bestow the whole profit of those fifty men on thee and thine heirs for ever, till *Atropos* do cut this simple thred.

Corn. No more, dear Corporal, Sir *Nichodemus*, that shall be, I cry your wishes mercie: I am your servant body and goods, moveables and immoveables; use my house, use my wife, use me, abuse me, do what you list.

Nich. A figment is a candid lye: this is an old Pass. Mark what follows. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Martius, and two Captains.

Mar. Pray leave me: you are Romans, honest men,
Keep me not company, I am turn'd knave,
Have lost my fame and nature. *Athens*, *Athens*,
This *Dorigen* is thy *Palladium*:
He that will sack thee, must betray her first,
Whose words wound deeper than her husbands sword;
Her eyes make captive still the Conqueror,
And here they keep her only to that end.
O subtill devil, what a golden ball
Did tempt, when thou didst cast her in my way!
Why, foolish *Sophocles*, broughtst thou not to field
Thy Lady, that thou mightst have overcome?
Martius had kneel'd, and yielded all his wreathes
That hang like Jewels on the seven-fold hill,
And bid *Rome*, send him out to fight with men,
(For that she knew he durst) and not 'gainst Fate

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Or Deities, what mortal conquers them?
Insatiate *Julius*, when his Victories
Had run ore half the world, had he met her,
There he had stopt the legend of his deeds,
Laid by his Arms, been overcome himself,
And let her vanquish th' other half. And fame
Made beauteous *Dorigen*, the greater name.
Shall I thus fall? I will not; no, my tears
Cast on my heart, shall quench these lawless fires:
He conquers best, conquers his lewd desires.

Enter Dorigen, with Ladyes.

Dor. Great Sir, my Lord commands me visit you,
And thinks your retir'd melancholy proceeds
From some distast of worthless entertainment.
Will't please you take your chamber? how d'ye do, Sir?
Mar. Lost, lost again; the wild rage of my blood
Doth Ocean-like oreflow the shallow shore
Of my weak virtue: my desire's a vane,
That the least breath from her turns every way.
Dor. What says my Lord?
Mar. Dismiss your women, pray,
And I'll reveal my grief.
Dor. Leave me.
Mar. Long tales of love (whilst love it self
Might be enjoyed) are languishing delays.
There is a secret strange lies in my brest,
I will partake wi' you, which much concerns
Your Lord, your self, and me. Oh!
Dor. Strange secrets, Sir,
Should not be made so cheap to strangers: yet,
If your strange secret do no lower lie
Then in your brest, discover it.
Mar. I will.
Oh! can you not see it, Lady, in my sighs?
Dor. Sighs none can paint, and therefore who can see?
Mar. Scorn me not, *Dorigen*, with mocks: *Alcides*,
That master'd monsters, was by beautie tam'd,
Ompbale smil'd his club out of his hand,

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And made him spin her smocks. O sweet, I love you,
And I love *Sophocles*: I must enjoy you,
And yet I would not injure him.
Dor. Let go;
You hurt me, Sir: fare well. Stay, is this *Martius*?
I will not tell my Lord; he'll swear I lye.
Doubt my fidelitie, before thy honor.
How hast thou vex'd the gods, that they would let thee
Thus violate friendship, hospitalitie,
And all the bounds of sacred pietie?
Sure thou but tri'st me out of love to him,
And wouldst reject me, if I did consent.
O *Martius*, *Martius*, wouldst thou in one minute,
Blast all thy Laurels, which so many years
Thou hast been purchasing with blood and sweat?
Hath *Dorigen* never been written, read,
Without the epithet of chast, chast *Dorigen*?
And wouldst thou fall upon her chastitie,
Like a black drop of ink, to blot it out?
When men shall read the records of thy valour,
Thy hitherto-brave virtue, and approach
(Highly content yet) to this foul assault
Included in this leaf, this ominous leaf,
They shall throw down the Book, and read no more,
Though the best deeds ensue, and all conclude,
That ravell'd the whole story, whose sound heart
(Which should have been) prov'd the most leprous part.
Mar. O! thou confut'st divinely, and thy words
Do fall like rods upon me; but they have
Such silken lines, and silver hooks, that I
Am faster snar'd: my love has ta'en such hold,
That (like two wrestlers) though thou stronger be,
And hast cast me, I hope to pull thee after.
I must, or perish.
Dor. Perish, *Martius*, then;
For I [illegible]e vow unto the gods, These rocks,
Thes[illegible]s we see so fix'd, shall be removed,
M[illegible]ion field, ere I so impious prove,
[illegible] Lords bed with adulterous love.

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Enter Valerius.

Val. The gods protect fair *Dorigen.*
Dor. Amen,
From all you wolvish Romanes. [*Exit.*
Val. Ha? what's this?
Still, brother, in your moods? O th[e]n my doubts
Are truths. Have at it: I must try a way
To be resolv'd.
Mar. How strangely dost thou look! what ailst thou?
Val. What ailst thou?
Mar. Why, I 'm mad.
Val. Why, I [a]m madder. *Martius*, draw thy sword,
And lop a villain from the earth; for if
Thou wilt not, on some tree about this place
I'll hang my self; *Valerius* shall not live
To wound his brothers honor, stain his Countrey,
And branded with ingratitude to all times.
Mar. For what can all this be?
Val. I [a]m in love.
Mar. Why so am I. With whom? ha?
Val. Dorigen.
Mar. With *Dorigen*? how dost thou love her? speak.
Val. Even to the height of lust; and I must have her or else I die.
Mar. Thou shalt, thou daring Traitor.
On all the confines I have rid my horse,
Was there no other woman for thy choice
But *Dorigen*? Why, villain, she is mine:
She makes me pine thus, sullen, mad, and fool;
'T is I must have her, or I die.
Val. O all ye gods,
With mercy look on this declining rock
Of valour, and of virtue; breed not up
(From infancie) in honor, to full man,
As you have done him, to destroy: here, strike;
For I have onely search'd thy wound: dispatch;
Far, far be such love from *Valerius*,
So far he scorns to live to be call'd brother
By him that dares own such folly and such vice.

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Mar. 'T is truth thou speak'st; but I do hate it: peace,
If heaven will snatch my sword out of my hand,
And put a rattle in it, what can I do?
He that is destin'd to be odious
In his old age, must undergo his fate.

Enter Cornelius and Nichodemus.

Corn. If you do not back me, I shall never do't.
Nich. I warrant you.
Corn. Humh, humh: Sir; my Lord, my Lord.
Mart. Hah? what's the matter?
Corn. Humh; concerning the odd fifty, my Lord, and 't please your Generality, his Worship, Sir *Nichodemus.*
Mar. What's here? a Pass? you would for *Rome*? you lubbers, doth one days laziness make ye covet home? away, ye boarish rogues; ye dogs, away.

Enter wife.

Wife. Oh, oh, oh:
How now man, are you satisfi'd?
Corn. I, I, I: a —— o' your Corporal; I 'm paid soundly, I was never better paid in all my life.
Wife. Mar[r]y the gods blessing on his honors heart: you have done a charitable deed, Sir, many more such may you live to do, Sir: the gods keep you, Sir, the gods protect you. [*Exit.*
Mar. These peasants mock me sure (*Valerius*)
Forgive my dotage, see my ashes urn'd,
And tell fair *Dorigen*, (she that but now
Left me with this harsh vow, Sooner these rocks
Should be remov'd, then she would yield) that I
Was yet so loving, on her gift to die.
Val. O *Jupiter* forbid it, Sir, and grant
This my device may certifie thy mind:
You are my brother, nor must perish thus:
Be comforted: think you fair *Dorigen*
Would yield your wishes, if these envious rocks
By skill could be remov'd, or by fallacie
She made believe so?
Mar. Why, she could not chuse;

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The *Athenians* are religious in their vows,
Above all nations.
Val. Soft, down yonder hill
The Lady comes this way, once more to trie her,
If she persist in obstinacie: by my skill
Learn'd from the old *Caldean* was my Tutor,
Who train'd me in the *Mathematicks*, I will
So dazle and delude her sight, that she
Shall think this great impossibilitie
Effected by some supernatural means.
Be confident; this engine shall at least,
Till the gods better order, still this brest. [*Exit Valerius.*
Mar. O my best brother, go; and for reward,
Chuse any part o'th' world, I'll give it thee.
O little *Rome*, men say thou art a god;
Thou mightst have got a fitter fool then I.

Enter Dorigen.

Dor. Art thou there, Basilisk? remove thine eyes,
For I'm sick to death with thy infection.
Mar. Yet, yet have mercy on me; save him, Lady,
Whose single arm defends all *Rome*, whose mercie
Hath sav'd thy husband's and thy life.
Dor. To spoil
Our fame and honors? no, my vow is fixt,
And stands, as constant as these stones do, still.
Mar. Then pitie me, ye gods; you onely may
Move her, by tearing these firm stones a way.
[*Solemn musick.*
A mist ariseth, the rocks remove.

Enter Valerius like Mercury, singing.

Val. *Martius rejoyce, Jove sends me from above,*
His Messenger, to cure thy desperate love;
To shew rash vows c[a]nnot binde destinie:
Lady, behold, the rocks transplanted be.
Hard-hearted Dorigen, yield, lest for contempt,
They fix thee here a rock, whence they 're exempt.

Dor. What strange delusion's this? what Sorcery

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Affrights me with these apparitions?
My colder Chastity's nigh turn'd to death.
Hence, lewd Magician; dar'st thou make the gods
Bawds to thy lust; will they do miracles
To further evil? or do they love it now?
Know, if they dare do so, I dare hate them,
And will no longer serve 'em. *Jupiter*,
Thy golden showr, nor thy snow-white Swan,
Had I been *Læda*, or bright *Danae*,
Had bought mine honor. Turn me into stone
For being good, and blush when thou hast done.
[*Exit Dorigen.*

Enter Valerius.

Mar. O my *Valerius*, all yet will not do;
Unless I could so draw mine honestie
Down to the lees to be a ravisher;
She calls me witch, and villain.
Val. Patience, Sir,
The gods will punish perjury. Let her breathe
And ruminate on this strange sight. Time decays
The strongest fairest buildings we can finde;
But still *Diana*, fortifie her minde. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sophocles and Dorigen.

Soph. Weep not bright *Dorigen*; for thou hast stood
Constant and chaste (it seems 'gainst gods and men)
When rocks and mountains were remov'd. These wonders
Do stupifie my senses. *Martius*,
This is inhumane: was thy sickness lust?
Yet were this truth, why weeps she? Jealous soul,
What dost thou thus suggest? Vows, Magick, Rocks?
Fine tales, and tears. She ne'er complain'd before.
I bade her visit him; she often did,
Had many opportunities. Humh, 'tis naught: O!
No way but this. Come, weep no more, I have ponder'd
This miracle: the anger of the gods,
Thy vow, my love to thee, and *Martius*:
He must not perish, nor thou be forsworn,
Lest worse fates follow us; Go, keep thy oath:

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For chaste, and whore, are words of equal length:
But let not *Martius* know that I consent,
O! I 'm pull'd in pieces.
Dor. I? say you so?
I'll meet you in your path. O wretched men!
With all your valour and your learning, bubbles.
Forgive me, *Sophocles*. Yet why kneel I
For pardon, having been but over-diligent,
Like an obedient servant, antedating
My Lords command? Sir, I have often, and already given
This bosom up to his embraces, and
Am proud that my dear Lord is pleas'd with it;
Whose gentle honorable minde I see
Participates even all, his wife and all,
Unto his friend. You are sad, Sir. *Martius* loves me,
And I love *Martius* with such ardencie,
As never married couple could: I must
Attend him now. My Lord, when you have need
To use your own wife, pray Sir send for me;
Till then, make use of your Philosophie. [*Exit.*
Soph. Stay, *Dorigen*: O me, inquisitive fool!
Thou that didst order this congested heap
When it was Chaos, 'twixt thy spacious palms
Forming it to this vast rotundie;
Dissolve it now; shuffle the elements,
That no one proper by it self may stand:
Let the sea quench the sun, and in that instant
The sun drink up the sea: day, ne'er come down,
To light me to those deeds that must be done. [*Exit.*

Drums and Colours.

Enter Martius, Valerius, Captains and soldiers, at one door, and Dorigen with Lad[i]es, at another.

Dor. Hail, General of *Rome*; from *Sophocles*
That honors *Martius*, *Dorigen* presents
Her self to be dishonour'd: do thy will;
For *Sophocles* commands me to obey.
Come, violate all rules of holiness,
And rend the consecrated knot of love.
Mar. Never, *Valerius*, was I blest till now:

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Behold the end of all my weary steps,
The prize of all my Battels: leave us all;
Leave us as quick as thought. Thus joy begin,
In zealous love a minutes loss is sin.
Val. Can *Martius* be so vile? or *Dorigen*?
Dor. Stay, stay, and monster, keep thou further of;
I thought thy brave soul would have much, much loath'd
To have gone on still on such terms as this.
See, thou ungrateful, since thy desperate lust
Nothing can cure but death, I'll die for thee,
Whilst my chaste name lives to posterity.
Mar. Live, live, thou Angel of thy sex: forgive,
Till by those golden tresses thou be'st snatch'd
Alive to Heaven: for thy corruption's
So little, that it cannot suffer death.
Was ever such a woman? O my mirror!
How perfectly thou shew'st me all my faults,
Which now I hate, and when I next attempt thee,
Let all the fires in the *Zodiak*
Drop on this cursed head.
All. O blest event!
Dor. Rise like the sun again in all his glory,
After a dark Eclipse.
Mar. Never without a pardon.

Enter Sophocles, and two or three with him.

Dor. Sir, you have forgiven your self.
Soph. Behold their impudence: are my words just?
Unthankful man, viper to Arms, and *Rome*
Thy natural mother; have I warm'd thee here
To corrode ev'n my heart? *Martius*, prepare
To kill me, or be kill'd.
Mar. Why *Sophocles*?
Then prethee kill me; I deserve it highly;
For I have both transgress'd 'gainst men, and gods;
But am repentant now, and in best case
To uncase my soul of this oppressing flesh;
Which, though (Gods witness) nev'r was actually
Injurious to thy wife and thee, yet 't was
Her goodness that restrain'd and held me now:

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But take my life, dear friend, for my intent,
Or else forgive it.
Val. By the gods of *Athens*,
These words are true, and all direct again.
Soph. Pardon me, *Dorigen*.
Mar. Forgive me, *Sophocles*,
And *Dorigen* too, and every one that 's good.
Dor. Rise, noble Roman, belov'd *Sophocles*,
Take to thy brest thy friend.
Mar. And to thy heart
Thy matchless wife: Heaven has not stuff enough
To make another such: for if it could,
Martius would marry too. For thy blest sake
(O thou infinitie of excellence)
Henceforth in mens discourse *Rome* shall not take
The wall of *Athens*, as 'tofore. But when
In their fair honors we to speak do come,
We'll say 'T was so in *Athens*, and in *Rome*.

[*Exeun*[*t*] *in pomp.*

Diana descends.

Diana. *Honor set ope thy gates, and with thee bring*
My servant and thy friend, fair Dorigen *:*
Let her triumph, with her, her Lord, and friend,
Who, though misled, still honor was their end.

[Flourish.

Enter the Shew of Honors Triumph; *a great flourish of Trumpets and Drums within*; *Then enter a noise of Trumpets sounding cheerfully. Then follows an armed Knight bearing a Crimson Banneret in hand, with the inscription* Valour *: by his side a Lady, bearing a Watchet Banneret, the inscription* Clemencie*: next* Martius *and* Sophocles *with Coronets. Next, two Lad*[*i*]*es, one bearing a white Banneret, the inscription* Chastity *: the other a black, the inscription* Constancie. *Then* Dorigen *crown'd. Last, a Chariot drawn by two Moors, in it a Person crown'd, with a Scepter: on the top, in an antick Scutcheon, is written* Honor. *As they pass over,* Diana *ascends.*

Rinald. How like you it?
Frig. Rarely; so well, I would they would do it again.

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How many of our wives now adays would deserve to triumph in such a Chariot?

Rinald. That's all one; you see they triumph in Caroches.

Frig. That they do, by the mass; but not all neither; many of them are content with Carts. But Seignior, I have now found out a great absurditie i'faith.

Rinald. What was 't?

Frig. The Prologue presenting four Triumphs, made but three legs to the King: a three-legged Prologue, 't was monstrous.

Rinald. 'T had been more monstrous to have had a four-legg'd one. Peace, the King speaks.

Em. Here was a woman, *Isabel.*

Isa. I, my Lord,
But that she told a lye to vex her husband;
Therein sh[e] fail'd.

Em. She serv'd him well enough;
He that was so much man, yet would be cast
To jealousie for her integrity.
This teacheth us, the passion of love
Can fight with Soldiers, and with Scholars too.

Isa. In *Martius*, clemencie and valour shown,
In the other, courage and humanitie;
And therefore in the Triumph they were usher'd
By clemencie and valour.

Em. Rightly observ'd,
As she by chastitie and constancie;
What hurt 's now in a Play, against which some rail
So vehemently? thou and I, my love,
Make excellent use methinks: I learn to be
A lawful lover void of jealousie,
And thou a constant wife. Sweet Poetry 's
A flower, where men, like Bees and Spiders, may
Bear poison, or else sweets and Wax away.
Be venom-drawing Spiders they that will;
I'll be the Bee, and suck the honey still. [*Flourish.*

Cupid descends.

Cupid. *Stay, clouds, ye rack too fast: bright Phœbus see,*
Honor has triumph'd with fair Chastity:

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Give Love now leave, in purity to shew
Unchaste affe[ct]ions flie not from his bowe.
Produce the sweet example of your youth.
Whilst I provide a Triumph for your Truth.
[Flourish.

Enter Violanta (with childe) and Gerrard.

Viol. Why does my *Gerr[a]rd* grieve?
Ger. O my sweet Mistris,
'T is not life (which by our *Milain* law
My fact hath forfeited) makes me thus pensive;
That I would lose to save the little finger
Of this your noble burthen, from least hurt,
Because your blood is in't. But since your love
Made poor incompatible me the parent,
(Being we are not married) your dear blood
Falls under the same cruel penalty;
And can Heaven think fit ye die for me?
For Heavens sake say I ravisht you, I'll swear it,
To keep your life, and repute unstain'd.
Viol. O *Gerrard*, th' art my life and faculties:
And if I lose thee, I'll not keep mine own;
The thought of whom, sweetens all miseries.
Wouldst have me murder thee beyond thy death?
Unjustly scandal thee with ravishment?
It was so far from rape, that Heaven doth know,
If ever the first Lovers, ere they fell,
Knew simply in the state of innocence,
Such was this act, this, that doth ask no blush.
Ger. O! but my rarest *Violanta*, when
My Lord *Randulpho* brother to you[r] father,
Shall understand this, how will he exclaim,
That my poor Aunt, and me, which his free alms
Hath nurs'd, since *Millain* by the Duke of *Mantua*
(Who now usurps it) was surpriz'd? that time
My father and my mother were both slain,
With my Aunts husband, as she says, their states
Despoil'd and seiz'd; 'tis past my memory,
But thus she told me: onely thus I know,
Since I could understand, your honor'd Uncle

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Hath given me all the liberal education,
That his own son might look for, had he one;
Now will he say, Dost thou requite me thus?
O! the thought kills me.
Viol. Gentle, gentle *Gerrard*,
Be cheer'd, and hope the best. My mother, father,
And uncle love me most indulgently,
Being the onely branch of all their stocks:
But neither they, nor he thou wouldst not grieve
With this unwelcom news, shall ever hear
Violanta's tongue reveal, much less accuse
Gerrard to be the father of his own;
I'll rather silent die, that thou maist live
To see thy little of-spring grow and thrive.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. Mistris, away, your Lord and father seeks you;
I'll convey *Gerrard* out at the back door;
He has found a husband for you, and insults
In his invention, little thinking you
Have made your own choice, and possest him too.
Viol. A husband? 't mus[t] be *Gerrard*, or my death.
Fare well; be onely true unto thy self,
And know Heavens goodness shall prevented be,
Ere worthiest *Gerrard* suffer harm for me.
Ger. Fare well, my life and soul. Aunt, to your counsel
I flee for aid. O unexpressible love! thou art
An undigested heap of mixt extremes,
Whose pangs are wakings, and whose pleasures dreams.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Benvoglio, Angelina, Ferdinand.

Ben. My *Angelina*, never didst thou yet
So please me, as in this consent; and yet
Thou hast pleas'd me well, I swear, old wench: ha, ha.
Ferdinand, she's thine own; thou'st have her, boy,
Ask thy good Lady else.
Ferd. Whom shall I have, Sir?
Ben. Whom d' ye think, ifaith?
Angel. Ghess.
Ferd. Noble Madam,

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I may hope (prompted by shallow merit)
Through your profound grace, for your chamber-maid.
Ben. How 's that? how 's that?
[*Ferd.* Her chamber-maid, my Lord.
Ben.] Her chamber-pot, my Lord. You modest ass,
Thou never shew'dst thy self an ass till now.
'Fore Heaven I am angrie with thee. Sirha, sirha,
This whitmeat spirit's not yours, legitimate,
Advance your hope, and 't please you: ghess again.
Ang. And let your thoughts flee higher: aim them right;
Sir, you may hit, you have the fairest white.
Ferd. If I may be so bold then, my good Lord,
Your favour doth encourage me to aspire
To catch my Ladyes Gentlewoman.
Ben. Where?
Where would you catch her?
Do you know my daughter *Violanta*, Sir?
Ang. Well said: no more about the bush.
Ferd. My good Lord,
I have gaz'd on *Violanta*, and the stars,
Whose Heavenly influence I admir'd, not knew,
Nor ever was so sinful to believe
I might attain 't.
Ben. Now you are an ass again;
For if thou ne'er attain'st, 't is onely long
Of that faint heart of thine, which never did it.
She is your Lords heir, mine, *Benvoglio*'s heir,
My brothers too, *Randulpho*'s; her descent
Not behinde any of the *Millanois*.
And *Ferdinand*, although thy parentage
Be unknown, thou know'st that I have bred thee up
From five yeers old, and (do not blush to hear it)
Have found thy wisdom, trust, and fair success
So full in all my affa[ir]s, that I am fitter
To call thee Master, then thou me thy Lord.
Thou canst not be but sprung of gentlest blood;
Thy minde shines thorow thee, like the radiant sun,
Although thy body be a beauteous cloud.
Come, seriously this is no flatterie,
And well thou know'st it, though thy modest blood

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Rise like the morning in thy cheek to hear 't.
Sir, I can speak in earnest: Vertuous service,
So meritorious, *Ferdinand*, as yours,
(Yet bashful still, and silent?) should extract
A fuller price then impudence exact:
And this is now the wages it must have;
My daughter is thy wife, my wealth thy slave.
Ferd. Good Madam pinch; I sleep: does my Lord mock,
And you assist? Custom's inverted quite;
For old men now adays do flout the young.
Ben. Fetch *Violanta*. As I intend this
Religiously, let my soul finde joy or pain. [*Exit Angelina.*
Ferd. My honor'd Lord and Master, if I hold
That worth could merit such felicitie,
You bred it in me, and first purchas'd it;
It is your own: and what productions
In all my faculties my soul begets,
Your very mark is on: you need not add
Rewards to him, that is in [d]ebt to you:
You sav'd my life, Sir, in the Massacre;
There you begot me new, since foster'd me.
O! can I serve to[o] much, or pray for you?
Alas, 'tis slender paiment to your bountie.
Your daughter is a paradice, and I
Unworthie to be set there; you may chuse
The royalst seeds of *Milain*.
Ben. Prethee peace,
Thy goodness makes me weep; I am resolv'd:
I am no Lord o' th' time, to tie my blood
To sordid muck; I have enough: my name,
My [s]tate and honors I will store in thee,
Whose wisdom will rule well, keep and increase:
A knave or fool, that could confer the like,
Would bate each hour, diminish every day.
Thou art her price-lot th[e]n, drawn out by fate;
An honest wise man is a Princes mate.
Ferd. Sir, Heaven and you have over-charg'd my brest
With grace beyond my continence; I shall burst:
The blessing you have given me (witness Saints)
I would not change for *Millain*. But, my Lord,

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Is she prepar'd?
Ben. What needs Preparative,
Where such a Cordial is prescrib'd as thou?
Thy person and thy virtues in one scale,
Shall poize hers, with her beautie and her wealth;
If not, I add my will unto thy weight;
Thy mother's with her now. Son, take my keys,
And let this prepar[a]tion for this Marriage,
(This welcome Marriage) long determin'd here,
Be quick, and gorgeous.—*Gerrard.*

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. My good Lord,
My Lord, your brother craves your conference
Instantly, on affairs of high import.
Ben. Why, what news?
Ger. The Tyrant, my good Lord,
Is sick to death of his old Apoplexie,
Whereon the States advise, that Letters-missive
Be straight dispatcht to all the neighbour-Countreys,
And Schedules too divulg'd on every post,
To enquire the lost Duke forth: their purpose is
To re-instate him.
Ben. 'Tis a pious deed.
Ferdinand, to my daughter: this delay
(Though to so good a purpose) angers me;
But I'll recover it. Be secret, son.
Go woo with truth and expedition. [*Exit.*
Ferd. O my unsounded joy! how fares my *Gerrard*,
My noble twin-friend? fie, thy l[oo]k is heavie,
Sullen, and sowre; blanch it: didst thou know
My cause of joy, thou 'ldst never sorrow more,
I know thou lov'st me so, How dost thou?
Ger. Well,
Too well: my fraught of health my sickness is;
In life, I am dead; by living dying still.
Ferd. What sublunary mischief can predominate
A wise man thus? or doth thy friendship play
(In this antipathous extreme) with mine,
Lest gladness suffocate me? I, I, I do feel

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My spirit's turn'd to fire, my blood to air,
And I am like a purifi'd essence
Tri'd from all drossie parts.
Ger. Were 't but my life,
The loss were sacrific'd; but virtue
Must for me be slain, and innocence made dust.
Ferd. Fare well good *Gerrard.*
Ger. Dearest friend, stay.
Ferd. Sad thoughts are no companions for me now,
Much less sad words: thy bosom bindes some secret,
Which do not trust me with; for mine retains
Another, which I must conceal from thee.
Ger. I would reveal it: 't is a heavie tale:
Canst thou be true, and secret still?
Ferd. Why, friend?
If you continue true unto your self,
I have no means of falshood. Lock this door;
Come, yet your prisoner's sure.
Ger. Stay, *Ferdinand.*
Ferd. What is this trouble? Love?
Why, thou art capable of any woman.
Doth want oppress thee? I will lighten thee:
Hast thou offended law? My Lord and thine,
And I, will save thy life. Does servitude
Upbraid thy freedom, that she suffers it?
Have patience but three days, and I will make thee
Thy Lords companion. Can a friend do more?
Ger. Lend me the means. How can this be?
Ferd. First let this Cabinet keep your pawn, and I will trust:
Yet for the form of satisfaction,
Take this my Oath to boot. By my presum'd
Gentrie, and sacred known Christianitie,
I'll die, ere I reveal thy trust.
Ger. Then hear it.
Your Lords fair daughter *Violanta* is
My betrothed wife, goes great with childe by me;
And by this deed both made a pr[e]y to Law.
How may I save her life? advise me, friend.
Ferd. What did he say? *Gerrard*, whose voice was that?

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O death unto my heart, bane to my soul!
My wealth is vanish'd like the rich mans store:
In one poor minute all my daintie fare
But jugling dishes; my fat hope, despair.
Ger. Is this so odious? where's your mirth?
Ferd. Why thou
Hast robb'd me of it. *Gerrard*, draw thy sword;
And if thou lov'st my Mistris chastitie,
Defend it, else I'll cut it from thy heart,
Thy theevish heart that stole it, and restore 't,
Do miracles to gain her.
Ger. Was she thine?
Ferd. Never, but in my wish, and her fathers vow,
Which now he left with me, on such sure terms;
He call'd me son, and will'd me to provide
My Wedding-preparation.
Ger. Strange.
Ferd. Come, let's
Kill one another quickly.
Ger. *Ferdinand*, my love is old to her, thine new begot:
I have not wrong'd thee; think upon thine Oath.
Ferd. It manacles me, *Gerrard*, else this hand
Should bear thee to the Law. Fare well for ever:
Since friendship is so fatal, never more
Will I have friend: thou hast put so sure a plea,
That all my weal's litigious made by thee.
Ger. I did no crime to you. His love transports him;
And yet I mourn, that cruel destinie
Should make us two thus one anothers cross:
We have lov'd since boys; for the same time cast him
On Lord *Benvoglio*, that my Aunt and I
Were succour'd by *Randulpho*: men have call'd us
The parallels of *Millain*; and some said
We were not much unlike. O Heaven divert,
That we should (ever since that time) be breeding
Mutual destruction.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. O where are you? you have made a fair hand. By —— yonder is your Aunt with my Lady; she came in, just

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as she was wooing your Mistris for another; and what did me she, but out with her purse, and shew'd all the naked truth, ifaith. Fie upon you, you should never trust an old woman with a secret; they cannot hold; they cannot hold so well as we, and you'ld hang 'em. First, there was swearing and staring, then there was howling and weeping, and O my daughter, and O my mother.

Ger. The effect, the effect.

Dor. Marry no way, but one with you.

Ger. Why welcom. Shall she scape?

Dor. Nay, she has made her scape already.

Ger. Why, is she gone?

Dor. The scape of her virginitie, I mean.
You men are as dull, you can conceive nothing;
You think it is enough to beget.

Ger. I; but surely, *Dorothea*, that scap'd not;
Her maiden-head suffer'd.

Dor. And you were the Executioner.

Ger. But what's the event? lord, how thou starv'st me, *Doll*!

Dor. Lord how thou starv'st me, *Doll*? By —— I would fain see you cry a little. Do you stand now, as if you could get a child? Come, I'll rack you no more: This is the heart of the business: always provided, Signior, that if it please the fates to make you a Lord, you be not proud, nor forget your poor handmaid *Doll*, who was partly accessary to the incision of this *Holofernian* Maidenhead.

Ger. I will forget my name first. Speak.

Dor. Then thus; My Lady knows all; her sorrow is reasonably well digested; has vow'd to conceal it from my Lord, till delay ripen things better; Wills you to attend her this evening at the back gate; I'll let you in; where her own Confessor shall put you together lawfully, e'r the child be born; which birth is very near, I can assure you: all your charge is your vigilance; and to bring with you some trusty Nurse, to convey the Infant out of the house.

Ger. Oh beam of comfort, take! go, tell my Lady
I pray for her as I walk: my joys so flow,
That what I speak or do, I do not know. [*Exeunt.*

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Dumb Shew.

Enter Violanta *at one door, we*[*e*]*ping, supported by* Cornelia *and a Frier; at another door,* Angelina *weeping, attended by* Dorothea. Violanta *kneels down for pardon.* Angelina *shewing remorse, takes her up, and cheers her; so doth* Cornelia. Angelina *sends* Dorothea *for* Gerrard. *Enter* Gerrard *with* Dorothea: Angelina *and* Cornelia *seem to chide him, shewing* Violanta's *heavy plight:* Violanta *rejoyceth in him: he makes signes of sorrow, intreating pardon:* Angelina *brings* Gerrard *and* Violanta *to the Frier; he joyns them hand in hand, takes a Ring from* Gerrard, *puts it on* Violanta's *finger; blesseth them;* Gerrard *kisseth her: the Frier takes his leave.* Violanta *makes shew of great pain, is instantly conveyed in by the Women,* Gerrard *is bid stay; he walks in meditation, seeming to pray. Enter* Dorothea, *whispers him, sends him out. Enter* Gerrard *with a Nurse blindfold; gives her a purse. To them Enter* Angelina *and* Cornelia *with an Infant; they present it to* Gerrard; *he kisseth and blesseth it; puts it into the Nurses arms, kneels, and takes his leave.* Exeunt *all severally.*

Enter Benvoglio *and* Randulpho.

Ben. He's dead, you say then.

Rand. Certainly: and to hear
The people now dissect him now he's gone,
Makes my ears burn, that lov'd him not: such Libels,
Such Elegies and Epigrams they have made,
More odious than he was. Brother, great men
Had need to live by love, meting their deeds
With virtues rule; sound, with the weight of judgement,
Their privat'st action: for though while they live
Their power and policie masque their villanies,
Their bribes, their lust, pride, and ambition,
And make a many slaves to worship 'em,
That are their flatterers, and their bawds in these:
These very slaves shall, when these great beasts dye,
Publish their bowels to the vulgar eye.

Ben. 'Fore Heaven 'tis true. But is *Rinaldo* (brother) our good Duke, heard of living?

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Rand. Living, Sir, and will be shortly with the Senate: has
Been close conceal'd at *Mantua*, and reliev'd:
But what's become of his? no tidings yet?
But brother, till our good Duke shall arrive,
Carry this news, here. Where's your *Ferdinand*?
Ben. Oh busie, Sir, about this marriage:
And yet my Girl o'th' suddain is fall'n sick:
You'll see her e'r you go?
Rand. Yes; well I love her;
And yet I wish I had another daughter
To gratifie my *Gerrard*, who (by ——)
Is all the glory of my family,
But has too much worth to [l]ive so obscure;
I'll have him Secretary of Estate
Upon the Dukes return: for credit me,
The value of that Gentleman's not known;
His strong abilities are fit to guide
The whole Republique: he hath Learning, youth,
Valour, discretion, honesty of a Saint;
His Aunt is wondrous good too.

Enter Violanta *in a bed*; Angelina *and* Dorothea *sitting by her.*

Ben. You have spoke
The very character of *Ferdinand*:
One is the others mirror. How now, Daughter?
Rand. How fares my Neece?
Viol. A little better, Uncle, then I was,
I thank you.
Rand. Brother, a meer cold. (thanked
Angel. It was a cold and heat, I think: but Heaven be
We have broken that away.
Ben. And yet, *Violanta*,
You'll lie alone still, and you see what's got.
Dor. Sure, Sir, when this was got, she had a bed-fellow.
Rand. What has her chollick left her in her belly?
Dor. 'T has left her, but she has had a sore fit.
Rand. I, that same Collick and Stone's inherent to us
O' th' womans side: our Mothers had them both.

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Dor. So has she had, Sir. How these old fornicators talk! she had more
Need of Mace-Ale, and Rhenish-wine Caudles, heaven knows,
Then your aged Discipline.
Ben. Say?

Enter Ferdinand.

Ang. She will have the man; and on recovery
Will wholly be dispos'd by you.
Ben. That's my wench:
How now? what change is this? why *Ferdinand*,
Are these your Robes of joy should be indu'd?
Doth *Hymen* wear black? I did send for you
To have my honorable Brother witness
The Contract I will make 'twixt you and her.
Put off all doubt; she loves ye? what d' ye say?
Rand. Speak man, Why look you so distractedly?
Ferd. There are your keys, [Sir:] I'll no Contract[s, I]
Divinest *V*[*i*]*olanta*, I will serve you
Thus on my knees, and pray for you: *Juno, Lucina fer opem.*
My inequality ascends no higher:
I dare not marry you.
Ben. How's this?
Ferd. Good night,
I have a friend has almost made me mad:
I weep sometimes, and instantly can laugh:
Nay, I do dance, and sing, and suddenly
Roar like a storm. Strange tricks these, are they not?
And wherefore all this? Shall I tell you? no,
Thorow mine ears, my heart a plague hath caught,
And I have vow'd to keep it close, not shew
My grief to any; for it has no cure.
On, wandring steps, to some remote place move:
I'll keep my vow, though I have lost my Love. [*Exit.*
Ben. 'Fore heaven, distracted for her! fare you well:
I'll watch his steps; for I no joy shall find,
Till I have found his cause, and calm'd his mind. [*Exit.*
[*Rand.*] He's overcome with joy.
Ang[*e*]*l.* 'Tis very strange.
Rand. Well, Sister, I must leave you; the time's busie.

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Violanta, chear you up; and I pray Heaven
Restore each to their love, and health again. [*Exit.*
Viol. Amen, Great Uncle. Mother, what a chance
Unluckily is added to my woe,
In this young Gentleman!
Ang[*e*]*l.* True, *Violanta*:
It grieves me much. *Doll*, go you instantly,
And find out *Gerrard*; tell him his friends hap,
And let him use best means to comfort him;
But as his life preserve this secret still.
Viol. Mother, I'ld not offend you: might not *Gerrard*
Steal in, and see me in the evening?
Angel. Well,
Bid him do so.
Viol. Heavens blessing o' your heart.
Do ye not call Child-bearing, Travel, Mother?
Angel. Yes.
Viol. It well may be, The bare-foot traveller
That's born a Prince, and walks his pilgrimage,
Whose tender feet kiss the remorseless stones
Only, ne'er felt a travel like to it.
Alas, dear Mother, you groan'd thus for me,
And yet how disobedient have I been!
Angel. Peace, *Violanta*, thou hast always been
Gentle and good.
Viol. *Gerrard* is better, Mother:
Oh if you knew the implicite innocency
Dwells in his brest, you'ld love him like your Prayers.
I see no reason but my Father might
Be told the truth, being pleas'd for *Ferdinand*
To wooe himself: and *Gerard* ever was
His full comparative: my Uncle loves him,
As he loves *Ferdinand.*
Angel. No, not for the world,
Since his intent is cross'd: lov'd *Ferdinand*
Thus ruin'd, and a child got out of wedlock:
his madness would pursue ye both to death.
Viol. As you please (mother:) I am now, methinks,
Even in the land of ease; I'll sleep.
Angel. Draw in

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The bed nearer the fire: silken rest,
Tie all thy cares up. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand *and* Benvoglio *privately after him.*

Ferd. Oh blessed solitude! here my grief[s] may speak;
And sorrow, I will argue with thee now:
Nothing will keep me company: the flowers
Die at my moan; the gliding silver streams
Hasten to flee my lamentations;
The air rolls from 'em; and the Golden Sun
Is smother'd pale as *Phœbe* with my sighs:
Only the earth is kind, that stays. Then earth,
To thee will I complain. Why do the Heavens
Impose upon me Love, what I can ne'er enjoy?
Before fruition was impossible,
I did not thirst it. *Gerrard*, she is thine,
Seal'd and deliver'd; but 'twas ill to stain
Her virgin state, e'r ye were married.
Poor Infant, what's become of thee? thou know'st not
The woe thy parents brought thee t[o]. Dear earth,
Bury this close in thy sterility;
Be barren to this seed, let it not grow;
For if it do, 'twill bud no Violet
Nor Gillyflower, but wild Brier, or rank Rue,
Unsavory and hurtful.

Ben. Ferdinand,
Thy steel hath digg'd the Earth, thy words my Heart.

Ferd. Oh! I have violated faith, betraid
My friend and innocency.

Ben. Desperate youth,
Violate not thy soul too: I have showers
For thee, young man; but *Gerrard* flames for thee.
Was thy base pen made to dash out mine honor,
And prostitute my Daughter? Bastard, whore,
Come, turn thy femal tears into revenge,
Which I will quench my thirst with, e'r I see
Daughter, or Wife, or branded Family.
By —— both dye: and for amends,
Ferd'nando be my heir. I'll to my brother,
First tell him all, then to the Duke for justice:

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This morning he's receiv'd. Mountains nor Seas
Shall bar my flight to vengeance: the foul stain
Printed on me, thy bloud shall rinse again. [*Exit.*

Ferd. I have transgress'd all goodness, witlesly
Rais'd mine own curs[es] from posterity:
I'll follow, to redress in what I may;
If not, your heir can dye as well as they. [*Exit.*

Dumb Shew.

Enter Duke Rinaldo *with Attendants, at one door*; *States,* Randulpho, *and* Gerrard, *at another: they kneel to the Duke, he accepts their obedience, and raises them up: they prefer* Gerrard *to the Duke, who entertains him: they seat the Duke in State. Enter* Benvoglio *and* Ferdinand: Benvoglio *kneels for justice*; Ferd. *seems to restrein him.* Benvog. *gives the Duke a paper*; *Duke reads, frowns on* Gerr. *shews the paper to the States, they seem sorry, consult, cause the Guard to apprehend him*; *they go off with him. Then* Rand. *and* Benv. *seem to crave justice*; *Duke vows it, and* exit *with his attendants.* Rand. Ben. *and* Ferd. *confer. Enter to them* Cornelia *with two servants*; *she seems to expostulate,* Rand. *in scorn, causeth her to be thrust out poorly.* Exit Rand. Benv. *beckons* Ferd. *to him* (*with much seeming passion*) *swears him*; *then stamps with his foot. Enter* Dorothea *with a Cup, weeping, she delivers it to* Ferd. *who with discontent* exit; *and* exeunt Benvoglio *and* Dorothea.

Enter Violanta.

Viol. Gerrard not come? nor *Dorothy* return'd?
What averse star rul'd my Nativity?
The time to night has been as dilatory
As languishing Consumptions. But till now
I never durst say, my *Gerrard* was unkind.
Heaven grant all things go well; and nothing does,
If he be ill, which I much fear: my dreams
Have been portentous. I did think I saw
My Love araid for battel with a beast,
A hideous Monster, arm'd with teeth and claws,
Grinning, and venemous, that sought to make

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Both us a prey: on's tail wa[s] lash'd in bloud
Law: and his forehead I did plainly see
Held Characters that spell'd *Authority*.
This rent my slumbers; and my fearful soul
Ran searching up and down my dismaid breast,
To find a Port t'escape. Good faith, I am cold;
But *Gerrard*'s love is colder: here I'll sit,
And think my self away.

Enter Ferdinand *with a Cup and a Letter.*

Ferd. The peace of Love
Attend the sweet *Violanta*: Read,
For the sad news I bring, I do not know;
Only I am sworn to give you that, and this.
Viol. Is it from *G[e]rrard*? gentle *Ferdinand*,
How glad am I to see you thus well restor'd!
In troth he never wrong'd you in his life,
Nor I, but always held fair thoughts of you,
Knew not my Fathers meaning, till of late;
Could never have known it soon enough: for Sir,
Gerrard's, and my affection began
In infancy: My Uncle brought him oft
In long coats hither; you were such another;
The little boy would kiss me, being a child,
And say, he lov'd me; give me all his toys,
Bracelets, Rings, Sweet-meats, all his Rosie-smiles:
I then would stand, and stare upon his eyes,
Play with his locks, and swear I lov'd him too;
For sure, methought, he was a little Love,
He woo'd so prettily in innocence,
That then he warm'd my fancy; for I felt
A glimmering beam of Love kindle my bloud,
Both which, time since hath made a flame and floud.
Fer. Oh gentle innocent! methinks it talks
Like a child still, whose white simplicity
Never arriv'd at sin. Forgive me, Lady,
I have destroy'd *Gerrard*, and thee; rebell'd
Against Heavens Ordinance; dis-pair'd two Doves,
Made 'em sit mourning; slaughter'd Love, and cleft
The heart of all integrity. This breast

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Was trusted with the secret of your vow
By *Gerrard*, and reveal'd it to your Father.
Viol. Hah!
Ferd. Read, and curse me.
Viol. Neither: I will never
Nor Write, nor Read again.
Ferd. My pennance be it.
Reads. *Your Labyrinth is found, your Lust proclaim'd.*
Viol. Lust? Humh:
My Mother sure felt none, when I was got.
Fer. *I, and the Law implacably offend*[*e*]*d.*
Gerrard's *imprison'd, and to dye.*
Viol. Oh Heaven!
Ferd. *And you to suffe*[*r*] *with reproach and scoffs*
A publick execution; I have sent you
An Antidote 'gainst shame, poison; by him
You have most wrong'd: give him your penitent tears.
Viol. Humh: 'tis not truth.
Ferd. *Drink, and farewel for ever:*
And though thy whoredom blemish thy whol[*e*] *line,*
Prevent the Hangmans stroke, and die like mine.
Viol. Oh woe is me for *Gerrard*: I have brought
Confusion on the noblest Gentleman
That ever truly lov'd. But we shall meet
Where our condemners shall not, and enjoy
A more refin'd affection than here;
No Law, nor Father hinders marriage there
'Twixt souls Divinely affi'd, as (sure) ours were:
There we will multiply, and generate joyes
Like fruitful Parents. Luckless *Ferdinand*,
Where's the good old Gentlewoman, my Husbands Aunt?
Ferd. Thrust from you Uncle [t]o all poverty.
Viol. Alas the pi[t]y: reach me, Sir, the cup;
I'll say my prayers, and take my Fathers Physick.
Ferd. Oh villain that I was, I had forgot
To spill the rest, and am unable now
To stir to hinder her.
Viol. What ail you, Sir?
Ferd. Your Father is a monster, I a villain,
This tongue has kill'd you, pardon, *Violant*[*a*],

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Oh pardon, *Gerrard*; and for sacrifice,
Accept my life, to expiate my fault.
I have drunk up the poison.
Viol. Thou art not so
Uncharitable: a better fellow far,
Thou'st left me halfe. Sure death is now a-dry,
And calls for more bloud still to quench his thirst.
I pledge thee *Ferdinand*, to *Gerrards* health:
Dear *Gerrard*, poor Aunt, and unfortunate friend,
Ay me, that Love should breed true Lovers end.
Fer. Stay Madam, stay; help hoa, for Heavens sake help;
Improvident man, that good I did intend
For satisfaction, saving of her life,
My equal cruel Stars made me forget.

Enter Angelina *with two Servants.*

Ang. What spectacle of death assaults me? oh!
Viol. M[y] dearest Mother, I am dead, I leave
Father, and friends, and life, to follow Love.
Good Mother, love my Child, that did no ill.
Fie, how men lie, that say, death is a pain:
Or has he chang'd his nature? like soft sleep
He seizes me. Your blessing. Last, I crave,
That I may rest by *Gerrard* in his grave.
Ferd. There lay me too: oh! noble Mistriss, I
Have caus'd all this; and therefore justly dye.
That key will open all.
Ang. Oh viperous Father!
For Heavens sake, bear 'em in: run for Physitians,
And Medicines quickly: Heaven, thou shalt not have her
Yet; 'tis too soon: Alas, I have no more,
And taking her away, thou rob'st the poor. [*Exeunt.*

Flourish.

Enter Duke, States, Randulpho, Benvoglio,
Gerrard, Executioner, Guard.

Duke. The Law, as greedy as your red desire
Benvoglio, hath cast this man: 'Tis pity
So many excellent parts are swallow'd up
In one foul wave. Is *Violanta* sent for?

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Our Justice must not lop a branch, and let
The body grow still.
Ben. Sir, she will be here
Alive or dead, I am sure.
[*G*]*er.* How chearfully my countenance comments death!
That which makes men seem horrid, I will wear
Like to an Ornament. Oh *Violanta*!
Might my life only satisfie the Law,
How jocundly my soul would enter Heaven!
Why shouldst thou dye? thou wither'st in thy bud,
As I have seen a Rose, e'er it was blown.
I do beseech your Grace, the Statute may
(In this case made) be read: not that I hope
T'extenuate my offence or penalty,
But to see whether it lay hold on her.
And since my death is more exemplary
Than just, this publick Reading will advise
Caution to others.
Duke. Read it.
Ran. Brother, does not
Your soul groan under this severity?

Statute read.

A Statute provided in case of unequal Matches, Marriages against Parents consent, stealing of Heirs, Rapes, Prostitutions, and such like: That if any person meanly descended, or ignorant of his own Parentage, which implies as much, shall with a foul intent, unlawfully sollicite the Daughter of any Peer of the Dukedom, he shall for the same offence forfeit his right hand: but if he further prostitute her to his Lust, he shall first have his right hand cut off, and then suffer death by the common Executioner. After whom, the Lady so offending, shall likewise the next day, in the same manner, dye for the Fact.

Ger. This Statute has more cruelty than sense:
I see no ray of Mercy. Must the Lady
Suffer death too? suppose she were inforc'd,
By some confederates born away, and ravish'd;
Is she not guiltless?

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Duke. Yes, if it be prov'd.
Ger. This case is so: I ravish'd *Violanta*,
State. Who ever knew a Rape produce a child?
Ben. Pish, these are idle. Will your grace command
The Executioner proceed?
Duke. Your Office.
Ger. Farewell to thy inticing vanity,
Thou round gilt box, that dost deceive man's eye:
The wise man knows, when open thou art broke,
The treasure thou includ'st, is dust and smoke,
Even thus, I cast thee by. My Lords, the Law
Is but the great mans mule, he rides on it,
And tramples poorer men under his feet;
Yet when they come to knock at yon bright Gate,
Ones Rags shall enter, 'fore the others State.
Peace to ye all: here, sirrah, strike: this hand
Hath *Violanta* kiss'd a thousand times;
It smells sweet ever since: this was the hand
Plighted my faith to her: do not think thou canst
Cut that in sunder with my hand. My Lord,
As free from speck as this arm is, my heart
Is of foul Lust, and every vein glides here
As full of truth. Why does thy hand shake so?
'Tis mine must be cut off, and that is firm;
For it was ever constant.

Enter Cornelia.

Cor. Hold; your Sentence
Unjustly is pronounced, my Lord: this blow
Cuts your hand off; for his is none of yours:
But *Violanta*'s given in Holy marriage
Before she was delivered, consummated
With the free Will of her Mother, by her Confessor,
In Lord *Benvoglio*'s house.
Ger. Alas good Aunt,
That helps us nothing; else I had reveal'd it.
Duke. What woman's this?
Ben. A base confederate
In this proceeding, kept of alms long time
By him; who now expos'd to misery,

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Talks thus distractedly. Attach her, Guard.
Ran. Your cruelty (brother) will have end.
Cor. You'd best
Let them attach my tongue.
Duke. Good woman, peace:
For were this truth, it doth not help thy Nephew;
The Law's infring'd by their disparity,
That forfeits both their lives.
Cor. Sir, with your pardon,
Had your Grace ever children?
Duke. Thou hast put
A question, whose sharp point toucheth my heart:
I had two little Sons, twins, who were both
(With my good Dutchess) slain, as I did hear;
At that time when my Dukedom was surpriz'd.
Cor. I have heard many say (my gracious Lord)
That I was wondrous like her.
All. Ha?
Duke. By all mans joy, it is *Cornelia*,
My dearest wife.
Cor. To ratifie me her,
Come down, *Alphonso*, one of those two twins,
And take thy Fathers blessing: thou hast broke
No Law, thy birth being above thy wives:
Ascanio is the other, nam'd *Fernando*,
Who by remote means, to my Lord *Benvoglio*
I got preferr'd; and in poor habits clad,
(You fled, and th' innovation laid again)
I wrought my self into *Randulpho*'s service,
With my eldest boy; yet never durst reveal
What they and I were, no, not to themselves,
Until the Tyrants death.
Duke. My joy has fill'd me
Like a full-winded sail: I cannot speak.
Ger. Fetch *Violanta* and my brother.
Ben. Run,
Run like a spout, you rogue: a —— o' poison,
That little whore I trusted, will betray me.
Stay, hangman, I have work for you; there's Gold;
Cut off my head, or hang me presently.

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Soft Musick.

Enter Angelina *with the bodies of* Ferdinand *and* Violanta *on a bier*; Dorothea *carrying the Cup and Letter, which she gives to the Duke: he reads, seems sorrowful; shews it to* Cornelia *and* Gerrard: *they lament over the bier.* Randulpho *and* Benvoglio *seem fearful, and seem to report to* Angelina *and* Dorothea, *what hath passed before.*

Ran. This is your rashness, brother.
Duke. Oh joy, thou wert too great to last;
This was a cruel turning to our hopes,
Unnatural Father: poor *Ascanio.*
Ger. Oh mother! let me be *Gerrard* again,
And follow *Violanta.*
Cor. Oh my Son—
Duke. Your lives yet, bloudy men shall answer this.
Dor. I must not see 'em longer grieve. My Lord,
Be comforted; let sadness generally
Forsake each eye and bosom; they both live:
For poison, I infus'd meer *Opium*;
Holding compulsive perjury less sin
Than such a loathed murther would have bin.
All. Oh blessed Ma[iden].
Dor. Musick, gently creep
Into their ears, and fright hence lazy sleep.
Morpheus, command thy servant sleep
In leaden chains no longer keep
This Prince and Lady: Rise, wake, rise,
And round about convey your eyes:
Rise Prince, go greet thy Father and thy Mother;
Rise thou, t'imbrace thy Husband and thy Brother.
Duke Cor. Son, Daughter.
Ferd. Father, Mother, Brother.
Ger. Wife.
Viol. Are we not all in Heaven?
Ger. Faith, very near it.
Ferd. How can this be?
Duke. Hear it.
Dor. If I had serv'd you right, I should have seen
Your old pate off, e'r I had reveald.

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Ben. Oh wench!
Oh honest wench! if my wife die, I'll marry thee:
There's my reward.
Ferd. 'Tis true.
Duke. 'Tis very strange.
Ger. Why kneel you honest Master?
Ferd. My good Lord.
Ger. Dear Mother.
Duke. Rise, rise, all are friends: I owe ye
for all their boards: And wench, take thou the man
Whose life thou sav'dst; less cannot pay the merit.
How shall I part my kiss? I cannot: Let
One generally therefore joyn our cheeks.
A pen of Iron, and a leaf of Brass,
To keep this Story to Eternity:
And a *Promethean Wit.* Oh sacred Love,
Nor chance, nor death can thy firm truth remove. [*Exeunt.*
King. Now *Isabella.* [*Flourish.*
Isab. This can true Love do.
I joy they all so happily are pleas'd:
The Ladies and the Brothers must triumph.
King. They do:
For *Cupid* scorns but t' have his triumph too. [*Flourish.*

The TRIUMPH.

Enter divers Musicians, then certain Singers bearing Bannerets inscribed, Truth, Loyalty, Patience, Concord: Next Gerrard *and* Ferdinand *with Garlands of Roses: Then* Violanta, *Last, a Chariot drawn by two* Cupids, *and a* Cupid *sitting in it.*
[Flourish.

Enter PROLOGUE.

Love, and the strength of fair affection
(Most royal Sir) what long seem'd lost, have won
Their perfect ends, and crown'd those constant hearts
With lasting Triumph, whose most virtuous parts,
Worthy desires, and love, shall never end.
Now turn we round the Scæne, and (Great Sir) lend
A sad and serious eye to this of Death,

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This black and dismal Triumph; where man's breath,
Desert, and guilty bloud ascend the Stage,
Amd view the Tyrant, ruin'd in his rage. [Exit.

[Flourish.

Enter L'avall, Gabriella *and* Maria.

Gab. No, good my Lord, I am not now to find
Your long neglect of me; All those affections
You came first clad in to my love, like Summer,
Lusty and full of life: all those desires
That like the painted Spring bloom'd round about ye,
Giving the happy promise of an Harvest,
How have I seen drop off, and fall forgotten!
With the least lustre of anothers beauty,
How oft (forgetful Lord) have I been blast[e]d!
Was I so eas'ly won? or did this body
Yield to your false embraces with less labour
Then if you had carried some strong Town?

Lav. Good *Gabriella.*

Gab. Could all your subtilties and sighs betray me.
The vows ye shook me with, the tears ye drown'd me,
Till I came fairly off with honor'd Marriage?
Oh fie, my Lord.

Lav. Prethee good *Gabriella.*

Gab. Would I had never known ye, nor your honors,
They are stuck too full of griefs: oh happy women,
That plant your Love in equal honest bosoms,
Whose sweet desires like Roses set together,
Make one another happy in their blushes,
Growing and dying without sense of greatness,
To which I am a slave! [and] that blest Sacrament
That daily makes millions of happy mothers, link'd me
To this man's Lust alone, there left me.
I dare not say I am his wife, 'tis dangerous:
His Love, I cannot say: alas, how many? (know,

Lav. You grow too warm; pray [ye be] content, you best
The times necessity, and how our marriage
Being so much unequal to mine honor,
While the Duke lives, I standing high in favour;
And whilst I keep that safe, next to the Dukedom,

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Must not be known, without my utter ruine.
Have patience for a while, and do but dream wench,
The glory of a Dutchess. How she tires me!
How dull and leaden is my appetite
To that stale beauty now! oh, I could curse
And crucifie my self for childish doating
Upon a face that feeds not with fresh Figures
Every fresh hour: she is now a surfet to me.

Enter Gentille.

Who's that? *Gentille?* I charge ye, no acquaintance
You nor your Maid with him, nor no discourse
Till times are riper.
Gent. Fie, my Noble Lord,
Can you be now a stranger to the Court,
When your most virtuous Bride, the beauteous *Hellena*
Stands ready like a Star to gild your happiness,
When *Hymens* lusty fires are now a lighting,
And all the Flower of *Anjou*?
Lav. Some few trifles,
For matter of adornment, have a little
Made me so slow, *Gentille*, which now in readiness,
I am for Court immediately.
Gent. Take heed, Sir,
This is no time for trifling, nor she no Lady
To be now entertain'd with toys: 'twill cost ye—
Lav. Y'are an old Cock, *Gentille.*
Gent. By your Lordships favour.
Lav. Prethee away; 'twill lose time.
Gent. Oh my Lord,
Pardon me that by all means.
Lav. We have business
A-foot man, of more moment.
Gent. Then my manners?
I know none, nor I seek none.
Lav. Take to morrow. (Beauty.
Gent. Even now, by your Lordships leave. Excellent
My service here I ever dedicate,
In honor of my best friend, your dead Father,
To you his living virtue, and wish heartily,

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That firm affection that made us two happy,
May take as deep undying root, and flourish
Betwixt my Daughter *Casta*, and your goodness,
Who shall be still your servant.

Gab. I much thank ye.

Lav. ——[o'] this dreaming puppy. Will ye go, Sir?

Gent. A little more, Good Lord.

Lav. Not now, by ——
Come, I must use ye.

Gent. Goodness dwell still with you.

[*Exeunt Gentill and Laval.*

Gab. The sight of this old Gentleman, *Maria*,
Pulls to my mine eyes again the living Picture
Of *Perolot* his virtuous Son, my first Love,
That dy'd at *Orleance.*

Mar. You have felt both fortunes,
And in extreams, poor Lady; for young *Perolot*,
Being every way unable to maintain you,
Durst not make known his love to Friend or Father:
My Lord *Lavall*, being powerful, and you poor,
Will not acknowledge you.

Gab. No more: Let's in wench:
There let my Lute speak my Laments, they have t[ir]ed me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Courtiers.

1 *Court.* I grant, the Duke is wondrous provident
In his now planting for succession,
I know his care as honourable in the choice too.
Marines fair virtuous daughter; but what's all this?
To what end excellent arrives this travel,
When he that bears the main roof is so rotten?

2 *Court.* You have hit it now indeed: For if Fame lye not
He is untemperate.

1 *Court.* You express him poorly,
Too gentle Sir: the most deboist and barbarous;
Believe it, the most void of all humanity,
Howe'r his cunning, cloak it to his Uncle,
And those his pride depends upon.

[2] *Court.* I have heard too,

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Given excessively to drink.
1 *Court.* Most certain,
And in that drink most dangerous: I speak these things
To one I know loves truth, and dares not wrong her.
2 *Court.* You may speak on.
1 *Court.* Uncertain as the Sea, Sir,
Proud and deceitful as his sins Great Master;
His appetite to Women (for there he carries
His main Sail spread) so boundles, and abominably,
That but to have her name by that tongue spoken,
Poisons the virtue of the purest Virgin.
2 *Cour.* I am sorry for young *Gabriella* then,
A Maid reputed, ever of fair carriage,
For he has been noted visiting.
1 *Court.* She is gone then,
Or any else, that promises, or power,
Gifts, or his guilful vows can work upon,
But these are but poor parcels.
2 *Court.* 'Tis great pity.
1 *Court.* Nor want these sins a chief Saint to befriend 'em,
The Devil follows him; and for a truth, Sir,
Appears in visible figure often to him,
At which time he's possest with sudden trances,
Cold deadly sweats, and griping of the conscience,
Tormented strangely, as they say.
2 *Court.* Heaven turn him:
This marriage-day mayst thou well curse, fair *Hellen.*
But let's go view the ceremony.
1 *Court.* I'll walk with you. [*Exeunt.*

[*Musick.*

Enter Gabriella, *and* Maria *above.* *And* Laval, *Bride, States in solemnity as to marriage; and pass over*; viz. Duke, Marine, Longaville.

Mar. I hear 'em come.
Gab. Would I might never hear more.
Mar. I told you still: but you were so incredulous.
See, there they kiss.
Gab. Adders be your embraces.
The poison of a rotten heart, oh *Hellen*!

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Blast thee as I have been; just such a flattery,
With that same cunning face, that smile upon't,
Oh mark it *Marie*, mark it seriously,
That Master smile caught me.
Mar. There's the old Duke, and
Marine her Father.
Gab. Oh!
Mar. There *Longaville*—
The Ladies now.
Gab. Oh, [I] am murder'd, *Marie.*
Beast, most inconstant beast.
Mar. There.
Gab. There I am not;
No more I am not there: Hear me, oh Heaven!
And all you powers of Justice bow down to me;
But you of pity dye. I am abus'd,
She that depended on your Providence,
She is abus'd: your honor is abus'd.
That noble piece ye made, and call'd it man,
Is turn'd to Devil: all the world's abus'd:
Give me a womans Will, provok'd to mischief,
A two-edg'd heart; my suffering thoughts to wild-fires,
And my embraces to a timeless grave turn.
Mar. Here I'll step in, for 'tis an act of merit.
Gab. I am too big to utter more.
Mar. Take time then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gentille *and* Casta.

Gent. This solitary life at home undoes thee,
Obscures thy beauty first, which should prefer thee;
Next fills thee full of sad thoughts, which thy years
Must not arrive at yet, they choak thy sweetness;
Follow the time, my Girl, and it will bring thee
Even to the fellowship of the noblest women,
Hellen her self, to whom I would prefer thee,
And under whom this poor and private carriage,
Which I am only able yet to reach at,
Being cast off, and all thy sweets at lustre,
Will take thee as a fair friend, and prefer thee.
Casta. Good Sir, be not so cruel as to seek

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To kill that sweet content y'have bred me to:
Have I not here enough to thank Heaven for?
The free air uncorrupted with new flattery.
The water that I touch, unbrib'd with odours
To make me sweet to others: the pure fire
Not smothered up, and choak'd with lustful incense
To make my bloud sweat; but burning clear and high,
Tells me my mind must flame up so to Heaven.
What should I do at Court, wear rich apparel?
Methinks these are as warm: And for your state, Sir,
Wealthy enough; Is it you would have me proud,
And like a Pageant, stuck up for amazements?
Teach not your child to tread that path, for fear (Sir)
Your dry bones after death, groan in your grave
The miseries that follow.

Gent. Excellent *Casta.*

Casta. When shall I pray again? (a Courtier)
Or when I do, to what God? what new body
And new face must I make me, with new manners?
For I must be no more my self. Whose Mistriss
Must I be first? with whose sin-offering season'd?
And when I am grown so great and glorious
With prostitution of my burning beauties,
That great Lords kneel, and Princes beg for favours,
Do you think I'll be your Daughter, a poor Gentlemans,
Or know you for my father?

Enter Lavall.

Gent. My best *Casta.*
Oh my most virtuous child! Heaven reigns within thee;
Take thine own choice, sweet child, and live a Saint still.
The Lord *Lavall*, stand by wench.

Lav. Gabriella,
She cannot, nor she dares not make it known,
My greatness crushes her, when e'er she offers:
Why should I fear her then?

Gent. Come, let's pass on wench.

Lav. Gentille, come hither: who's that Gentlewoman?

Gent. A child of mine, Sir, who observing custome,
Is going to the Monastery to her Prayers.

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Lav. A fair one, a most sweet one; fitter far
To beautifie a Court, than make a Votarist.
Go on, fair Beauty, and in your Orizons
Remember me: will ye, fair sweet?
Casta. Most humbly. [*Exeunt.*
Lav. An admirable Beauty: how it fires me!

Enter a Spirit.

But she's too full of grace, and I too wicked.
I feel my wonted fit: Defend me, goodness.
Oh! it grows colder still, and stiffer on me,
My hair stands up, my sinews shake and shrink;
Help me good Heaven, and good thoughts dwell within me.
Oh get thee gone, thou evil evil spirit,
Haunt me no more, I charge thee.
Spir. Yes *Lavall*:
Thou art my vassal, and the slave to mischief,
I blast thee with new sin: pursue thy pleasure;
Casta is rare and sweet, a blowing Beauty;
Set thy desires a fire, and never quench 'em
Till thou enjoy'st her; make her all thy Heaven,
And all thy joy, for she is all true happiness:
Thou art powerful, use command; if that prevail not,
Force her: I'll be thy friend.
Lav. Oh help me, help me.
Spir. Her virtue, like a spell, sinks me to darkness. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentille *and* Casta.

Gent. He's here still. How is't, noble Lord? me thinks, Sir,
You look a little wildly. Is it that way?
Is't her you stare on so? I have spy'd your fire, Sir,
Bu[t] dare not stay the flaming. Come.
Lav. Sweet [c]reature,
Excellent Beauty, do me but the happiness
To be your humblest servant. Oh fair eyes,
Oh blessed, Blessed Sweetness, Divine Virgin!
Casta. Oh good my Lord, retire into your honor:
You're spoken good and virtuous, plac'd [at] Helme
To govern others from mischances: from example
Of such fair Chronicles as great ones are,
We do, or sure we should direct our lives.

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I know y'are full of worth, a school of virtue
Daily instructing us that live below ye,
I make no doubt, dwells there.
Lav. I cannot answer,
She has struck me dumb with wonder.
Casta. Goodness guide ye. [*Exeunt.*
Lav. She's gone, and with her all [l]ight, and has left me
Dark as my black desires. Oh devil lust,
How dost thou hug my bloud, and whisper to me,
There is no day again, no time, no living,
Without this lusty Beauty break upon me!
Let me collect my self, I strive like billows,
Beaten against a rock, and fall a fool still.
I must enjoy her, and I will: from this hour
My thoughts, and all my bus'ness shall be nothing.

Enter Maria.

My eating, and my sleeping, but her beauty,
And how to work it.
Mar. Health to my Lord *Lavall.*
Nay good Sir, do not turn with such displeasure;
I come not to afflict your new born pleasures;
My honour'd Mistriss, neither let that vex ye,
For nothing is intended, but safe to you.
Lav. What of your Mistriss? I am full of bus'ness.
Mar. I will be short, my Lord; she, loving Lady,
Considering the unequal tie between ye,
And how your ruine with the Duke lay on it,
As also the most noble match now made,
By me sends back all links of marriage,
All Holy Vows, and Rights of Ceremony,
All promises, oaths, tears, and all such pawns
You left in hostage: only her love she cannot,
For that still follows ye, but not to hurt ye;
And still beholds ye Sir, but not to shame ye:
In recompence of which, this is her suit, Sir,
Her poor and last petition, but to grant her,
When weary nights have cloyed ye up with kisses,
(As such must come) the honor of a Mistriss,
The honor but to let her see those eyes,

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(Those eyes she doats on, more than gods do goodness)
And but to kiss you only: with this prayer,
(a prayer only to awake your pity)
And on her knees she made it, that this night
You'ld bless her with your company at supper.
Lav. I like this well, and now I think on't better,
I'll make a present use from this occasion:
Mar. Nay, good my Lord, be not so cruel to her
Because she has been yours.
Lav. And to mine own end
A rare way I will work.
Mar. Can love for ever,
The Love of her (my Lord) so perish in ye?
As ye desire in your desires to prosper.
What gallant under Heaven, but *Anjou*'s Heir then
Can brag so fair a Wife, and sweet a Mistriss?
Good noble Lord.
Lav. Ye mis-apply me, *Mary*,
Nor do I want true pity to your Lady:
Pity and love tell me, too much I have wrong'd her
To dare to see her more: yet if her sweetness
Can entertain a Mediation,
And it must be a great one that can cure me;
My love again, as far as honor bids me,
My service and my self—
Mar. That's nobly spoken.
Lav. Shall hourly see her; want shall never know her;
Nor where she has bestow'd her love, repent her.
Mar. Now whither drives he?
Lav. I have heard *Maria*,
That no two women in the world more lov'd,
Then thy good Mistriss, and *Gentille*'s fair Daughter. (Lord:
Mar. What may this mean? you have heard a truth, my
But since the secret Love betwixt you two,
My Mistriss durst not entertain such friendship;
Casta is quick, and of a piercing judgement,
And quickly will find out a flaw.
Lav. Hold *Marie:*
Shrink not, 'tis good gold, wench: prepare a Banquet,
And get that *Casta* thither; for she's a creature

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So full of forcible Divine perswasion,
And so unwearied ever with good offic[e],
And she shall cure my ill cause to my Mistriss,
And make all errors up.
Mar. I'll doe my best, Sir:
But she's too fearful, coy, and scrupulous,
To leave her Fathers house so late; and bashful
At any mans appearance, that I fear, Sir;
'Twill prove impossible.
Lav. There's more gold, *Marie*,
And fain thy Mistriss wondrous sick to death, wench.
Mar. I have ye in the wind now, and I'll pay ye.
Lav. She cannot chuse but come; 'tis charity,
The chief of her profession: undertake this,
And I am there at night; if not, I leave ye.
Mar. I will not loose this offer, though it fall out
Clean cross to that we cast, I'll undertake it,
I will, my Lord; she shall be there.
Lav. By ——?
Mar. By —— she shall.
Lav. Let it be something late then.
For being seen, now force or favour wins her.
My spirits are grown dull, strong wine, and store,
Shall set 'em up again, and make me fit
To draw home at the enterprize I aim at. [*Exit.*
Ma. Go thy wa[ies] false Lord, if thou hold'st, thou pay'st
The price of all thy lusts. Thou shalt be there
Thou modest Maid, if I have any working,
And yet thy honor safe; for which this thief
I know has set this meeting: but I'll watch him.

Enter Per[o]lot.

Per. *Maria.*
Mar. Are mine eyes mine own? or bless me,
Am I deluded with a flying shadow?
Per. Why do you start so from me?
Mar. It speaks sensibly,
And shews a living body: yet I am fearful.
Per. Give me your hand, good *Maria.*
Mar. He feels warm too.

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Per. And next your [l]ips.
Mar. He kisses perfectly.
Nay, and the Devil be n[o] worse: you are *Perolot?*
Per. I was, and sure I should be: Can a small distance,
And ten short moneths take from your memory
The figure of your friend, that you stand wondring?
Be not amaz'd, I am the self-same *Per[o]lot*,
Living, and well; Son to *Gentille*, and Brother
To virtuous *Casta*; to your beauteous Mistriss,
The long since poor betroth'd, and still vow'd servant.
Mar. Nay, sure he lives. My Lord *Lavall*, your Master,
Brought news long since to your much mourning Mistriss,
Ye dy'd at *Orleance*; bound her with an oath too,
To keep it secret from your aged Father,
Lest it should rack his heart.
Per. A pretty secret
To try my Mistriss Love, and make my welcome
From travel of more worth; from whence, Heaven be thanked,
My business for the Duke dispatch'd to th' purpose,
And all my money spent, I am come home, wench.
How does my Mistriss? for I have not yet seen
Any, nor will I, till I do her service.
Mar. But did the Lord *Laval* know of your love, Sir,
before he went?
Per. Yes, by much more force he got it,
But none else knew; upon his promise too
And honor to conceal it faithfully
Till my return; to further which, he told me,
My business being ended, from the Duke
He would procure a pension for my service,
Able to make my Mistriss a fit Husband.
Mar. But are you sure of this?
Per. Sure as my sight, wench.
Mar. Then is your Lord a base dissembling villain,
A Devil Lord, the damn'd Lord of all lewdness,
And has betraid ye, and undone my Mistriss,
My poor sweet Mistriss: oh that leacher Lord,
Who, poor soul, since was married.
Per. To whom, *Maria?*
Mar. To that unlucky Lord, a —— upon him;

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Whose hot horse-appetite being allaid once
With her chaste joyes, married again, scarce cool'd,
The Torches yet not out the yellow *Hymen*
Lighted about the bed, the Songs yet sounding,
Marine's young noble Daughter *Helena*,
Whose mischief stands at door next. Oh that recreant!
Per. Oh villain! Oh most unmanly falshood!
Nay then I see, my Letters were betraid too.
Oh, I am full of this, great with his mischiefs,
Loaden and burst: Come, lead me to my Lady.
Mar. I cannot, Sir, *Lavall* keeps her conceal'd,
Besides, her griefs are such, she will see no man.
Per. I must, and will go to her: I will see her:
There be my friend, or this shall be thy furthest. (me,
Mar. Hold, and I'll help thee: but first ye shall swear to
As you are true and gentle, as ye hate
This beastly and base Lord, where I shall place ye,
(Which shall be within sight) till I discharge ye,
What-e'er you see or hear, to make no motion.
Per. I do by——
Mar. Stay here about the house then,
Till it be later; yet the time's not perfect:
There at the back door I'll attend you truly.
Per. Oh monstrous, monstrous beastly villain. [*Exit.*
Mar. How cross this falls, and from all expectation!
And what the end shall be, Heaven only yet knows:
Only I wish, and hope. But I forget still,
Casta must be the bait, or all miscarries. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gentille *with a Torch*, Shalloon *above.*

Gent. Holla, *Shaloon.*
Shal. Who's there?
Gent. A word from the Duke, Sir.
Shal. Your pleasure.
Gent. Tell your Lord he must to Court strait.
Shal. He is ill at ease: and prays he may be pardon'd
The occasions of this night.
Gent. Belike he is drunk then:
He must away; the Duke and his fair Lady,
The beauteous *Helena*, are now at *Cent.*

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Of whom she has such fortune in her carding,
The Duke has lost a thousand Crowns, and swears,
He will not go to bed, till by *Lavall*
The Tide of loss be turn'd again. Awake him,
For 'tis the pleasure of the Duke he must rise.

Sha. Having so strict command (Sir) to the contrary,
I dare not do it: I beseech your pardon.

Gent. Are you sure he is there?

Sha. Yes.

Gen. And asleep?

Sha. I think so.

Gen. And are you sure you will not tell him, *Shalon*?

Sha. Yes, very sure.

Gen. Then I am sure, I will.
Open, or I must force.

Sha. Pray ye stay, he is not,
Nor will not be this night. You may excuse it.

Gent. I knew he was gone about some womans labour.
As good a neighbor, though I say it, and as comfortable:
Many such more we need *Shaloon*. Alas, poor Lady,
Thou art like to lie cross-legg'd to night. Good Monsieur,
I will excuse your Master for this once, Sir,
Because sometimes I have lov'd a wench my self too.

Sha. 'Tis a good hearing, Sir.

Gent. But for your lye, *Shaloon*,
If I had you here, it should be no good hearing.
For your pate I would pummel.

Sha. A fair good night, Sir.

Gent. Good night, thou noble Knight, Sir *Pandarus*.
My heart is cold o'th' suddain, and a strange dulness
Possesses all my body: thy Will be done Heaven. [*Exit.*

Enter Gabriella *and* Casta: *and* Maria *with a Taper.*

Casta. 'Faith Friend, I was even going to my bed,
When your Maid told me of your sudden sickness:
But from my grave (so truly I love you)
I think your name would raise me: ye look ill
Since last I saw ye, much decay'd in colour:
Yet I thank Heaven, I find no such great danger
As your Maid frighted me withal: take courage

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And give your sickness course: some grief you have got
That feeds within upon your tender spirits,
And wanting open way to vent it self,
Murders your mind, and choaks up all your sweetness.
Gab. It was my Maids fault; worthy friend, to trouble ye,
So late, upon so light a cause: yet since I have ye
Oh my dear *Casta.*
Casta. Out with it, Gods name.
Gab. The Closset of my heart, I will lock here, wench,
[Laval *knocks within.*
And things shall make ye tremble. Who's that knocks there?
Mar. 'Tis *Lavall.*
Gab. Sit you still. Let him in.
I am resolv'd, and all you wronged women,
You noble spirits, that as I have suffer'd
Under this glorious beast-insulting man,
Lend me your causes, then your cruelties,
For I must put on madness above women.
Cast. Why do you look so ghastly?
Gab. Peace; no harm, Deer.

Enter Lavall.

Lav. There, take my cloak and sword: Where is this
Mar. In the next room. (Banquet?
Casta. How came he here? Heaven bless me.
Lav. Give me some Wine wench; fill it full, and sprightly.
Gab. Sit still, and be not fearful.
Lav. Till my veins swell,
And my strong sinews stretch like that brave *Centaur,*
That at the Table snatch'd the Bride away
In spight of *Hercules.*
Casta. I am betraid.
Lav. Nay, start not Lady; 'tis for you that I come,
And for your beauty: 'tis for you, *Lavall*
Honors this night; to you, the sacred shrine
I humbly bow, offering my vows and prayers;
To you I live.
Gab. In with the powder quickly:
So, that and the Wine will rock ye.
[*Lav.* Here, to the health]

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Of the most beauteous and divine, fair *Casta*,
The star of sweetness.
Gab. Fear him not, I'll die first.
And who shall pledge ye?
Lav. Thou shalt, thou tann'd Gipsey:
And worship to that brightness give, cold *Tartar*.
By —— ye shall not stir; ye are my Mistris,
The glory of my love, the great adventure,
The Mistris of my heart, and she my whore.
Gab. Thou ly'st, base, beastly Lord; drunker then anger,
Thou sowsed Lord, got by a surfeit, thou lyest basely.
Nay, stir not: I dare tell thee so. Sit you still.
If I be whore, it is in marrying thee,
That art so absolute and full a villain,
No Sacrament can save that piece tied to thee.
How often hast thou woo'd in those flatteries,
Almost those very words, my constancie?
What goddess have I not been, or what goodness
What star that is of any name in Heaven,
Or brightness? which of all the virtues
(But drunkenness, and drabbing, thy two morals)
Have not I reach'd to? what Spring was ever sweeter?
What *Scythian* snow so white? what crystal chaster?
Is not thy new wife now the same too? Hang thee,
Base Bigamist, thou honor of ill women.
Casta. How's this? O! Heaven defend me.
Gab. Thou salt-itch,
For whom no cure but ever burning brimstone
Can be imagin'd.
Lav. Ha, ha, ha.
Gab. Dost thou laugh, thou breaker
Of all law, all religion, of all faith
Thou Soule contemner?
Lav. Peace, thou paltry woman:
And sit by me, Sweet.
Gab. By the Devil?
Lav. Come,
And lull me with delights.
Gab. It works amain now.
Lav. Give me such kisses as the Queen of shadows

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Gave to the sleeping boy she stole on *Latmus*;
Look round about in snakie wreathes close folded,
Those rosie arms about my neck, O! *Venus*.
Gab. Fear not, I say.
Lav. Thou admirable sweetness,
Distill thy blessings like those silver drops,
That falling on fair grounds, rise all in roses:
Shoot me a thousand darts from those fair eyes,
And through my heart transfix 'em all, I'll stand 'em.
Send me a thousand smiles, and presently
I'll catch 'em in mine eyes, and by Love's power
Turn 'em to *Cupids* all, and fling 'em on thee,
How high she looks, and heavenly! More wine for me.
Ga. Give him more wine, and good friend be not fearful.
Lav. Here on my knee, thou Goddess of delights,
This lustie grape I offer to thy Beauties;
See how it leaps to view that perfect redness
That dwels upon thy lips: now, how it blushes
To be outblush'd. Oh! let me feed my fancie,
And as I hold the purple god in one hand
Dancing about the bri[m] and proudly swelling,
Deck'd in the pride of nature young, and blowing;
So let me take fair *Semele* in the other,
And sing the loves of gods, then drink, their Nectar's
Not yet desir'd.
Casta. Oh!
Lav. Then like lustie *Tarquin*
Turn'd into flames with *Lucrece* coy denyals,
His blood and spirit equally ambitious,
I force thee for my own.
Casta. O help me Justice:
Help me, my Chastitie.
Lav. Now I am bravely quarried. [*Perolot above.*
Per. 'Tis my Sister.
Gab. No, bawdy slave, no Treacher, she is not carried.
Per. She's loose again, and gone. I'll keep my place still.
Mar. Now it works bravely: stand, he cannot hurt ye.
Lav. O my sweet Love, my life. [*He falls downe,*
Mar. He sinks. *and sleeps.*
Lav. My blessing.

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Mar. So, now he is safe a while.
Gab. Lock all the doors, wench,
Then for my wrongs.
Per. Now I'll appear to know all.
Gab. Be quick, quick, good *Marie*, sure and sudden.
Per. Stay, I must in first.
Gab. O' my conscience!
It is young *Perol[o]t*: Oh my stung conscience!
It is my first and noblest Love.
Mar. Leave wondring,
And recollect your self: the man is living.
Equally wrong'd as you, and by that Devil.
Per. 'Tis most true, Lady: your unhappy fortune
I grieve for as mine own, your fault forgive too,
If it be one. This is no time for kisses:
I have heard all, and known all, which mine ears
Are crack'd apieces with, and my heart perish'd.
I saw him in your chamber, saw his fury.
And am afire till I have found his heart out.
What do you mean to do? for I'll make one.
Gab. To make his death more horrid (for he shall dye).
Per. He m[u]st, he must.
Gab. We'll watch him till he wakes,
Then bind him, and then torture him.
Per. 'Tis nothing.
No, take him dead drunk now without repentance,
His leachery inseam'd upon him.
Gab. Excellent.
Per. I'll do it my self; and when 'tis done, provide ye,
For we'll away for *Italy* this night.
Gab. We'll follow thorow all hazards.
Per. Oh false Lord,
Unmanly, mischievous; how I could curse thee;
But that but blasts thy fame; have at thy heart, fool:
Loop-holes I'll make enough to let thy life out.
Lav. Oh! does the devil ride me?
Per. Nay then.
Lav. Murder.
Nay, then take my share too.
Per. Help; oh! he has slain me.

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Bloudy intentions must have bloud.
Lav. Hah?
Per. Heaven.
Gab. He sinks, he sinks, for ever sinks: oh fortune!
Oh sorrow! how like seas thou flowest upon me!
Here will I dwell for ever. Weep *Maria*,
Weep this young man's misfortune: oh thou truest!

Enter Spirit.

Lav. What have I done?
Spir. That that has mark'd thy soul man.
Lav. And art thou come again thou dismal spirit?
Spir. Yes, to devour thy last.
Lav. Mercy upon thee.
Spir. Thy hour is come: succession, honor, pleasure,
And all the lustre thou so long hast look'd for
Must here have end: Summon thy sins before thee.
Lav. Oh my affrighted soul!
Spir. There lies a black one;
Thy own best servant by thy own hand slain,
Thy drunkenness procur'd it: There's another:
Think of fair *Gabriella*, there she weeps;
And such tears are not lost.
Lav. Oh miserable!
Spir. Thy foul intention to the virtuous *Casta*.
Lav. No more, no more, thou wild-fire.
Spir. Last, thy last wife,
Think on the wrong she suffers.
Lav. O my miserie.
Oh! whither shall I flie?
Spir. Thou hast no faith, fool.
Heark to thy knell. [*Sings, and vanishes.*
Lav. Millions of sins muster about mine eyes now:
Murders, ambitions, lust, false faiths; O horror,
In what a stormie form of death thou rid'st now!
Me thinks I see all tortures, fires, and frosts,
Deep sinking caves, where nothing but despair dwels,
The balefull birds of night hovering about 'em;
A grave, me thinks, now opens, and a herse
Hung with my Arms tumbles into it: oh!

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Oh! my afflicted soul: I cannot pray;
And the least child that has but goodness in him
May strike my head off; so stupid are my powers:
I'll lift mine eyes up though.
Mar. Cease these laments,
They are too poor for venge[a]nce: *Lavall* lives yet.
Gab. Then thus I drie all sorrows from these eyes,
Fury and rage possess 'em now: damn'd divell.
Lav. Hah?
Gab. This for young *Perolot.*
Lav. O mercy, mercy.
Gab. This for my wrongs.
Lav. But one short hour to cure me. [*Knock within.*
Oh be not cruell: Oh! oh.
Mar. Heark, they knock.
Make hast for Heavens sake, Mistris.
Gab. This for *Casta.*
Lav. Oh, O, O, O! [*He dies.*
Mar. He's dead: come quickly, let 's away with him,
'T will be too late else.
Gab. Help, help up to th' chamber!
[*Exeunt with Lavalls body.*

Enter Duke, Hellena, Gentile, Casta, and attendants, with lights.

Duke. What frights are these?
Gent. I [a]m sure here 's one past frighting.
Bring the lights neerer: I have enough alreadie.
Out, out, mine eyes. Look, *Casta.*
Lord. 'T is young *Perolot.*
Duke. When came he over? Hold the Gentlewoman,
she sinks; and bear her off.
Cast. O my dear brother! [*Exit.*
Gent. There is a time for all; for me, I hope, too,
And very shortly. Murdred?
[*Gabriella, Maria, with Lavalls body, above.*
Duke. Who 's above there?
Gab. Look up, and see.
Duke. What may this mean?
Gab. Behold it;

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Behold the drunken murderer
Of that young Gentleman; behold the rankest,
The vilest, basest slave that ever flourish'd.
Duke. Who kill'd him?
Gab. I; and there 's the cause I did it:
Read, if your eyes will give you leave.
Hell. Oh! monstrous.
Gab. Nay, out it shall: there, take this false heart to ye;
The base dishonor of a thousand women:
Keep it in gold, Duke, 'tis a precious jewel.
Now to my self; for I have liv'd a fair age,
Longer by some moneths then I had a mind to.
Duke. Hold.
Gab. Here, young *Perolot*; my first contracted
True love shall never go alone.
Duke. Hold, *Gabriella*.
I do forgive all.
Gab. I shall die the better,
Thus let me seek my grave, and my shames with me.
Mar. Nor shalt thou go alone my noble Mistris:
Why should I live, and thou dead?
Lord. Save the wench there.
Mar. She is, I hope; and all my sins here written.
Duke. This was a fatal night.
Gent. Heaven has his working,
Which we cannot contend against.
Duke. Alas!
Gent. Your Grace has your alas too.
Duke. Would 't were equal;
For thou hast lost an honest noble childe.
Gent. 'T is heir enough has lost a good remembrance.
Duke. See all their bodies buried decently,
Though some deserv'd it not. How do you, Lady?
Hell. Even with your Graces leave, ripe for a Monasterie;
There will I wed my life to tears and prayers,
And never know what man is more.
Duke. Your pleasure;
How does the maid within?
Lord. She is gone before, Sir,

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The same course that my Lady takes.
Gent. And my course shall be my Beads at home; so
Please your Grace to give me leave to leave the Court.
Duke. In peace, Sir,
And take my love along.
Gent. I shall pray for ye.
Duke. Now to our selves retire we, and begin
By this example to correct each sin. [*Exeunt.*
[*Flourish.*

King. Em. By this we plainly view the two imposthumes
That choke a kingdoms welfare; Ease, and Wantonness;
In both of which *Lavall* was capital:
For first, Ease stole away his minde from honor,
That active noble thoughts had kept still working,
And then deliver'd him to drink and women,
Lust and outragious riot; and what their ends are,
How infamous and foul, we see example.
Therefore, that great man that will keep his name,
And gain his merit out of Virtues schools,
Must make the pleasures of the world his fools. [*Flourish.*

The TRIUMPH.

Enter Musicians: next them, Perolot *with the wound he died with. Then* Gabriella *and* Maria, *with their wounds: after them, four Furies with Bannerets in*[*s*]*crib'd* Revenge, Murder, Lust *and* Drunkenness, *singing. Next them,* Lavall *wounded. Then* [*a*] *Chariot with Death drawn by the Destinies.* [*Flourish.*

Enter PROLOGUE.

From this sad sight ascend your noble eye,
And see old Time *helping triumphantly,*
Helping his Master Man*: view here his vanities*
And see his false friends like those glutted flyes,
That when they've suckt their fill, fall off, and fade
From all remembrance of him, like a shade.
And last, view who relieves him; and that gone,
We hope your favour, and our Play is done.
[Flourish.

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Enter Anthropos, Desire, and Vain Delight; Bounty.

Ant. What hast thou done, *Desire*, and how imploy'd
The charge I gave thee, about levying wealth
For our supplies?

Desire. I have done all, yet nothing:
Tri'd all, and all my ways, yet all miscarried;
There dwells a sordid dulness in their mindes
Thou son of earth, colder then that thou art made of,
I came to *Craft*, found all his hooks about him,
And all his nets baited and set; his slie self
And greedie *Lucre* at a serious conference
Which way to tie the world within their statutes:
Business of all sides and of all sorts swarming
Like Bees broke loose in summer: [I] declared
Your will and want together, both inforcing
With all the power and pains I had, to reach him;
Yet all fell short.

Anth. His answer.

Desire. This he gave me.
Your wants are never ending; and those supplies
That came to stop those breaches, are ever lavisht
Before they reach the main, in toys and trifles,
Gew-gaws, and gilded puppets: *Vain delight*
He says has ruin'd ye, with clappi[n]g all
That comes in for support, on clothes, and Coaches,
Perfumes, and powder'd pates; and that your Mistris,
The Lady *Pleasure*, like a sea devours
At length both you and him too. If you have houses,
Or land, or jewels, for good pawn, he'll hear you,
And will be readie to supplie occasions;
If not, he locks his ears up, and grows stupid.
From him, I went to *Vanity*, whom I found
Attended by [a]n endless troop of Tailors,
Mercers, Embroiderers, Feather-makers, Fumers,
All occupations opening like a Mart,
That serve to rig the body out with braverie;
And th'row the roome new fashions flew like flyes,
In thousand gaudie shapes; *Pride* waiting on her,
And busily surveying all the breaches

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Time and delaying Nature had wrought in her,
Which still with art she piec'd again, and strengthened:
I told your wants; she shew'd me gowns and head-tires,
Imbroider'd wastcoats, smocks seam'd thorow with cut-works,
Scarfs, mantles, petticoats, muffs, powders, paintings,
Dogs, monkeys, parrots, which all seemed to shew me
The way her money went. From her to *Pleasure*
I took my journey.

Anth. And what says our best Mistris?

Desire. She danc'd me out this answer presently:
Revels and Masques had drawn her drie alreadie.
I met old *Time* too, mowing mankind down,
Who says you are too hot, and he must purge ye.

Anth. A cold *quietus*. Miserable creatures,
Born to support and beautifie your master,
The godlike man, set here to do me service,
The children of my will; why, or how dare ye,
Created to my use alone, disgrace me?
Beasts have more court[e]sie; they live about me,
Offering their warm wooll to the shearers hand,
To clothe me with their bodies to my labours;
Nay, even their lives they daily sacrifice,
And proudly press with garlands to the altars,
To fill the gods oblations. Birds bow to me,
Striking their downie sails to do me service,
Their sweet airs ever ecchoing to mine honor,
And to my rest their plumie softs they send me.
Fishes, and plants, and all where life inhabits,
But mine own cursed kind, obey their ruler;
Mine have forgot me, miserable mine,
Into whose stonie hearts, neglect of dutie,
Squint-ey'd deceit, and self-love, are crept closely:
None feel my wants, not one mend with me.

Desire. None, Sir?

Ant. Thou hast forgot (*Desire*) thy best friend, *Flatterie*;
He cannot fail me.

Delight. Fail? he will sell himself,
And all within his power, close to his skin first.

Desire. I thought so too, and made him my first venture
But found him in a young Lords ear so busie,

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So like a smiling showr pouring his soul
In at his portals, his face in a thousand figures
Catching the vain mind of the men: I pull'd him,
But still he hung like birdlime; spoke unto him,
His answer still was, By the Lord, sweet Lord,
And By my soul, thou master-piece of honor;
Nothing could stave him off: he has heard your flood's gone;
And on decaying things he seldom smiles, Sir.

Anth. Then here I break up state, and free my followers,
Putting my fortune now to *Time*, and *Justice*:
Go seek new masters now; for *Anthropos*
Neglected by his friends, must seek new fortunes.
Desire, to *Avarice* I here commend thee,
Where thou may'st live at full bent of thy wishes:
And *Vain Delight*, thou feeder of my follies
With light fantastickness, be thou in favour.
To leave thee, *Bountie*, my most worthie servant,
Troubles me more then m[ine] own misery;
But we must part: go plant thy self, my best friend,
In honorable hearts that truely know thee,
And there live ever like thy self, a virtue:
But leave this place, and seek the Countrey,
For Law, and lust, like fire lick all up here.
Now none but *Poverty* must follow me,
Despis'd patch'd *Poverty*; and we two married,
Will seek *Simplicity*, *Content* and *Peace* out.

Enter Poverty.

And live with them in exile. How uncall'd on
My true friend comes!

Poverty. Here, hold thee, *Anthropos*,
Thou art almost arm'd at rest; put this on,
A penitential robe, to purge thy pleasures:
Off with that vanitie.

Anth. Here, *Vain Delight*,
And with this all my part, to thee again
Of thee I freely render.

Pov. Take this staff now,
And be more constant to your steps hereafter:
The staff is *Staidness of affections.*

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Away you painted flyes, that with mans summet
Take life and heat buzzing about his blossoms;
When growing full, ye turn to Caterpillers,
Gnawing the root that gave you life. Fly shadows.
[*Exeunt desire and delight.*
Now to *Content* I'll give thee, *Anthropos*,
To *Rest* and *Peace*: no vanitie dwells there;
Desire [nor] *Pleasur*[*e*], to delude thy mind more;
No *Flatteries* smooth-fil'd tongue shall poison thee.
Anth. O! *Jupiter*, if I have ever offer'd
Upon thy burning Altars but one Sacrifice
Thou and thy fair-ey'd *Juno* smil'd upon;
If ever, to thine honor, bounteous feasts,
Where all thy statu[e]s sweet with wine and incense,
Have by the son of earth been celebrated:
Hear me (the child of shame now) hear thou helper,
And take my wrongs into thy hands, thou justice
Done by unmindful man, unmerciful,
Against his master done, against thy order;
And raise again, thou father of all honor,
The poor despis'd, but yet thy noblest creature.
Raise from his ruines once more this sunk Cedar,
That all may fear thy power, and I proclaim it. [*Exeunt.*

Jupiter and Mercury descend severally. Trumpets small above.

Jup. Ho! *Mercury*, my winged son.
Mer. Your servant.
Jup. Whose powerful prayers were those that reach'd our ears,
Arm'd in such spells of pity now?
Mer. The sad petitions
Of the scorn'd son of earth, the god-like *Anthropos*,
He that has swell'd your sacred fires with incense,
And pil'd upon your Altars a thousand heifers;
He that (beguil'd by *Vanity* and *Pleasure*,
Desire, *Craft*, *Flattery*, and smooth *Hypocrisie*)
Stands now despis'd and ruin'd, left to *Poverty*.
Jup. It must not be; he was not rais'd for ruine;
Nor shall those hands heav'd at m[ine] Altars, perish:

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He is our noblest creature. Flee to *Time*,
And charge him presently release the bands
Of *Poverty* and *Want* this suitor sinks in:
Tell him, among the Sun-burnt *Indians*,
That know no other wealth but Peace and pleasure,
She shall find golden *Plutus*, god of riches,
Who idly is ador'd, the innocent people
Not knowing yet what power and weight he carries:
Bid him compell him to his right use, honor,
And presently to live with *Anthropos*.
It is our Will. Away.
Mer. I do obey it. [*Jupiter and Mercury ascend again.*

Musick. *Enter* Plutus, *with a troop of* Indians, *singing and dancing wildly about him, and bowing to him: which ended, Enter* Time.

Time. Rise, and away; 'tis *Joves* command.
Plut. I will not:
Ye have some fool to furnish now; some *Midas*
That to no purpose I must choak with riches.
Who must I go to?
Time. To the son of earth;
He wants the god of wealth.
Plut. Let him want still:
I was too lately with him, almost torn
Into ten thousand pieces by his followers:
I could not sleep, but *Craft* or *Vanity*
Were filing off my fingers; not eat, for fear
Pleasure would cast her self into my belly,
And there surprize my heart.
Time. These have forsaken him:
Make haste then, thou must with me: be not angry,
For fear a greater anger light upon thee.
Plut. I do obey then: but change my figure;
For when I willingly befriend a creature,
Goodly, and full of glory I shew to him;
But when I am compell'd, old, and decrepid,
I halt, and hang upon my staff. Farewell, friends,
I will not be long from ye; all my servants

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I leave among ye still, and my chief riches.
[*Exeunt* Indians *with a dance.*
Oh *Time*, what innocence dwells here, what goodness!
They know me not, nor hurt me not, yet hug me.
Away, I'll follow thee: but not too fast, *Time.*
[*Exeunt* Plutus *and* Time.

Enter Anthropos, Honesty, Simplicity, Humility, Poverty.

Humil. Man, be not sad, nor let this divorce
From *Mundus*, and his many ways of pleasure,
Afflict thy spirits; which consider'd rightly
With inward eyes, makes thee arrive at happy.
Pov. For now what danger or deceit can reach thee?
What matter left for *Craft* or *Covetize*
To plot against thee? what *Desire* to burn thee?
Honest. Oh son of earth, let *Honesty* possess thee;
Be as thou wast intended, like thy Maker;
See thorow those gawdy shadows, that like dreams
Have dwelt upon thee long: call up thy goodness,
Thy mind and man with[in] thee, that lie shipwrack'd,
And then how thin and vain these fond affections,
How lame this worldly [l]ove, how lump-like raw
And ill digested all these vanities
Will shew, let *Reason* tell thee.
Simpl. Crown thy mind
With that above the worlds wealth, joyful suff'ring,
And truly be the master of thy self.
Which is the noblest Empire; and there stand
The thing thou wert ordain'd, and set to govern.
Pov. Come, let us sing the worlds shame: hear us, *Anthropos.*

Song: *And then Enter* Time *and* Plutus.

Hon. Away; we are betrayd. [*Exeunt all but* Poverty.
Time. Get thou too after,
Thou needy bare companion; go for ever,
For ever, I conjure thee: make no answer. [*Exit* Poverty.
Anth. What mak'st thou here, *Time*? thou that to this
Minute, never stood still by me?
Time. I have brought thee succour;

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And now catch hold, I am thine: The god of riches
(Compell'd by him that saw thy miseries,
The ever just and wakeful *Jove*, at length)
Is come unto thee: use him as thine own;
For 'tis the doom of Heaven: he must obey thee.
Anth. Have I found pity then?
Time. Thou hast; and *Justice*
Against those false seducers of thine honor:
Come, give him present helps. [*Exit* Time.

Industry and the Arts discovered.

Plut. Come *Industry*,
Thou friend of life; and next to thee, rise *Labour*;
[Plutus *stamps.* Labour *rises.*
Rise presently: and now to your employments;
But first conduct this mortal to the rock.
They carry Anthropos *to a Rock, and fall a digging.*
What seest thou now? [Plutus *strikes the Rock, and flames flie out.*
Anth. A glorious Mine of Metal.
Oh *Jupiter*, my thanks.
Plut. To me a little.
Anth. And to the god of wealth, my Sacrifice.
Plut. Nay, then I am rewarded. Take heed now, Son,
You are afloat again, lest *Mundus* catch ye.
Anth. Neve[r] betray me more.
Plut. I must to *India*,
From whence I came, where my main wealth lies buried,
And these must with me. Take that Book and Mattock,
And by those, know to live again.
[*Exeunt* Plutus, Industry, Labour, &[c].
Anth. I shall do.

Enter Fame *sounding.*

Fame. Thorow all the world, the fortune of great *An-*
Be known and wonder'd at; his riches envy'd (*thropos*
As far as Sun or Time is; his power fear'd too. [*Exeunt.*

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MUSICK.

Enter Delight, Pleasure, [Craft, Lucre,] Vanity, *&c. dancing (and Masqu'd) towards the Rock, offering service to* Anthropos. Mercury *from above. Musick heard. One half of a cloud drawn. Singers are discovered: then the other half drawn.* Jupiter *seen in glory.*

Mer. Take heed, weak man, those are the sins that sunk thee:
Trust 'em no more: kneel, and give thanks to *Jupiter.*
Anth. Oh mighty power!
Jup. Unmask, ye gilded poisons:
Now look upon 'em, son of earth, and shame 'em;
Now see the faces of thy evil Angels,
Lead 'em to *Time*, and let 'em fill his Triumph:
Their memories be here forgot for ever.
Anth. Oh just great god! how many lives of service,
What ages only given to thine honor.
What infinites of vows, and holy prayers,
Can pay my thanks?
Jup. Rise up: and to assure thee
That never more thou shalt feel want, strike, *Mercury*,
Strike him; and by that stroke he shall for ever
Live in that rock of Gold, and still enjoy it.
Be't done, I say. Now sing in honor of him.

SONG.

Enter the Triumph. First, the Musicians: then Vain Delight, Pleasure, Craft, L[u]cre, Vanity, *and other of the Vices: Then a Chariot with the person of* Time *sitting in it, drawn by four persons, representing Hours, singing.*

Exeunt. *Flourish.*

King. Em. By this we note (sweet-heart) in Kings and (Princes
A weakness, even in spite of all their wisdoms.
And often to be master'd by abuses:
Our natures here describ'd too, and what humors
Prevail above our Reasons to undo us.
But this the last and best. When no friend stands,
The gods are merciful, and lend their hands. *Flourish.*

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Epilogue

NOw as the Husbandman, whose Costs and Pain,
Whose Hopes and Helps lie buried in his Grain,
Waiting a happy Spring to ripen full
His long'd-for Harvest, to the Reapers pull;
Stand we expecting, having sown our Ground
With so much charge, (the fruitfulness not found)
The Harvest of our Labours: For we know
You are our Spring; and when you smile, we grow.
Nor Charge nor Pain, shall bind us from your Pleasures,
So you but lend your hands to fill our Measures.

FINIS.

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APPENDIX.

In the following references to the text the lines are numbered from the top of the page, including titles, acts, stage directions, &c., but not, of course, the headline or mere 'rules.' Where, as in the lists of Persons Represented, there are double columns, the right-hand column is numbered after the left.

It has not been thought necessary to record the correction of every turned letter nor the substitution of marks of interrogation for marks of exclamation and *vice versâ*. Full-stops have been silently inserted at the ends of speeches and each fresh speaker has been given the dignity of a fresh line: in the double-columned folio the speeches are frequently run on. Misprints in the Quartos and the First Folio are recorded when they appear to be interesting. A word or two from the printed text is attached to the variants recorded below in cases where the variant, by itself, would not be sufficiently clear. Altered punctuation is shown, usually, by printing the old punctuation.

[Thanks are due to Mrs Arnold Glover for collations of quartos in the British Museum and to R. F. Towndrow, for collations of those in the Bodleian.]

THIERRY AND THEODORET.

A = 1621. **B** = 1648. **C** = 1649. **D** = Second folio.

(A) THE | TRAGEDY | OF THIERRY KING OF | *France, and his Brother* | Theodoret. | As it was diverse times acted at the Blacke- | *Friers by the Kings Majesties* | Servants. | LONDON, | Printed for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to bee sold at | his shop in *Britaines Burse*, at the signe of | the Eagle and Child. | 1621.

(B) THE | TRAGEDY | OF | THIERRY | King of *France*, and his Brother | THEODORET. | As it was diverse times acted at the | *Blacke-Friers by the Kings Majesties* | Servants. Written by | John Fletcher Gent. | LONDON, | Printed for *Humphrey Mosely*, and are to be sold at | his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in St. *Pauls* | Church-yard. 1648.

(C) THE | TRAGEDY | OF | THIERRY | King of *France*, and his Brother | THEODORET. | As it was diverse times acted at the | *Blacke-Friers*, *by the Kings Majesties* | Servants. | Written by | { FRACIS BEAMONT. AND JOHN FLETCHER } Gent. | LONDON, | Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at | his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in St. *Pauls* | Church-yard. 1649.

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APPENDIX

[The following lines are printed from the edition of 1649]

The Prologue to *Thierry* and *Theodoret.*

WIt is become an Antick; and puts on
As many shapes of variation,
To court the times applause, as the times dare
Change severall fashions; nothing is thought rare
Which is not new and follow'd; yet we know
That what was worne some twenty yeares agoe
Comes into grace againe, and we pursue
That custome, by presenting to your view
A Play in fashion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appeare the same, if you allow
Worth to their noble memories, whose names
Beyond all power of death live in their fames.

The Epilogue.

OUr Poet knowes you will be just; but we
Appeale to mercy: he desires that ye
Would not distast his Muse, because of late
Transplanted; which would grow here if no fate
Have an unluckie bode: opinion
Comes hither but on crutches yet, the sun
Hath lent no beame to warme us; if this play
Proceed more fortunate, wee'll crowne the day
And Love that brought you hither: 'tis in you
To make A Little Sprig of Lawrell grow,
And spread into a Grove where you may sit
And here soft Stories, when by blasting it
You gain no honour, though our ruines Lye
To tell the spoyles of your offended eye:
If not for what we are, (for alas, here
No Roscius *moves to charme your eyes or ear)*
Yet as you hope hereafter to see Playes.
Incourage us, and give our Poet Bayes.

Dramatis Personæ.

Thierry, King of France
Theodoret, his Brother Prince of *Austrachia*
Martell, their noble Kinsman
Devitry, an honest Souldier of fortune
Protuldy, *Bawdher*, *Lecure*, } Cowardly Panders.
A Priest
A Post
Huntsmen
Souldiers
Doctors
Brunhalt, Mother to the Princes
Ordella, the matchlesse wife of *Thierry*
Memburges, Daughter of *Theodoret.*

The Scene France.

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p. 1, l. 5. D] *Bawdher* l. 25. A—D] women.

p. 2, l. 1. A] promises l. 5. A] shewes vm l. 6. A] multiplyes vm l. 30. A—C] Courts a this D] Nile, have l. 37. A—C] *Theod.*...impudence, | And...mother | Brought...it |

p. 3, l. 20. D] womam l. 32. B—D] bedders. l. 33. A—C] *Portalyde* D] *Protalyde*

p. 4, l. 4. B—D] swetness l. 8. A] am I thus rewarded? B and C] am I thus rewarded, l. 37. A—C] I am

p. 5, l. 8. D] *Bawdher* l. 26. D] long she l. 28. D] unlikt

p. 6, l. 3. A—C] I am not l. 7. A—D] kisses. l. 22. A—C] For I am l. 24. D] *Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima* l. 28. D] I'm jealous l. 32. D] weakness

p. 7, l. 12. D] to dependance l. 24. D] reason l. 29. D] lose

p. 8, l. 38. B—D] of them l. 39. D] mean's

p. 9, l. 30. D] ti's pace l. 30. D] Thierry, be

p. 10, l. 13. A—C] I am l. 32. B—D] fiers l. 35. D] or if

p. 11, l. 5. D] Shal l. 21. A—D] dust, were

p. 12, l. 2. A] I shall still l. 9. D] an one l. 40. D] win 'em,

p. 13, l. 1. A—C] shall seeme D] shall seem l. 6. B—D] I'll breath l. 17. D] knowledg l. 24. B—D] Withall l. 34. A—D] *Theoderet* D] *Theoderet Memberge*,

p. 14, l. 21. D] *Nero.* l. 27. D] colors

p. 15, l. 36. D] Alass

p. 16, l. 12. D] eusie l. 34. B—D] polcats l. 35. A] trustde

p. 17, l. 22. B—D] mid way l. 25. B—D] away, all l. 27. D] *Portaldy Lecure.* l. 34. B—D] pandar sponge l. 39. D] your Son

p. 18, l. 7. D] delicats l. 20. A] others, death; B—D] others death; l. 29. B—D] of chastity l. 39. B—D] i'st?

p. 19, l. 9. D] then, think you l. 27. D] I'm

p. 20, l. 2. A—C] I am sure l. 12. D] too; l. 15. B—D] i'st?

p. 21, l. 1. B—D] violence. l. 4. D] *Their.* l. 6. D] You I'll hunt l. 20. A] currall l. 24. A—C] ath l. 28. A] take it l. 29. D] Farewll l. 34. B—D] Sir,

p. 22, l. 6. A] met a noble l. 27. B—D] tels l. 34. A] to set my l. 40. A—C] they are

p. 23, l. 11. A] vm, take a tree Sir, B and C] um take a tree Sir, D] 'em take a tree Sir; l. 17. D] an l. 19. B—D] stay. l. 20. A—C] a both l. 28. B—D] bawb l. 37. A—C] mushrump

p. 24, l. 9. D] *Bawdher* l. 39. B—D] him, I

p. 25, l. 7. D] *Portaldye* l. 10. A] on thy l. 16. D] philip

p. 26, l. 18. D] volour l. 20. A] is care l. 21. D] my my actions l. 23. D] *Martel* (*here and often elsewhere*) l. 33. A—D] falls

p. 27, l. 14. A—C] the nose l. 18. D] should l. 22. D] hear l. 29. A—C] that is l. 34. D] You're l. 40. D] *Martel*

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p. 28, l. 28. D] pray pardon l. 30. D] your...Martel B—D *Print as a new line*] *Mart.* Your company, etc. l. 37. D *omits*] fearefull

p. 29, l. 2. A] it B—D] it. l. 22. D] volour

p. 30, l. 1. A—D] work

p. 31, l. 5. A] selfe's l. 20. D] self. l. 26. D] paralell'd, l. 27. D] mother, l. 38. A—C] I am l. 40. A—C] the

p. 32, l. 2. D] fires l. 17. D] up. l. 22. D] mates. l. 32. D] happiness.

p. 33, l. 14. B—D] one stange of Revels, and each ye l. 29. B—D] I a man? l. 37. D] thought

p. 34, l. 8. D] what Ill can l. 35. B and C] conveniance D] convenience

p. 35, l. 11. B—D] I have no l. 26. D] born l. 30. D] shall l. 32. B and C] marcht

p. 36, l. 2. A and D] their l. 10. A—D] son's

p. 37, l. 31. D] born

p. 38, l. 11. A—C] *The Dance.* l. 18. B—D] Theodoret? l. 32. D] to 't.

p. 39, l. 7. B—D] Whether l. 13. B—D] my

p. 40, l. 9. D] knows. l. 12. D] face

p. 41, l. 8. D] loans l. 14. D] skill. l. 15. D] his

p. 42, l. 29. A—D] hour. l. 30. D] towards l. 35. D] gil'd

p. 43, l. 38. B—D] away

p. 45, l. 7. D] thing l. 36. D] thoughts.

p. 46, l. 5. A—D] nothing's hard, l. 9. D] *Ordeel.* l. 16. B—D] humors. l. 17. A] Bring um l. 21. A—C] Here is l. 28. D] hear. l. 35. D] knowledg.

p. 47, l. 1. *Possibly* thou'rt made the blessing *is intended* l. 14. D] *Puls*

p. 48, l. 3. A—D] *Devi.* l. 11. D] an l. 20. B—D] thing

p. 49, l. 18. B and C] olive beare D] Olive-bear l. 23. A—C] What 'tis

p. 50, l. 12. A—C] I am l. 36. D] snip l. 37. B—D] us'd.

p. 51, l. 2. B—D] use of it l. 11. D] *Baun.* A *prints a new line*] And we will l. 23. A—C] upon it l. 25. A—C] t'as l. 35. B and C] the ability

p. 52, l. 24. D] hopes. l. 26. B—D] them. l. 30. A—C] the l. 39. B and C] stirre D] stirr

p. 53, l. 6. A—C] doest l. 7. B—D] excuse. l. 10. D] I

p. 54, l. 7. D] from from l. 14. D] guick

p. 55, l. 15. D] Iaid down l. 19. B—D] pleasure

p. 56, l. 2. D] argment

p. 57, l. 17. B—D] than thou l. 21. A] it B and C] it, D] it. l. 29. D] in all

p. 58, l. 18. D] misery?

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p. 59, l. 4. A—C] of good D] of a good l. 7. A] a thy l. 15. B—D] and l. 20. D] some l. 32. D] you?

p. 60, l. 29. D] *Soldier.*

p. 61, l. 28. A—C] only bind mee before l. 36. D] melancholly

p. 62, l. 8. A] fetch em ll. 9–10. A—C *omit one*] where l. 20. A] em l. 25. A] was I, dreampt not of your conveiance? B and C] was I, dreampt not of your conveyance? helpe to unbidd D] was I? dreamt not of your conveyance, l. 30. A] top l. 31. A] em

p. 63, l. 25. D] piece-meals l. 32. D] paricide

p. 64, l. 2. D] Hawks l. 7. A—C] cures D] *omits the passage in square brackets from l.* 11 *to l.* 30 *on p.* 67. *Supplied here from* A l. 25. A] prayers l. 35. C] grace feele yourselfe now

p. 67, l. 9. A] are B and C] them l. 19. A] defeeaed l. 20. B and C] pleasures

p. 68, l. 6. A] give l. 21. A] um l. 27. D] *Martel.* l. 39. D] came

p. 69, l. 2. B—D] soule away l. 10. A] She is l. 15. B—D] Sir. l. 38. A—C] *Dies*

p. 70, l. 1. A] um l. 2. A] um l. 3. D] lasteh

THE WOMAN-HATER.

A = 1607. **B** = 1607. **C** = 1648. **D** = 1649.
E = Second folio.

(**A**) THE | WOMAN | HATER. | *As it hath beene lately Acted by* | *the Children of Paules:* | LONDON | Printed, and are to be sold | by *John Hodgets* in Paules | Church-yard. 1607.

(**B**) *THE* | WOMAN | HATER. | *As it hath beene lately Acted by* | *the Children of Paules:* | LONDON | Printed by *R. R.* and are to be | sold by *John Hodgets* in Paules | Church-yard. 1607.

(**C**) THE | WOMAN | HATER. | *As it hath beene Acted by his Majesties* | Servants with great Applause. | Written by | JOHN FLETCHER Gent. | *LONDON,* | Printed for *Humphrey Moseley,* and are to be sold at | his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in St. *Pauls* | Church-yard. 1648.

(**D**) THE | WOMAN | HATER, | OR THE | Hungry Courtier. | A COMEDY, | *As it hath been Acted by his Majesties* | *Servants with great Applause.* | Written by | { FRANCIS BEAMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER. } Gent. | *LONDON,* | Printed for *Humphrey Moseley,* and are to be sold at | his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in St. *Pauls* | Church-yard. 1649.

The Prologue to the *Woman-hater*, or the *Hungry Courtier.*

Ladies take't as a secret in your Eare,
In stead of homage, and kind welcome here,
I heartily could wish you all were gone;
For if you stay, good faith, we are undone.

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Alas! you now expect, the usuall wayes
Of our addresse, which is your Sexes praise:
But we to night, unluckily must speake,
Such things will make your Lovers-Heart-strings breake,
Bely your Virtues, and your beauties staine,
With words, contriv'd long since, in your disdaine.
'Tis strange you stirre not yet; not all this while
Lift up your Fannes to hide a scornefull smile:
Whisper, or jog your Lords to steale away;
So leave us t'act, unto our selves, our Play:
Then sure, there may be hope, you can subdue
Your patience to endure an Act or two:
Nay more, when you are told our Poets rage
Pursues but one example, which that age
Wherein he liv'd produc'd; and we rely
Not on the truth, but the varietie.
His Muse beleev'd not, what she then did write;
Her Wings were wont to make a nobler flight;
Sor'd high, and to the Stars, your Sex did raise;
For which, full Twenty yeares, he wore the Bayes.
'Twas he reduc'd Evandra *from her scorne,*
And taught the sad Aspacia *how to mourne;*
Gave Arethusa's *love a glad reliefe.*
And made Panthea *elegant in griefe.*
If those great Trophies of his noble Muse,
Cannot one humor 'gainst your Sex excuse
Which we present to night; you'l finde a way
How to make good the Libell in our Play:
So you are cruell to your selves; whilst he
(Safe in the fame of his integritie)
Will be a Prophet, not a Poet thought;
And this fine Web last long though loosely wrought.

The Epilogue to the *Woman-hater*,
or the *Hungry Courtier*.

THe monuments of Vertue and desert,
Appeare more goodly when the glosse of Art
Is eaten off by time, then when at first:
They were set up, not censur'd at the worst
We have done our best for your contents to fit,
With new paines, this old monument of wit.

Dramatis Personæ.

Duke of *Millaine*
Gordamio, The Woman-Hater
Count Valore, Brother to *Oriana*
Lucio, A foolish Femall Statesman
Arigo, A Courtier attending the Duke
Lazarillo, A Voluptuous Smell-feast
His Boy.
A Mercer, A City-Gull, Perlously in Love with Learning.
A Pander
A Gentleman, Instructor to *Lucio*

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A Secretary to *Lucio*
Two Intelligencers
Servants.
Oriana, The Dukes Mistris
An old deafe Country Gentlewoman
Ladyes
Madona, A Courtezan
Fraciscina, One of her Wastcote-wayters.

The Scene Millaine.

p. 71, l. 14. C—E] *dearenesse of his cares* l. 16. C—E] *it would please* l. 25. C and D] *Lord Lord-borne* E] Lord, Lord born

p. 72, l. 10. C—E] as if

p. 73, l. 8. E] and stare, l. 21. E] years l. 25. E] the dishes l. 29. E] Dukc l. 34. E] knowledg, l. 36. C—E] to give

p. 74, l. 19. E] chac'd the l. 36. E] he gave him

p. 75, l. 6. C and D] pleasant varietyes E] pleasant variety l. 7. E] swarmeth with l. 13. C—E] honor? l. 21. A and B] satisfied. C—E] satisfied

p. 76, l. 7. E] two joals l. 18. E] Not Palaces l. 35. A and B] after one another gone, C and D] after one another, and gone,

p. 77, l. 31. C—E] it will not swear l. 32. E] it it l. 37. E] Exceeding apt to be

p. 78, l. 8. E] at your voice, l. 9. E] your Banquets l. 38. E] hav-

p. 79, l. 17. E] these ordinary l. 32. E] compass the

p. 80, l. 8. A—D] ...Capon sauce | Upon...of dust, | Manchets for... shields | l. 13. A and B] Count is

p. 81, l. 17. E] *Intelligencer* l. 28. E] rare if you l. 31. A and B] of Informer l. 16. A and B] in earnest? l. 18. C—E] ear-shots l. 30. E] body, I will

p. 83, l. 1. A and B] *Int.* Your Lordships Servant. *is followed by Las.* Will it please C—E *print as a separate speech, coming before Las.*] *Count.* Your Lordships Servant. l. 3. E] Lordship to walk?

p. 84, l. 15. A—E] desires Rome

p. 85, l. 8. A—D] have I good l. 19. C—E] plainess l. 23. A—D] in talking, treason l. 38. E] shippers

p. 86, l. 25. C—E] How! *Arrigo: Lucio:* l. 32. A—D] It is.

p. 87, l. 14. A—D] at her | to me? l. 31. A—E] of this new l. 32. E] betwixt Curtains

p. 88, l. 4. E] tooth-picks?

p. 89, l. 35. E] Uususpected

p. 90, l. 5. C—E] thy Fortune is now l. 18. E] a clock, it l. 34. A—D] Hath been

p. 91, l. 1. C—E] years old l. 4. E] sols l. 13. A—D] that men must l. 14. C and D] that men must live E] that must live l. 23. A and B] the busines C and D] the businesse l. 26. E] shall perceive l. 33. C—E] *Arrigo Lucio* l. 36. E] his.

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p. 92, l. 15. C—E] Wither l. 27. A] Court, there l. 33. E] wil l. 39. A—D] with patience. | to heare. E] with patience to hear.

p. 93, l. 31. E] Lady's l. 32. E] and twindge l. 37. E] *Crnd.*

p. 94, l. 6. E] a think as l. 7. E] let the l. 20. C—E] nor this l. 22. C—E] silkgrograns l. 35. E] doe, cover

p. 95, l. 1. E] have otherwise l. 17. E] lose

p. 96, l. 14. E] woman

p. 97, l. 32. E] knowledg

p. 98, l. 1. E] tougues l. 7. E] lose l. 28. E] the sweet

p. 99, l. 6. E] passion? yes l. 26. C—E] women: to l. 27. C—E] not to be

p. 100, l. 8. E] I unrip l. 15. E] *Valores*, Sister l. 26. E] *Basilisks*, dead

p. 101, l. 9. C—E] convert. l. 22. E] as I'm, l. 23. C—E] we have store l. 34. C and D] I am the man that E] I'm the man that l. 38. E] contritiou

p. 102, l. 4. E] ill Spirit ll. 8–10 C—E]

Gond. By the true honest service, that I
owe these eyes strangely,
My meaning is as spotles as my faith.
Oria. The Duke doubt mine honour? a
may judge

l. 18. E] *Gondarino*, shall l. 24. E] Ladys are l. 27. A and B] where Witches

p. 103, l. 34. E] comsort

p. 104, l. 6. C—E] outward court ll. 13–15 *are omitted from* E

p. 105, l. 3. E] compass it search, l. 4. E] braius l. 20. C—E] corrupted l. 25. A] cut out the meanes l. 25. C—E] sword l. 34. A—D] here a

p. 106, l. 22. A—D] a saith l. 22. A—D] he is greater l. 24. A—D] a was A and B] did yee l. 25. A—D] a fell l. 27. A—D] a meant l. 28. E] is very l. 29. A and B] if a deale l. 33. C—E] we not l. 37. A—D] because a l. 38. A—D] a wo'd l. 40. E] hand-sword

p. 107, l. 4. A and B] a be hanged. l. 19. C—E] be married

p. 110, l. 1. A and B] Surnamed l. 3. A] stand stiffe l. 3. A—D] places, | And execute l. 9. A and B] rays'd bee; by this l. 15. A—D] whether l. 16. A and B] whither? wither? l. 22. E] kill l. 23. E] in black

p. 111, l. 1. E] *Actus Tertius.* l. 21. C—E] constancy; l. 27. C and D] grave words l. 32. C—E] in the Summer

p. 113, l. 11. A and B] those women l. 28. C—E *omit*] only

p. 114, l. 14. E] thar l. 14. A—D *omit*] a l. 36. C—E] to recover

p. 115, l. 16. C—E *give*] *Gondarino*, where is the Lady? *a separate line, as though not part of the Duke's speech.* l. 28. E] punish l. 36. E] virtuous,

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p. 116, l. 6. C—E *omit*] here l. 7. E] scohlar l. 18. C—E] if our l. 24. A—D] a comes l. 30. A—D] shee is l. 35. A and B] would ye

p. 117, l. 3. E] Peticoats, and Foreparts l. 5. C—E] compliment? l. 10. E] stockins C—E] silk. l. 11. A and B] they are a the best of wooll, and they cleeped jersey. C and D] they are of the best of wooll, and they clyped Jersey. E] they're of the best of Wooll, and the clipped Jersey l. 16. A and B] their bookes l. 39. C—E] Poesies, for

p. 118, l. 4. A—D] a have l. 13. C—E] I have l. 21. C—E] *Las.* Whereabouts l. 23. C—E] because of l. 31. A—D] durst a said

p. 119, l. 4. E] unsatisfied, shall l. 11. A and B] upon yee l. 14. C—E] back, again fall l. 17. E] meet

p. 120. l. 2. C—E] Sphear l. 4. C—E] then l. 13. C—E] before l. 30. C—E] what good l. 34. A—D] does a l. 36. A and B] is rich

p. 121, l. 1. A and B] is thine l. 2. A—D] a were C—E] Indenture l. 3. A—D] a bee a the l. 7. C—E *omit*] free l. 14. C—E] my l. 16. A and B *omit stage direction.* l. 17. A—D] a comes l. 25. C—E] Fair Sir: I thank ye? l. 35. A and B] feed ye

p. 122, l. 10. A and B] will ye l. 14. E *omits*] so l. 16. E] afflictions l. 21. E] *Las.* This kiss is yours, l. 28. C—E] hold l. 37. A—D] a should l. 39. A—D] a cal'd

p. 123, l. 37. C—E] to be one l. 37. C—E *omit*] same

p. 124, l. 2. C—E *omit*] have l. 37. C—E] thought

p. 126, l. 26. E] bandstring l. 27. E] send

p. 127, l. 21. A—D] this seven yeares l. 31. C—E] wind l. 39. A—D] fetch am

p. 128, l. 4. A and B] All readie?

p. 129, l. 9. C—E *omit*] have l. 15. A—E] to bee hang'd, with silence yet l. 32. E] ahd l. 33. C—E *omit*] now l. 34. A and B] so forward

p. 130, l. 4. E] I *Int.* l. 6. C—E *omit*] other l. 27. C and D] Scena 3 E] *Scæna Tertia* l. 30. E *omits*] again

p. 131, l. 2. A and B] wilfull, ignorant, | Of your owne nakednes, did l. 24. A] dar'st to turne B] dar'st ta turne

p. 132, l. 7. E] goldeu l. 8. A—D] it l. 16. A and B] whome have ye guarded hether C—E] who l. 22. A and B] a hath l. 25. E] have l. 28. C—E] shall

p. 133, l. 27. C—E] what l. 34. E] brings

p. 134, l. 2. A] that the l. 23. E] neighbors, l. 38. C—E *omit*] most

p. 135, l. 10. C—E] longing l. 11. A—D] there is l. 18. C—E] my l. 34. A and B] not longer

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p. 137, l. 3. E] good. l. 8. C—E] up, l. 13. A—D] you are l. 32. C—E *omit*] it l. 34. A—D] deserve it. l. 35. A—E] too

p. 138, l. 15. B] feast at all C—E] feast all l. 16. A] be small l. 16. B *omits*] if l. 18. A and B] it betweene l. 20. A and B] heavens guard the tother C and D] the tother l. 22. E *prints*] *Duke from above* at end of line as stage direction. l. 23. B—E] What I?

p. 139, l. 3. A and B] ye can l. 13. A and B] talents l. 18. A and B] give to you l. 26. C—E] make l. 29. A and B] Gundele C and D] Gondele l. 34. E] *Cond.* l. 40. A—D] a part

p. 140, l. 5. A and B] assist ye l. 10. E] foft l. 16. A—D] do, if a should E] do; if he should l. 18. A—D] if a cou'd get a knife, sure a wo'd l. 19. A—D] a wo'd doe l. 24. A and B] stomack rawe

p. 141, l. 5. B—E] them on her l. 11. E] thy l. 34. C—E] does your Lordship?

p. 142, l. 14. A—E] Whether l. 22. E] wrongfully, the l. 25. C—E] meditate l. 26. E] Time will call l. 29. C—E] are most merciful

NICE VALOUR.

A = First folio. **B** = Second folio.

(A) THE | NICE VALOUR, | or, | The Passionate Mad-man.

p. 143. A *omits all after l.* 2.

p. 144, l. 3. B] suffrage l. 10. B] 'twos

p. 145, l. 5. B] repuations l. 8. A] I ha' l. 12. B] valour; no virtue; l. 18. B] ot

p. 146, l. 5. A] 'Has l. 7. A] 'Had l. 18. B] faithlfuly

p. 147, l. 35. B] enemy?

p. 148, l. 22. A] I am

p. 149, l. 2. A *omits*] Lady, *at end* l. 3. A and B *omit*] 1 *Gent. at beginning* l. 22. A] I am

p. 150, l. 2. B] too

p. 151, l. 40. A] the equality

p. 153, l. 15. B] us, than

p. 154, l. 6. B] hie l. 7. B] amoroesly l. 8. B] *Shvm* l. 18. B] is

p. 157, l. 5. B] *Women*, l. 18. B] time, make

p. 158, l. 23. A] an' that l. 29. A] This sute l. 36. A and B] him?

p. 161, l. 16. A] wrested l. 22. B] sword.

p. 162, l. 5. B] diff'rence, 'twixt l. 11. B] me, brings

p. 163, l. 24. A] beaten e'ne

p. 164, l. 3. B] same l. 32. A] 'Has

p. 165, l. 15. B] thot l. 27. B] *I.* doubt l. 36. B] may may

p. 167, l. 11. B] Tables l. 32. B] thon

p. 169, l. 15. B] lame l. 28. B] supper;

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p. 170, l. 6. B] puddings. l. 11. A] Any your
p. 171, l. 38. B] *see 't.*
p. 173, l. 5. B] *Dap.*
p. 174, l. 22. B] Song? l. 35. B *omits*] nine
p. 175, l. 12. B] earth. l. 20. B] strength trust l. 21. B *omits this line* l. 40. B] I shall
p. 176, l. 6. B] he l. 31. A] 'Death
p. 177, l. 27. B] heir l. 34. A] durst
p. 178, l. 11. B] *Duke* l. 25. B] Gentleman l. 27. B] agen. l. 30. A] *other*
p. 179, l. 9. A] any anger l. 38. B] and I will
p. 180, l. 15. B] you l. 17. A] hox
p. 182, l. 15. A] this five yeare
p. 183, l. 22. B] upon me. l. 31. B] Yov l. 37. B] 2 *Gen.* l. 39. B] Sir.
p. 184, l. 23. B] kick
p. 186, l. 17. B] in l. 20. B] thick. l. 34. B] god
p. 187, l. 18. B] *Ha, ha, ha. ha.*
p. 188, l. 2. A] *Now I* l. 9. B] Pas. l. 15. B] *other, like fools dancing,*
p. 191, l. 16. B] pleasingly.
p. 192, l. 3. B] *Almanacks.*
p. 193, l. 36. B] 1 *Duke.*
p. 196, l. 8. B] However l. 9. B] confess, it,
p. 198, l. 6. A] *he is* l. 6. B] *writ.*

BEAUMONT'S LETTER.

A = First folio. **B** = Second folio.

p. 199, l. 1. A] M. *Francis* l. 2. A] Master *Fletcher* l. 8. A] *see, however absent is,* l. 9. B] *Hay-makers* l. 11. B] *I l e and* l. 23. B] Rob. l. 26. A] *Providence, keeps* l. 27. B] *knights*
p. 200, l. 2. B *omits*] happy [*Should have been printed in italics*]
p. 201, l. 7. B] *Ketches*

THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

A = First folio. **B** = Second folio.

p. 202. A *omits all after l.* 2.
p. 203, l. 2. A] Orleans l. 9. B] brotherhood, had
p. 204, l. 24. B] rhe l. 32. B] Where-ever l. 37. B] *Longuesille*
p. 205, l. 6. B] hehaviour
p. 206, l. 17. B] *Mrnt.*
p. 207, l. 3. B] if he l. 7. B] You're l. 16. B *repeats*] A member as to lose the use—

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p. 208, l. 13. B] outside, would l. 24. A] with labour sir,

p. 209, l. 26. A] of this l. 27. B] merciful l. 29. B] people, that

p. 210, l. 7. B] *Lang.* l. 23. A] thought, had

p. 211, l. 33. A] our eyes.

p. 212, l. 13. B] say; l. 22. B] matter:

p. 213, l. 3. A] Defence is never l. 5. B] the Girdler, or the l. 26. B] Beholding, terrify l. 33. B] it, shall

p. 214, l. 5. B] you silences l. 13. B] report, you l. 16. B] to l. 25. B] charitable l. 34. B] cloths

p. 215, l. 2. B] I'll l. 24. B] Heaven

p. 216, l. 1. A] knowest l. 2. B] I'm

p. 217, l. 8. B] *Montague*, had l. 23. A *omits the stage direction.* l. 24. A] *Enter Amiens* l. 38. B] word

p. 218, l. 16. B] Heaven. l. 33. B] parsuade

p. 219, l. 1. A] Then that thou hast l. 2. A] enemie l. 33. A] Or kisses

p. 220, l. 3. B] one l. 4. B] parsuade A] the force. l. 19. B] you? l. 34. B] *Leng.*

p. 221, l. 21. B] do; l. 31. B] it we

p. 222, l. 4. A] Greater l. 16. A] A bullet; if you be Captain, my l. 21. B] *Lau.*

p. 223, l. 33. A and B] Citizen.

p. 225, l. 8. A] it seise l. 21. A] certainest

p. 226, l. 9. A and B] *Whithin* l. 18. A] for if, thou hadst have l. 26. B] Orleans, is

p. 227, l. 21. B] I'll l. 34. A and B] *Duboyes?* l. 35. B] hand, hast

p. 228, l. 7. B] *Ori.* l. 13. A] women they rayle, out right. B] women; they rayl out right. l. 16. A] pritty | Jelly. l. 17. A] gallant l. 21. B] too to,

p. 229, l. 4. B *omits*] God l. 11. A] he's a

p. 230, l. 15. A] a merry l. 18. B] reason

p. 231, l. 6. B] dost not

p. 233, l. 22. A] free out the

p. 234, l. 4. B] tel I

p. 235, l. 9. A and B] ous

p. 237, l. 12. A] received for ll. 15–16. A] tale-man

p. 238, l. 2. B] Heaven

p. 239, l. 3. A] seem to me unapt l. 13. B] dream;

p. 240, l. 32. B] wIll l. 36. A] Trouble most willingly;

p. 241, l. 5. A] showed upon l. 6. B] preformance l. 9. A] make of one which my state l. 13. A] tell me, prevent your further l. 16. B] *Orleane* l. 37. A] hath brought

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p. 242, l. 3. A] about all safe l. 5. A] deserve a B] deserves, a l. 16. A] makes l. 25. A] Crohieture l. 28. B] foot-cloaths, durst l. 37. A] ha'.

p. 243, l. 13. B] if I may l. 23. A *omits stage direction*

p. 245, l. 10. A] *Charlo, Veramour, salute.* B] *aud* Voramour, l. 23. B] derseved l. 28. B] pleased; l. 35. B] mine?

p. 246, l. 3. B] Which is as it l. 28. B] tongue l. 30. B] cozenages l. 32. A] tell you l. 39. B] like I y,

p. 247, l. 36. A] had done

p. 248, l. 29. B] gentler

p. 249, l. 10. B] boy but is wanting l. 34. B] lie

p. 250, l. 16. B] quenceh

p. 251, l. 4. A] *Enter Veramour with Counters* l. 7. B] merry) or l. 16. B] tencher l. 18. B] Heaven l. 19. B] Heaven

p. 252, l. 6. B] disconrse l. 7. A] of Wormes make l. 27. B] I l. 40. B] up all all the

p. 253, l. 3. B] Gentlewoman? l. 30. B] *Chal.*

p. 254, l. 8. B] jealons l. 13. B] go. Sir; l. 14. B] Heaven l. 17. B] will

p. 255, l. 9. A] white cheeke

p. 257, l. 25. A] Sea-service l. 31. A] o'us l. 34. B] troulesomest

p. 258, l. 17. B] will he l. 26. A] a raile but my Swords bredth, upon a battlement, B] battlement.

p. 259, l. 12. B] ths l. 31. B] treason l. 36. A] *their Swords.* l. 39. B] So,

p. 260, l. 9. ?] *see to* l. 11. B] Out-loathed l. 26. B *omits*] *Lam.* l. 34. B] dye l. 36. A] their

p. 261, l. 2. B] Out-howling l. 4. A] countenance l. 7. B] thon l. 15. A] of devils

p. 262, l. 25. B] Heaven

p. 263, l. 3. B] feel? l. 15. A] I am l. 17. B] *Lan.* l. 26. B] Ha' my

p. 264, l. 19. B] no, worse l. 23. A] and a black

p. 266, l. 1. B] Heaven l. 29. B] offended.

p. 268, l. 1. B] dog-whip? l. 38. B] Heaven

p. 270, l. 36. A] Stur your

p. 271, l. 6. B] *Lam.* l. 28. A and B] too B] rgainst

p. 272, l. 16. B] lik l. 21. B] company,

p. 273, l. 1. B] married and l. 7. A] credit which is worse cannot l. 17. B] understand, love l. 19. B] the l. 25. B] Heaven l. 32. A] Nay

p. 274, l. 31. B] Hell l. 31. A] *Dunkirks*

p. 275, l. 7. B] *Lov.* l. 7. B] Heaven l. 8. B] *Montagne* l. 24. B] new

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p. 276, l. 18. B *omits*] God l. 39. B] Sea-works
p. 277, l. 1. A] me on l. 2. A] Right Courtier
p. 279, l. 19. A] *Command* B] *Command's*
p. 280, l. 13. B] *For* l. 28. B] *knows* l. 31. B] *hear*

THE MASQUE OF THE GENTLEMEN OF GRAYS-INNE AND THE INNER-TEMPLE.

The quarto is as follows:

THE | MASQUE | OF THE INNER | TEMPLE AND GRAYES | INNE: | GRAYES INNE AND THE IN-|NER TEMPLE, PRESENTED BEFORE | his Majestie, the Queenes Majestie, the Prince, Count | *Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth their Highnesses, in* | the Banquetting house at Whitehall on Sa-|turday the twentieth day of Fe-|bruarie, 1612. | *AT LONDON,* | Imprinted by *F. K.* for *George Norton,* and are to be | at his shoppe neere Temple-bar.

THE MASKE OF | THE INNER TEMPLE AND | GRAYES INNE, GRAYES INNE | and the Inner Temple, presented before his | *Majestie, the Queenes, &c.*

THis Maske was appointed to have beene presented the Shrove-tuesday before, at which time the Maskers with their attendants and divers others gallant young Gentlemen of both houses, as their convoy, set forth from Winchester house which was the *Rende vous* towards the Court, about seven of the clocke at night.

This voyage by water was performed in great Triumph. The gentlemen Maskers being placed by themselves in the Kings royall barge with the rich furniture of state, and adorned with a great number of lights placed in such order as might make best shew.

They were attended with a multitude of barges and gallies, with all variety of lowde Musicke, and severall peales of Ordnance. And led by two Admiralls.

Of this shew his Majesty was gratiously pleased to take view, with the Prince, the Count *Palatine,* and the Lady *Elizabeth:* their highnesses at the windowes of his privy gallerie upon the water, till their landing, which was at the privy staires: where they were most honorablie received by the Lord Chamberlaine, and so conducted to the Vestry.

The Hall was by that time filled with company of very good fashion, but yet so as a very great number of principall Ladies, and other noble persons were not yet come in, wherby it was foreseen that the roome would be so scanted as might have been inconvenient. And there upon his Majesty was most gratiously pleased with the consent of the gentlemen Maskers, to put off the night until Saturday following with this special favour and priviledge, that there should bee no let, as to the outward ceremony of magnificence untill that time.

At the day that it was presented, there was a choice roome reserved for the gentlemen, of both their houses, who comming in troope about seven of the clocke, received that speciall honor and noble favour, as to be brought to their places, by the Right Honourable the Earle of Northampton, Lord Privie Seale.

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THE MASQUE, ETC.

TO THE WORTHIE | SIR FRANCIS BACON, HIS MA-|JESTIES SOLLICITOR GENE-|rall, and the grave and learned Bench of | the anciently allied houses of Grayes | Inne, and the Inner Temple, the Inner | *Temple, and Grayes Inne.*

YEe that spared no time nor travell, in the setting forth, ordering, & furnishing of this Masque, being the first fruits of honor in this kinde, which these two societies have offered to his Majestie: Will not thinke much now to looke backe upon the effects of your owne care and worke: for that whereof the successe was then doubtfull, is now happily performed and gratiously accepted. And that which you were then to thinke of in straites of time, you may now peruse at leysure. And you Sir Francis Bacon *especially, as you did then by your countenance, and loving affection advance it, so let your good word grace it, and defend it, which is able to adde value to the greatest, and least matters.*

THE DEVISE OR | ARGUMENT OF THE | MASQUE.

Jupiter and *Juno* willing to doe honour to the Mariage of the two famous Rivers *Thamesis* and *Rhene*, imploy their Messengers severally, *Mercurie* and *Iris* for that purpose. They meete and contend: then *Mercurie* for his part brings forth an Anti-masque all of Spirits or divine Natures: but yet not of one kinde or liverie (because that had been so much in use heretofore) but as it were in consort like to broken Musicke. And preserving the proprietie of the devise; for that Rivers in nature are maintained either by Springs from beneath, or Shewers from above: He raiseth foure of the *Naiades* out of the Fountaines, and bringeth downe five of the *Hyades* out of the Cloudes to daunce; hereupon *Iris* scoffes at *Mercurie* for that hee had devised a daunce but of one Sexe, which could have no life: but *Mercurie* who was provided for that exception, and in token that the Match should be blessed both with Love and Riches calleth forth out of the Groves foure *Cupids*, and brings downe from *Jupiters* Altar foure *Statuaes* of gold and silver to daunce with the Nymphes and Starres: in which daunce the *Cupids* being blinde, and the *Statuaes* having but halfe life put into them, and retaining still somewhat of their old nature, giveth fit occasion to new and strange varieties both in the Musick and paces. This was the first Anti-masque.

Then *Iris* for her part in scorne of this high flying devise, and in token that the Match shall likewise be blessed with the love of the Common People, calles to *Flora* her confederate (for that the Moneths of flowers are likewise the Moneths of sweete shewers, and Raine-bowes) to bring in a May-daunce or Rurall daunce, consisting likewise not of any suted persons, but of a confusion, or commixture of all such persons as are naturall and proper for Countrey sports. This is the second Anti-masque.

Then *Mercurie* and *Iris* after this vying one upon the other, seeme to leave their contention: and *Mercurie* by the consent of *Iris* brings downe the *Olympian* Knights, intimating that *Jupiter* having after a long discontinuance revived the *Olympian* games, and summoned thereunto from all parts the liveliest, & activest persons that were, had enjoyned them before they fell to their games to doe honour to these Nuptials. The *Olympian* games portend to the Match, Celebritie, Victorie, and Felicitie. This was the maine Masque.

The Fabricke was a Mountaine with two descents, and severed with two Travesses.

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At the entrance of the King.

THe first Travers was drawne, and the lower descent of the Mountaine discovered; which was the Pendant of a hill to life, with divers boscages and Grovets upon the steepe or hanging grounds thereof, and at the foote of the Hill, foure delicate Fountaines running with water and bordered with sedges and water flowers.

Iris first appeared, and presently after *Mercurie* striving to overtake her.

Iris apparelled in a robe of discoulored Taffita figured in variable colours, like the Raine-bowe, a cloudie wreath on her head, and Tresses.

Mercurie in doublet and hose of white Taffita, a white hat, wings on his shoulders and feet, his Caduceus in his hand, speaking to *Iris* as followeth.

MERCURIE.

STay, Stay.
Stay light foot *Iris*, for thou strivest in vaine,
My wings are nimbler then thy feete.

IRIS.

Away,
Dissembling *Mercury*; my messages
Aske honest haste, not like those wanton ones
Your thundring father sends.

MERCURIE.

Stay foolish Maid,
Or I will take my rise upon a hill,
When I perceive thee seated in a cloud,
In all the painted glorie that thou hast,
And never cease to clap my willing wings,
Till I catch hold of thy discolour'd Bow,
And shiver it beyond the angry power
Of your curst Mistresse, to make up againe.

IRIS.

Hermes forbeare, *Juno* will chide and strike;
Is great *Jove* jealous that I am imploy'd
On her love errands? she did never yet
Claspe weake mortalitie in her white armes,
As he hath often done: I onely come
To celebrate the long wisht Nuptials,
Heere in *Olympia*, which are now perform'd
Betwixt two goodly Rivers, which have mixt
Their gentle rising waves, and are to grow
Into a thousand streames, great as themselves;
I need not name them, for the sound is lowde
In heaven and earth, and I am sent from her
The Queene of Mariage, that was present heere,
And smil'd to see them joyne, and hath not chid
Since it was done: good *Hermes* let me go.

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MERCURIE.

Nay you must stay, *Joves* message is the same,
Whose eies are lightning, and whose voice is thunder,
Whose breath is any winde, he will, who knowes
How to be first on earth as well as heaven.

IRIS.

But what hath he to doe with Nuptiall rights?
Let him keepe state upon his starry throne,
And fright poore mortals with his thunderbolts,
Leaving to us the mutuall darts of eyes.

MERCURIE.

Alas, when ever offer'd he t'abridge
Your Ladies power, but onely now in these,
Whose match concernes his generall government?
Hath not each god a part in these high joyes?
And shall not he the King of gods presume
Without proud *Junoes* licence? let her know
That when enamor'd *Jove* first gave her power
To linke soft hearts in Undissolved bonds,
He then foresaw, and to himselfe reserv'd
The honor of this Mariage: thou shalt stand
Still as a Rocke, while I to blesse this feast
Will summon up with my all charming rod,
The Nymphes of fountains, from whose watry locks
Hung with the dew of blessing and encrease,
The greedie Rivers take their nourishment.
You Nymphes, who bathing in your loved springs,
Beheld these Rivers in their infancie,
And joy'd to see them, when their circled heads
Refresht' the aire, and spread the ground with flowers:
Rise from your Wells, and with your nimble feete
Performe that office to this happie paire;
Which in these plaines, you to *Alpheus* did;
When passing hence through many seas unmixt,
He gained the favour of his *Arethuse.*

Immediatlie upon which speech foure *Naiades* arise gentlie out of their severall Fountaines, and present themselves upon the Stage, attired in long habits of sea-greene Taffita, with bubbles of Christall intermixt with powdering of silver resembling drops of water; blewish Tresses on their heads, garlands of Water-Lillies. They fall into a Measure, daunce a little, then make a stand.

IRIS.

IS *Hermes* growne a lover, by what power
Unknowne to us, calls he the *Naiades?*

MERCURIE.

Presumptuous *Iris*, I could make thee daunce
Till thou forgott'st thy Ladies messages,

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And rann'st backe crying to her, thou shalt know
My power is more, onely my breath, and this
Shall move fix'd starres, and force the firmament
To yeeld the *Hyades*, who governe showers,
And dewie clouds, in whose dispersed drops
Thou form'st the shape of thy deceitfull Bow.
You maids, who yearely at appointed times,
Advance with kindly teares, the gentle flouds,
Descend, and powre your blessing on these streames,
Which rolling downe from heaven aspiring hils,
And now united in the fruitfull vales;
Beare all before them ravisht with their joy,
And swell in glorie till they know no bounds.

Five *Hyades* descend softly in a cloud from the firmament, to the middle part of the hill, apparelled in skie coloured Taffita robes, spangled like the Heavens, golden Tresses, and each a faire Starre on their head, from thence descend to the Stage, at whose sight the *Naiades* seeming to rejoyce, meete and joyne in a dance.

IRIS.

GReat witte and power hath *Hermes* to contrive
A livelesse dance, which of one sexe consists.

MERCURIE.

Alas poore *Iris*, *Venus* hath in store
A secret Ambush of her winged boyes,
Who lurking long within these pleasant groves;
First strucke these Lovers with their equall darts,
Those *Cupids* shall come forth, and joyne with these,
To honor that which they themselves begun.

Enter foure *Cupids* from each side of the Boscage, attired in flame coloured Taffita close to their bodie like naked Boyes, with Bowes, Arrowes, and wings of gold: Chaplets of flowers on their heads, hoodwinckt with Tiffiny scarfs, who joyne with the Nymphes, and the *Hyades* in another daunce. That ended, *Iris* speakes.

IRIS.

BEhold the Statuaes which wise *Vulcan* plac'd
Under the Altar of Olympian *Jove*,
Shall daunce for joy of these great Nuptialls:
And gave to them an Artificiall life,
See how they move, drawne by this heavenly joy,
Like the wilde trees, which follow'd *Orpheus* Harpe.

The *Statuaes* enter, supposed to be before descended from *Joves* Altar, and to have been prepared in the covert with the *Cupids*, attending their call.

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These *Statuaes* were attired in cases of gold and silver close to their bodie, faces, hands and feete, nothing seene but gold and silver, as if they had been solid Images of mettall, Tresses of haire as they had been of mettall imbossed, girdles and small aprons of oaken leaves, as if they likewise had been carved or molded out of the mettall: at their comming, the Musicke changed from Violins to Hoboyes, Cornets, &c. And the ayre of the Musicke was utterly turned into a soft time, with drawing notes, excellently expressing their natures, and the Measure likewise was fitted unto the same, and the *Statuaes* placed in such severall postures, sometimes all together in the Center of the daunce, and sometimes in the foure utmost Angles, as was very gracefull besides the noveltie: and so concluded the first Anti-masque.

MERCURIE.

AND what will *Junoes Iris* do for her?

IRIS.

Just match this shew; or my Invention failes,
Had it beene worthier, I would have invok'd
The blazing Comets, Clouds and falling Starres,
And all my kindred Meteors of the Ayre
To have excell'd it, but I now must strive
To imitate Confusion, therefore thou
Delightfull *Flora*, if thou ever felt'st
Encrease of sweetnesse in those blooming plants,
On which the hornes of my faire bow decline;
Send hither all the Rurall company,
Which decke the May-games with their Countrey sports;
Juno will have it so.

The second Anti-masque rush in, daunce their Measure, and as rudely depart, consisting of a Pedant.

May Lord,	May Lady.
Servingman,	Chambermaide.
A Countrey Clowne, or Shepheard,	Countrey Wench.
An Host,	Hostesse.
A Hee Baboone,	Shee Baboone.
A Hee Foole,	Shee Foole ushering them in.

All these persons apparelled to the life, the Men issuing out of one side of the Boscage, and the Woemen from the other: the Musicke was extremely well fitted, having such a spirit of Countrey jolitie, as can hardly be imagined, but the perpetuall laughter and applause was above the Musicke.

The dance likewise was of the same strain, and the Dancers, or rather Actors expressed every one their part so naturally, and aptly, as when a Mans eye was caught with the one, and then past on to the other, hee could not satisfie himselfe which did best. It pleased his Majestie to call for it againe at the end, as he did likewise for the first Anti-masque, but one of the *Statuaes* by that time was undressed.

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MERCURIE.

I *Ris* we strive,
Like windes at libertie, who should do worst
Ere we returne. If *Juno* be the Queene
Of Mariage, let her give happie way
To what is done, in honor of the State
She governes.

IRIS.

Hermes, so it may be done
Meerely in honor of the State, and these
That now have prov'd it, not to satisfie
The lust of *Jupiter*, in having thankes
More then his *Juno*, if thy snakie rod
Have power to search the heavens, or sound the sea,
Or call together all the ends of earth,
To bring in any thing that may do grace
To us, and these; do it, we shall be pleas'd.

MERCURY.

Then know that from the mouth of *Jove* himselfe,
Whose words have wings, and need not to be borne;
I tooke a message, and I bare it through
A thousand yeelding clouds, and never stai'd
Till his high will was done: the Olympian games
Which long have slept, at these wish'd Nuptials,
He pleas'd to have renew'd, and all his Knights
Are gathered hither, who within their tents
Rest on this hill, upon whose rising head.
Behold *Joves* Altar, and his blessed Priests
Moving about it: come you holy men,
And with your voices draw these youthes along,
That till *Joves* musicke call them to their games,
Their active sports may give a blest content
To those, for whom they are againe begun.

The Maine Masque.

THe second Travers is drawne, and the higher ascent of the Mountaine is discovered, wherein upon a levell after a great rise of the Hill, were placed two Pavilions: open in the front of them, the Pavilions were to sight as of cloth of gold, and they were trimmed on the inside with rich Armour and Militarie furniture hanged up as upon the walles, and behind the Tents there were represented in prospective, the tops of divers other Tents, as if it had been a Campe. In these Pavilions were placed fifteene *Olympian* Knights, upon seates a little imbowed neere the forme of a Croisant, and the Knights appeared first, as consecrated persons all in vailes, like to Coapes, of silver Tiffinie, gathered, and falling a large compasse about them, and over their heads high Miters with long pendants behind falling from them, the Miters were so high, that they received their hats and feathers, that nothing was seene but vaile: in the midst betweene both the Tents upon the very top of the hill,

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being a higher levell then that of the Tents, was placed *Jupiters* Altar gilt, with three great Tapers upon golden Candlesticks burning upon it: and the foure *Statuaes*, two of gold, and two of silver, as supporters, and *Jupiters* Priests in white robes about it.

Upon the sight of the King, the vailes of the Knights did fall easilie from them, and they appeared in their owne habit.

The Knights attire.

ARming doublets of Carnation satten embrodered with Blazing Starres of silver plate, with powderings of smaller Starres betwixt, gorgets of silver maile, long hose of the same, with the doublets laide with silver lace spangled, and enricht with embroderie betweene the lace: Carnation silke stockins imbrodered all over, garters and roses sutable: Pumpes of Carnaiton satten imbrodered as the doublets, hats of the same stuffe and embroderie cut like a helmet before, the hinder part cut into Scallops, answering the skirts of their doublets: the bands of the hats were wreathes of silver in forme of garlands of wilde Olives, white feathers with one fall of Carnation, Belts of the same stuffe and embrodered with the doublet: Silver swords, little Italian bands and cuffes embrodered with silver, faire long Tresses of haire.

The Priests habits.

LOng roabes of white Taffita, long white heads of haire. The high Priest a cap of white silke shagge close to his head, with two labels at the eares, the midst rising in forme of a Pyramis, in the top thereof a branch of silver, every Priest playing upon a Lute: twelve in number.

The Priests descend and sing this song following, after whom the Knights likewise descend: first laying aside their vailes, belts, and swords.

The first Song.

SHake off your heavy traunce,
And leape into a daunce,
Such as no mortals use to treade,
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the Moone to lead,
And all the Starres to follow.

The Knighs by this time are all descended and fallen into their place, and then daunce their first Measure.

The second Song.

ON blessed youthes, for Jove *doth pause*
Laying aside his graver lawes
For this device,
And at the wedding such a paire,
Each daunce is taken for a praier,
Each song a sacrifice.

The Knights daunce their second Measure.

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The third Song.

Single.

More pleasing were these sweet delights,
If Ladies mov'd as well as Knights;
Runne ev'ry one of you and catch
A Nymph in honor of this match;
And whisper boldly in her eare,
Jove will but laugh, if you forsweare.

All.

And this dayes sinnes he doth resolve
That we his Priests should all absolve.

The Knights take their Ladies to daunce with them Galliards, Durets, Corantoes, &c. and leade them to their places. Then loude Musicke sound's, supposed to call them to their *Olympian* games.

The fourth Song.

YE should stay longer if we durst,
Away, alas that he that first
Gave Time wilde wings to fly away,
Hath now no power to make him stay.
But though these games must needs be plaid,
I would this Paire, when they are laid,
And not a creature nie them,
Could catch his scythe, as he doth passe,
And cut his wings, and breake his glasse,
And keepe him ever by them.

The Knights daunce their parting Measure and ascend, put on their Swords and Belts, during which time the Priests sing the fifth and last Song.

PEace and silence be the guide
To the Man, and to the Bride,
If there be a joy yet new
In mariage, let it fall on you,
That all the world may wonder.
If we should stay, we should doe worse,
And turne our blessing to a curse,
By keeping you asunder.

FINIS.

Q = Quarto. **A** = First folio. **B** = Second folio.

p. **281**, l. 6. A] at White-hall l. 12. B] loot l. 21. B] glory, l. 22. A and B] wing l. 23. A and B] on l. 25. A and B] mad

p. **282**, l. 7. A and B] that l. 8. A and B] winding l. 17. A and B] airy l. 18. A and B] in l. 20. A and B] sit pleas'd l. 23. B] offer'd, l. 24. A and B] now, l. 25. A and B] the l. 29. B] firk l. 30. A and B] undissolving bands l. 38. A and B] Yea

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p. 283, l. 10. A and B] Maids l. 19. A and B] Yea l. 31. A and B] lively l. 39. B] *thc*

p. 284, l. 4. A and B *omit this line.* l. 11. A and B] mine inventions fail l. 14. B] kindred, Meteors l. 20. A and B] that l. 21. A and B] clownish l. 23. A and B] *rusheth in, they dance* l. 32. A and B] those l. 38. A and B] thee

p. 285, l. 2. A and B] bore l. 5. A and B] had l. 9. B] *Pricsts*

p. 286, l. 9. B] that, l. 12. A and B] *You* l. 15. A and B] *H'as* l. 16. A and B] *And* l. 17. A and B] *these* l. 19. A and B] *Might* l. 21. A and B] *clip* l. 25. B] *yet*

FOUR PLAYS IN ONE.

A = First folio. **B** = Second folio.

(A) FOUR PLAYS, | OR | Morall Representations, | IN ONE.

p. 287. A *omits from l. 2 on p. 287 and the whole of p. 288.*

p. 290, l. 8. B] you, is l. 20. B] Not l. 39. B] lienaments

p. 291, l. 17. A] *are Hinshers bare before* l. 18. A] *Hinsher*

p. 293, l. 13. B] to a void l. 19. B] did conquer

p. 294, l. 18. B] prayers. l. 29. B] the

p. 295, l. 30. ?] coarser

p. 296, l. 31. B] Conqust

p. 297, l. 28. B] transform'd l. 29. B] gentle

p. 298, l. 7. B] to ward thee l. 30. B] by

p. 299, l. 31. B] *Nichodemus I,* ll. 38–39. A] prosecute

p. 300, l. 10. A and B] *Corin.* l. 16. B] cod-shead

p. 301, l. 16. B] Tragedion l. 29. B] yoor

p. 302, l. 8. B] you l. 19. B] house use l. 36. B] *Martius,* had

p. 305, l. 6. B] than l. 12. B] I'm l. 19. B] I'm

p. 306, l. 21. B] Maray

p. 307, l. 19. A] I am l. 33. B] *connot*

p. 308, l. 31. B] tears?

p. 309, l. 2. B] know, that l. 32. B] *Ladyes*

p. 310, l. 5. B] *Martius,* be

p. 311, l. 19. B] *Exeuni* l. 23. B] *triumph with* l. 32. B] *Ladyes* l. 35. B] *Scepteron the*

p. 312, l. 16. B] shs

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p. 313, l. 2. B] *affsions* l. 6. A] *Violane* l. 7. B] *Gerrerd* l. 29. A] *Violane* l. 30. B] yout

p. 314, l. 11. A] *Violane's* l. 16. B] away your l. 21. B] mus

p. 315, l. 4. B *omits the speech in square brackets, and gives the one following it to Ferd.* l. 34. B] affaris

p. 316, l. 19. B] bebt l. 22. B] to l. 31. B] estate l. 35. B] than

p. 317, l. 8. B] prepartion l. 29. B] loook

p. 318, l. 38. B] pray

p. 320, l. 3. B] an-old

p. 321, l. 2. B] wecping

p. 322, l. 14. B] Iive l. 34. A] lie above

p. 323, l. 17. B] keys, I'll B] Contract, 1 l. 18. B] *Vlolanta* l. 37. B] *Stet.* l. 38. B] *Angcl*

p. 324, l. 6. B] *Angcl*

p. 325, l. 4. B] griefe l. 19. B] too

p. 326, l. 5. B] cursse

p. 327, l. 1. B] wash l. 14. B] Gcrrard

p. 328, l. 11. B] *offendcd.* l. 14. B] *suff ewith* l. 20. B] *wholc* l. 32. B] Uncle o all l. 33. B] piry l. 40. B] *Violanto,*

p. 329, l. 17. B] M dearest

p. 330, l. 5. B] *Cer.* l. 10. A] Why? shouldst thou dye, l. 22. A] States read

p. 331, l. 14. A] yond'

p. 333, l. 22. B] Madam

p. 334, l. 23. B] 't

p. 335, l. 14. B] blastad l. 30. B] slave! I. and that l. 32. B] me l. 35. B] be ye

p. 336, l. 31. B] business. l. 37. A] my ever service here I dedicate

p. 337, l. 6. B] —— Oh l. 17. B] *Perolot.* l. 23. B] tried l. 31. B] roof, is l. 39. B] I *Court*

p. 339, l. 10. B] Oh, I am l. 26. A *omits stage direction.*

p. 341, l. 30. B] Bur l. 31. B] ereature l. 36. B] and

p. 342, l. 7. B] Iight

p. 343, l. 2. A] ye onely

p. 344, l. 2. B] offices l. 26. B] way:, l. 31. B] Perelot

p. 345, l. 1. B] Iips l. 3. B] not l. 7. B] *Perelot*

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p. 347, l. 3. B] *Lavall.*

p. 348, l. 39. B *omits the line in square brackets.* l. 17. B] constancie l. 18. B] goodness?

p. 350, l. 21. B] brim'd l. 38. B] *falls.*

p. 351, l. 8. B] *Perolet* l. 19. B] a fire l. 22. B] mnst

p. 353, l. 6. B] vengeaance l. 26. B] em

p. 355, l. 24. B] *incrib'd* l. 25. B *omits*] *a*

p. 356, l. 14. B] l l. 24. B] clappiug l. 33. B] en

p. 357, l. 19. B] courtisie

p. 358, l. 18. B] my

p. 359, l. 1. B] A way l. 8. B] and *Pleasure* l. 14. B] statuas A] sweat l. 39. B] my

p. 361, l. 19. B] with l. 21. B] Iove

p. 362, l. 26. B] Neve l. 31. B] *&t.*

p. 363, l. 2. B] Lucre, Craft, l. 21. B] want. Strike *Mercury.* l. 24. A] Be done l. 27. B] Lncre

END OF VOL. X.

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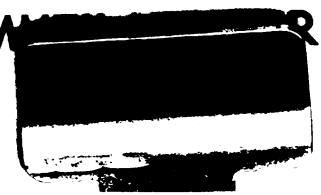

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